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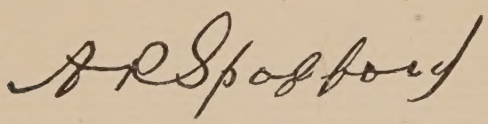

D. N. MAILLART. PINX.

JOAN OF ARC.

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OF

HISTORIC CHARACTERS

AND

FAMOUS EVENTS

OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES

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Illustrated with 100 Photogravures from Paintings by the World's Great Artists

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VII

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JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN OF ARC, the most illustrious heroine of history, died at the early age of nineteen, leaving a name immortal in the records of glory and virtue. Her career is unique and unparalleled in history, and the story of her life and death one of the most thrilling tragedies of Time. It may exemplify the proverbial saying, "God hangs the greatest weights on the smallest wires." It recalls the graphic record in Holy Writ of those worthies "who through faith subdued kingdoms, out of weakness were made strong, and turned to flight the armies of aliens."

Joan of Arc was born at Domremy, in the northeast part of France, in January, 1412. Her true name was Jeanne Darc, but this has undergone various modifications, and the form D'Arc has been used to favor the notion that the family was noble. Her father was a simple peasant farmer, having three sons and two daughters. Jeanne, like the others, was trained in the plain ways of her time and country; she never learned to read or to write, but she was taught to spin and

became skillful with the needle. Naturally sympathetic and devout, she is a memorable specimen of the simple faith of the ages before the Reformation. She was endowed with great physical vigor, a vivid imagination, a sweet and powerful voice, a beautiful form, a graceful dignity of manner, and extraordinary force of character. Her charity and piety had been abundantly proved at home before she entered on her greater mission. She made diligent efforts to relieve the sufferings of the poor who lived in or near her native village.

While this guileless peasant girl was growing up, France was reduced by domestic turbulence and foreign oppression to an almost desperate condition. The English, after the War of a Hundred Years, had conquered the northern part of France and occupied Paris. Other parts were in a state of anarchy and misery, desolated by intestine quarrels, and ravaged by armed bands of outlaws and robbers. The people of France were divided into two factions, one of which, the Burgundians, was hostile to the French king, Charles VII., and was allied with the English invaders. In 1428 the English began to besiege Orleans, the only important city still remaining to the French king, and the last bulwark of the national party.

Joan, living in the borders of the forest, heard the echoes of the distant struggle, and was rendered restless by a presentiment of grand, dormant powers and faculties which could not be developed in the narrow round of home duties. From childhood she had cherished an ardent desire for the liberation of her native land. Later, when the fierce conflict reached even to her native village, she felt that in answer to her prayers she was guided by supernatural voices, and she believed that she received a command from Heaven to go and liberate France. It may be said that her vivid imagination gained the ascendancy over her reason; she sincerely believed that she was divinely inspired. Her parents discouraged her design and endeavored to repress her enthusiasm; but her perseverance surmounted all obstacles.

The king was then holding his court at Chinon, several hundred miles from Domremy. After being baffled by many

repulses and much opposition, the maid, who claimed to be divinely appointed, obtained help and means to travel. According to Heaven's directions, she donned a man's suit of armor, and in February, 1429, with an escort of five or six men, she performed the journey to Chinon. She was then but seventeen years of age. Obtaining an interview with the young king, she declared that her mission was to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned. That city, the customary place for the coronation of French kings, was occupied by his enemies. Before the king and his courtiers would accept her services, and permit her to perform her mission, she was subjected to several inquests, and was cross-examined by committees of unfriendly theologians, to whose captious or impertinent questions she gave answers which were sometimes pithy or sublime. At Poitiers a theologian, like the ancient Pharisees, asked her for a sign from heaven. She replied, "In the name of God, I have not come to Poitiers to make signs; but the sign that is given to me is to raise the siege of Orleans: my only sign shall be to lead brave men to battle." In her public and militant career she rode on horseback, dressed in armor, and carrying a sword, and a banner on which she had embroidered French lilies or *fleurs-de-lys*. She said she loved her banner much more than the sword.

Having at last persuaded the king to give her the command of an army, she entered Orleans April 30, 1429. Her presence and heroic spirit made an immense change in the situation. The English army, though flushed with recent victories and superior in number, was defeated in several actions, and was forced to raise the siege the 8th of May, 1429. In one of these actions Joan was wounded with an arrow; but she led a charge on the next day. She usually fought in the front of the army, and was wounded several times. She afterward gained decisive victories at Jargeau and at Patay, where the famous English General Talbot was taken prisoner. The simple maid's beauty, modesty, piety and dignity, combined with intrepid courage, rendered her an object of admiration and popular enthusiasm. Her ascendancy over the French people and private soldiers was unbounded; but the

courtiers and generals were jealous and envious of her glory, and were mortified by the superiority which a peasant girl had acquired over them.

The question of her military skill has been disputed. Many think that her success in war was due to the enthusiasm, confidence and resolution which she infused into the army. The English soldiers were demoralized by a superstitious fear that she was a sorceress, in league with infernal or supernatural powers. The ablest generals on the French side formally testified on oath to the extraordinary genius which she displayed in war. The Duc d'Alençon (who was her contemporary) said all admired her use of artillery, in which she had consummate ability. No one denies that she suddenly displayed an extraordinary genius for war.

After several cities had surrendered to her without resistance, Charles was crowned in July, 1429, at Rheims, in the Cathedral, according to the established usage of French kings. During the ceremony Joan stood next to the king, holding in her hand her sacred banner. Believing she had now accomplished the arduous duties of her mission, Joan, with a modest simplicity which has astonished her critics and even her biographers, wished to return home, but the king unwisely constrained her to continue in his military service. She gained no more victories. In September, 1429, the French army attacked Paris, but failed, and Joan was wounded in this action. In May, 1430, she was taken prisoner at Compiègne by the Burgundians, who sold her to the English. The latter accused her of heresy and sorcery, and delivered her to the Inquisition for trial. During her long imprisonment and tedious trial, which was an infamous combination of cruelty, treachery and fraud, the heroic maid behaved with unflinching courage. Her judges, doctors of theology and churchmen, strove to entrap her with insidious questions, menaces and impostures; but they were baffled by the propriety and dignity of her answers. She was allowed neither counsel nor adviser. Every artifice was used to entrap, every threat to overawe an untaught, helpless girl. Finally she was convicted of heresy and sorcery, and was burned to death at Rouen in May, 1431.

Even after her martyrdom, slander and malice continued to pursue her memory. The English Shakespeare and the French Voltaire are perhaps the only eminent authors who have ventured to defame this noble martyr and peerless heroine. The former gives her an important *rôle* in one of his earliest historical dramas, *King Henry VI.* According to him, she was a valiant warrior, and once said: "Of all base passions, fear is most accursed;" but he represents her as immoral and untruthful. Other English and French authors concur in affirming that, though surrounded by insidious enemies and abounding depravity, she achieved a perfect and immaculate record. It has been justly said that "the greatness of her career did not consist in her military achievements, but in her pure, true and ardent character." The long and malevolent inquisition into her acts and thoughts has supplied us with unimpeachable testimony, her enemies being both collectors of the evidence and custodians of the records.

Though the life-work of Joan of Arc was brief and seemingly imperfect, its effects were permanent. Her country was redeemed from foreign domination, for the English power never recovered from the shock she gave it. The Maid of Orleans has now almost become the patron saint of France. Magnificent monumental basilicas have recently been erected to this saintly heroine at Domremy and Vaucouleurs, and she is idolized or eulogized by all parties in France. In the pontificate of Leo XIII., more than four centuries after her brief life and unworthy death, the beatification of the Maid of Orleans has been decreed by the Roman Church.

Joan of Arc Hears the Voices.

The village of Domremy, on the left bank of the Meuse, was, in the fifteenth century, a part of the castellany of Vaucouleurs, then a dependency of the King of France. The inhabitants were not only the king's subjects, they were his farmers or rather his hereditary tenants, for they held their houses and lands from father to son, subject to stated dues and a certain amount of statute labor. On the opposite bank of the Meuse was the Duchy of Lorraine, which, at that time, was not even within the kingdom of France. Domremy was,

therefore, at the extremity of the royal domain and of the kingdom.

In a cottage close to the church and churchyard lived Jacques Darc; as a tenant of the King of France, he occupied about a dozen acres of plough land, four acres of meadows and a small wood. His second daughter, known to fame as Joan of Arc, was born in 1412. Jeannette, as she was called, grew up a good girl, simple, gentle and a hard worker. She aided her mother in her household work, and in the evening she spun by her side, frequently until late into the night. She also helped her father in looking after the cattle, ploughing, harrowing and hoeing. She was a pious girl, spending all the time she could spare in the church, prostrate before the crucifix or kneeling with clasped hands before the image of Christ or of the Virgin. Every morning she attended Mass, and in the evening, when the Angelus bell rang, she fell on her knees and prayed. She would often, especially on Saturdays, go on a short pilgrimage to Our Lady of Belmont, a sanctuary erected on a height which overlooks the Meuse. Her charity was equal to her piety: she would visit the sick, would bring homeless beggars under her parents' roof.

On the hill by the river-side, between the meadows that stretched along the Meuse and the forest of oaks with which its summit was covered, there was a tall, bushy beech tree, whose branches hung down to the ground. It was known as "The Ladies' Tree," and it was asserted that the fairies came and danced under it. Every year, on Mid-Lent Sunday, the youth of the village went to play under the Ladies' Tree. They brought with them little cakes that had been baked for this special purpose, gathered flowers, and made garlands which they hung on the tree, sang and danced, and drank the limpid water of a spring. Joan went to the fête with the others; she sang with pleasure, but she did not care for dancing, despite the remonstrances of her companions. She preferred weaving garlands to adorn the image of the Virgin in her dear chapel.

Three years after the birth of Joan, King Henry V. of England had defeated the French at Agincourt, and had occupied the north of France. Joan was eight years of age at the con-

clusion of the treaty of Troyes, by which the old king, Charles VI., and his wife, Isabel of Bavaria, married their daughter to the son of the King of England, and acknowledged him as heir to the throne of France, to the exclusion of the Dauphin, Charles, their eldest son. It was not long ere the two kings, Charles VI. and Henry V., died, and Henry VI., still in his infancy, became king of both France and England. The warriors of the King of England and those of the Duke of Burgundy, his ally, were masters of the north and the east of France. They garrisoned the fortified towns and the castles, and ravaged the country round.

Now Joan saw the ravages of warfare with her own eyes. The people of Domremy, being tenants of the King of France, belonged naturally to the Armagnac party, which was that of the Dauphin. In 1423 one of the lords of the vicinity, the Lord of Commercy, at the head of a band of brigands, pretending to be in the service of the Dauphin, began to pillage and ransom the villages of the neighborhood ; the people of Domremy, to save themselves, undertook to pay him a tribute of so much per house.

In 1424 the Lord of Baudricourt, who occupied Vaucouleurs as Captain of the King of France, having refused to pass over to the English, the English Regent declared his properties confiscated, and conferred them on a lord of Burgundy, Jean de Vergy. Then began between the bands of the two lords a pillaging warfare, from which the peasants suffered far more than the combatants. On both sides they would arrest the inhabitants, men and women, and force them to pay ransom ; everything that was found in the villages was pillaged —money, clothing, furniture, provisions ; the cattle were driven off, the houses set on fire. The peasants were compelled to seek refuge behind the walls of fortified castles ; frequently they were unable to till their lands, and when they did so, the troops on horseback destroyed the crops. In the month of July, 1425, a band of soldiers seized upon Domremy, ransacked the houses and took away the cattle. A certain knight, sent by the Count of Vaudemont to recover the booty, caught the marauders some sixty miles off, and fetched back the cattle.

Joan was then thirteen, old enough to muse over these events. Domremy, as its name implies, had belonged originally to the Abbey of Saint Remy, of Rheims, and claimed Saint Remy [Remigius] for its patron. Every year, on the fête day of the saint, Joan heard the parish priest relate how St. Remy, Bishop of Rheims, had baptized Clovis, the King of the Franks, and how an angel had brought from heaven the holy vial in which was preserved the miraculous oil used to anoint the kings of France and to confer upon them divine authority. Accustomed to look upon the King of France, her lord, as the servant of Christ, Joan viewed the English as intruders and King Henry VI. as a usurper. She recognized but one heir to the kingdom, the Dauphin, Charles, whom the Armagnacs called Charles VII., and whom the Burgundians declared fallen from his rights. He was now seeking his safety in the centre of France, while his men were battling against the English in the neighborhood of the Loire, and the foreigners were gradually gaining ground.

In Joan's eyes, Charles was the legitimate sovereign of the kingdom, yet not actually King of France so long as he had not been consecrated in the Cathedral at Rheims; hence she never called him but the Dauphin. Before he became truly king, he should be anointed with the holy oil at Rheims, and ere he could go to Rheims the English should be driven out of Champagne. How could such a miracle be performed?

One warm day, in the summer of 1425, about noon, Joan, who had fasted the day before, was in her father's garden, when she heard a voice calling her. The voice seemed to come from the church; she looked in that direction, and perceived a bright light. At first she was seized with fear; but she soon recovered her self-composure, with the thought that this voice came from God. The voice called a second time, "Jeanne," and again a third time; and now the young girl understood that this was the voice of the archangel St. Michael.

From this time forward Joan frequently heard the voice in her father's garden. Soon she saw the archangel surrounded by a group of angels. He spoke to her, bade her be a good

girl, and go to church often, and told her that God would aid her. Then he would fly away heavenward with the angels, and Joan would weep at their departure and wish they had taken her away with them. The archangel also said to her that she was to bear a message to the King of France, and announced that the saints would come to her assistance.

Joan, now feeling that God proposed to intrust her with a mission, vowed to keep her virginity. Henceforth she seemed, to her companions, as one in a dream; instead of playing with them, she retired to secluded places and conversed with God. After some time, she saw the saints announced by the archangel, St. Catherine and St. Marguerite, and heard from their lips the same language as she had heard from St. Michael. And now the visions became more and more frequent; twice or thrice a week, Joan heard the voices; they bade her go to France. She spoke to nobody of what was going on, not even to her priest, lest the Burgundians should in some way be apprised of it, and her departure be hindered.

At last a heavenly voice said to her: "Joan, set out for Vaucouleurs, and go to Robert de Baudricourt; he will give you an escort to accompany you to the Dauphin." Joan replied: "I am but a poor girl; I cannot travel on horseback, nor am I fit to be at the head of armed men." But the voice repeated the injunction: Joan was to go to the assistance of the Dauphin, and help him to drive the English out of his kingdom, and to have him consecrated King of France. She felt she must obey; an irresistible force drove her onward. In after times she declared that just then she would rather "have allowed herself to be drawn and quartered" than undertake that journey to France, had it not been God's will that she should do so. But of this divine command she had no doubt, and it became impossible to her, she said, to remain where she was.

In May, 1428, Joan went to her uncle and induced him to take her to Vaucouleurs. This proved a useless journey: de Baudricourt refused to listen to her, and she returned to Domremy. In July following, a band of marauders came down on the village and pillaged it. The inhabitants fled wherever

they could. Joan's family went to the town of Neufchateau, where they were sheltered by an innkeeper, who took Joan as a temporary help. When, after a couple of weeks, they returned to Domremy, she found their old home burnt to the ground and her dear chapel in ruins. She was now hardly more than fifteen years old, but her vocation was irrevocably determined.

About Ascension tide in the year 1428, Joan, accompanied by her uncle, presented herself before Robert de Baudricourt, who had command of Vaucouleurs, and, despite her rustic appearance, announced that she came in the name of her Lord to ask him to send word to the Dauphin not to give battle for the present, because her Lord would procure him help before the middle of the following Lent. She added that it was her Lord's wish that the Dauphin should become King of France, and that she herself should conduct him to his consecration. "And who is your Lord?" inquired Baudricourt. "The King of Heaven," she replied. But Baudricourt believing the country girl was demented, told her uncle to take her home.

Once more, clad as a peasant girl of yore, with a gown of coarse red stuff, she stood before Baudricourt, who received her no better than the first time. Still she did not lose heart, and prepared for a stay at Vaucouleurs—a cartwright, Henri le Royer, receiving her in his house. The officers of the garrison heard about her. One of them, Jean de Metz, said to her: "What are you doing here? Must the king be driven out of his kingdom, and must we become English?" "I have come here," she replied, "to speak to the Lord of Baudricourt, that he might have me brought to the king; but he takes no heed of me or my words, and yet I must be with the king before the middle of next Lent; for no one in the world, neither king nor duke, nor daughter of the King of Scotland, can recover the kingdom of France: no help can come but through me. I must go and do it because my Lord wishes me to." "And, pray, who is your Lord?" "God," she said. The officer, struck with these words, took Joan's hands in his own and promised that, with God's help, he would bring her to the king. On his inquiring when she would like

to start, "To-day," she said, "rather than to-morrow, and to-morrow rather than any day after."

Baudricourt's position was now a critical one: the Duke of Bar, who had hitherto helped him to defend himself against the English, was almost compelled to swear allegiance to the King of England. No assistance could reach him but through a miracle, and he began wondering if the maid Joan had been sent to save him. He knew that she had had visions, but might they not proceed from the Evil One?

He, therefore, brought the priest to exorcise the young girl. The priest recited the prayers and commanded Joan to retire if there was any evil in her. Instead of doing so, she came nearer and, kneeling at his feet, rebuked him with all due humility for thus mistrusting her. Then, with a view to convince Baudricourt, she reminded him of the prophecy current among the people of that district, that a woman would lose the kingdom of France and that a maid from the frontiers of Lorraine would save it. Baudricourt was not convinced yet. But Joan longed to set out. Two officers had promised to take her to the king, and the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs supplied her with a full accoutrement, for she could not set forth in a woman's dress.

Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, now old and an invalid, hearing of the young girl who was chosen as the mouthpiece of God's revelations, felt a desire to see her, and sent her a safeguard to bring her to Nancy. On her arrival there with her uncle, she asked the duke to give her his son-in-law, Réné d'Anjou, with an escort of armed men to conduct her to France; but he declined to compromise himself to such an extent with the King of England.

But on her returning to Vaucouleurs, she found Baudricourt inclined to let her go on her errand. One day she said to him: "In God's name, you delay me too long: this day the poor Dauphin has met with a great loss in the neighborhood of Orleans, and he is exposed to a still greater calamity, if you do not send me to him soon." This was the 12th of February, the day on which the English captured a convoy sent to the relief of Orleans. At length Baudricourt recommended his men to keep good watch over her, and,

handing her a sword, bade her God-speed with the half-hearted exclamation, "Go on, happen what may!"

On the following day, Joan set out with an escort of six armed men: the two officers who had promised to accompany her, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Boulengy, their two attendants and two soldiers. Some spectators felt uneasy at seeing her protected by so small a troop, but she had confidence in her mission. "My road lies open before me," she said; "should we meet hostile bands, my Lord will clear a passage for me right to the Dauphin, for I have to lead him to his consecration, as I have been sent."

The road from Vaucouleurs to Chinon was not free from dangers. The allied troops of the King of England and of the Duke of Burgundy occupied the whole country; they had to be avoided. At that season, the large rivers—the Marne, the Aube, the Seine, the Yonne—were swollen and could not be forded: the little troop had to cross them on the frequented bridges, and to pass through the towns; and thus they journeyed for more than eleven days, pushing onward by night and hiding themselves by day. Joan, accustomed to hear Mass every morning, would have been glad to halt at least once a day at some village church, but they did not venture to indulge her wish more than twice. As to the rest, she allowed her companions to direct the journey, feeling in her heart that their precautions were needless. When they halted to sleep, she lay down fully dressed and with her boots on. Her coarse companions now looked upon her no longer as a woman, but as an angel from Heaven.

After crossing the Loire at Gien, they reached Sainte-Catherine de Fierbois. Here she heard three Masses in one day; then she had a letter written to the king (for she could not write herself), to the effect that she had traveled four hundred and fifty miles to come to his help; that she knew several things of the utmost importance to him; and that, although she had never seen him in the flesh, she could point him out among a crowd.

Charles was at the castle of Chinon; his treasurer had just announced to him that his coffer was almost empty; Orleans was the only town that kept the English at bay; and after its

capture Charles could no longer maintain himself in France. Already he was debating whether to seek a refuge in Spain or in Scotland. At such a juncture did the little court receive word of the arrival of the peasant girl of Domremy. Opinions were divided as to her reception ; still they hesitated to refuse admission to the girl who had come from such a distance, under such strange conditions, and who made such great promises. On the 6th of March she entered Chinon, and two days later she had her first interview with Charles VII.

Before the fated twelve months were over, she had compelled the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and had conducted Charles to Rheims, where at length he was consecrated King of France.—C. SEIGNOBOS.

THE MAID ENTERS ORLEANS.

"Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois.
"Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years,
As oft I glided down the silver stream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd,
Listening the sound of far-off merriment.
There wave the English banners! martial Maid,
Give thou the signal—let me rush upon
These ministers of murder, who have sack'd
The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts
Silent—or hearing but the widow's groan.
Give thou the signal, Maiden!"
Her dark eye
Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him. "Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
Ere slaughter be let loose, befits us send
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes
Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad
When even one man is murder'd."
So she said,
And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. "I will be thy messenger,

Maiden of God! I to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding."
"Go," the Virgin cried,
"Say to the chief of Salisbury, and the host
Attending, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
Invaders of the country, say, thus says
The Maid of Orleans: 'With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native England; for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles, the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice,
Of duteous subjects hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes
Arm'd with his sword; yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner.'" To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode.
At midday-meal,
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the sentinel
Conducted came the Frank.
"Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
"Salisbury, and ye the representatives
Of the English king, usurper of this realm;
To ye the leaders of the invading host
I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says
The Maid of Orleans: 'With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native England, for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles, the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice
Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,
Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner.'"
Wonder made a pause;

To this the laugh succeeds. "What!" Fastolffe cried,
"A woman warrior has your monarch sent
To save devoted Orleans? By the rood,
I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair.
No worthless prize, my lords! Go tell your Maid,
Joyful we wait her coming."
There was one
Among the English chiefs, who had grown old
In arms, yet had not age unnerved his limbs,
But from the flexile nimbleness of youth
Braced to unyielding strength. One, who had seen
The warrior at the feast, might well have deem'd
That Talbot with his whole collected might
Wielded the sword in war; for on his neck
The veins were full, and every muscle bore
Most powerful character. He his stern eye
Fix'd on the herald, and before he spake,
His silence threaten'd.
"Get thee gone!" exclaimed
The indignant chief; "away! nor think to scare
With girlish phantasies the English host
That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,
Insolent herald! tell this frantic girl,
This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
For if she dares the war, I will not stain
My good blood-rusted sword—but she shall meet
The mockery of the camp!"
"Nay, scare her not,"
Replied their chief; "go tell this Maid of Orleans,
That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
Will be her prison, and——"
"Contemptuous man!
No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek
Rush'd the red anger. "Bearing words of peace
And timely warning, came I to your camp,
Here with rude mockery and stern insolence
Received. Bear witness, chieftains! that the French
Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war."
"And who art thou?" cried Suffolk, and his eye
Grew fierce and wrath-inflamed; "what fool art thou

That at this woman's bidding comest to brave
The host of England? Thou shalt have thy meed!"
Then, turning to the sentinel, he cried,
"Prepare the stake! and let the men of Orleans,
And let this woman, who believes her name
May privilege her apostle, see the fire
Consume him. Build the stake! for by my God
He shall be kalendared of this new faith
First martyr."
As he spake, a sudden flush
Came o'er the herald's cheek, and his heart beat
With quicker action; but the sudden flush,
Alarmed Nature's impulse, faded soon
To such a steady hue as spake the soul
Rous'd up with all its powers, and unsubdued,
And glorying in endurance. Through the camp,
Soon as the tidings spread, a shout arose,
A hideous shout, more savage than the howl
Of midnight wolves; and round the Frank they throng'd,
To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on
And as they led him to the appointed place
Look'd round, as though forgetful of himself,
And cried aloud, "Oh! I am sad to think
So many men shall never see the sun
Go down! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now,
Daughters of England, weep! for hard of heart
Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
And for their folly and their wickedness,
Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
But heavy are his judgments!"
He who spake
Was young and comely; had his cheek been pale
With dread, and had his eye look'd fearfully,
Sure he had won compassion; but the blood
Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek,
As with a prophet's look and prophet's voice
He spake the ominous words: and they who heard,
Wonder'd, and they who rear'd the stake urged on
With half-unwilling hands their slacken'd toil,
And doubted what might follow.
Not unseen

Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood;
In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host,
Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld:
At once in eager wrath they raised the loud
And general clamor, "Lead us to the foe!"
"Not upon us, O God!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!"
And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard;
In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
For much their hearts misgave them.
But the rage
Of Suffolk swell'd within him. "Speed your work!"
Exclaim'd the savage earl; "kindle the pile,
That France may see the fire, and in defeat
Feel aggravated shame!"
And now they bound
The herald to the stake: he cried aloud,
And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, "Let not him
Who girdeth on his harness boast himself
As he that puts it off! They come! they come!
God and the Maid!"
The host of France approached,
And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire
Draw near the pile; sudden a fearful shout
Towards Orleans turn'd his eye, and thence he saw
A mailed man upon a mailed steed
Come thundering on.
As when Chederles comes
To aid the righteous on his deathless steed,
Swaying his sword with such resistless arm,
Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
The hidden waters of eternal youth,
Till with the copious draught of life and strength
Inebriate; such, so fierce, so terrible,
Came Conrade through the camp; aright, aleft,
The affrighted English scatter from his spear.
Onward he drives, and now the circling throng
Fly from the stake; and now he checks his course,

And cuts the herald's bonds, and bids him live,
And arm, and fight, and conquer.
"Haste thee hence
To Orleans," cried the warrior. "Tell the chiefs
There is confusion in the English camp.
Bid them come forth." On Conrade's steed the youth
Leapt up and hasten'd onward. He the while
Turn'd to the war.
Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.
Then man met man; then on the batter'd shield
Rung the loud lance, and through the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amid his foes
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight—the Maid, though all unused
To the rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven,
Flashing her flamy falchion through the troops,
That, like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scatter'd the trembling ranks; the Saracen,
Though arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
A weaker sword; nor might that magic blade
Compare with this that Oriana saw
Flame in the brutal Ardan's robber band,
When, sick and cold as the grave, she turn'd away
Her dizzy eyes, lest they should see the death
Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
Like as the angel of the Lord went forth
And smote his army, when the Assyrian king,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphem'd the God of Israel.
Yet the fight
Hung doubtful where, exampling hardiest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wontless valor, rages round the field
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man

Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm.
The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory,
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhaled
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks;
Impatient now, for many an ill endured
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun,
Now quenched in blood their radiance.
O'er the host
Howl'd the deep wind that, ominous of storm,
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle-axe; the frequent groan
Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of fear.
Even such a storm
Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
Smote down the soldiers, and the conqueror heard
God in the tempest, and remembered him
Of the widows he had made, and, in the name
Of blessed Mary, vowed the vow of peace.
Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round,
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendor. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled

From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; though Talbot, with vain valiancy,
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout
Mingles, and, all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward, Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest; deeper grew the storm;
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death.
Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers, who partake
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquefied, the torrent tide
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deafening clamor down it falls:
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops,
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves
That to the passing lightning as they broke
Gleam'd horrible.
Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And swoln with confidence, had now escaped
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he moved unwilling from the war,
What most might profit the defeated ranks
Pondered. He, reaching safe the massy fort,
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobserved it blazed;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Soon the fires
Flame on the summit of the circling forts
That, firm entrenched with walls and deep-delved moats
Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain

They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveler,
Wandering with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league
Traveling the trackless desolate, where heaved
With tempest swell the desert billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.
Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent through the sky
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Though safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim, who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escaped, of some tall tree the topmost branch
He grasps close clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold, quivering limbs.
Nor now the Maid,
Greedy of vengeance, urges the pursuit,
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound ;
A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, though eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest, as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town,
Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held,
That rais'd aloft, amid the midnight storm,
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced ;
Deep through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd ;
Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreathed their red radiance.
Through the opened gate
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight

Possess'd, as when from Bactria, late subdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops
Amid the Sogdian desert, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves;
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapors, heart-subdued and faint;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the vale below,
Where Oxus roll'd along.

Clamors of joy
Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high-heaped carcasses, whence, scared away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.

In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the straggling fugitive; as when
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun; with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

—R. SOUTHEY.

THE MAID CROWNS CHARLES VII. AT RHEIMS.

By this the scouts,
Forerunning the king's march, upon the plain
Of Patay had arrived; of late so gay
With marshalled thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder: now defiled
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conquest now, the chieftains flock,

Proffering their eager service. To his arms,
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
Compelled, the embattled towns submit and own
Their rightful king. Baugenci strives in vain:
Jenville and Mehun yield; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the bannered lion: on they pass.
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the mission'd Maiden's rumored deeds
Inspirited, the citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength; against the English troops
With patriot valor, irresistible,
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege lord
Present the city keys.
The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear-beloved brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory;
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despaired not of their country. By the king
The delegated damsel passed along
Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand
Poured on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white doves from heaven,
(So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warriors' blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni prest,
And reared the shout of triumph; in that hour
Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God,

And conquered: waked to wonder thus, the chief
Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the font.
The missioned Maid
Then placed on Charles' brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the king
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till, in a tumult of wild wonderment,
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witnessed: then at once,
As with a tempest rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed.
"King of France!"
She cried, "at Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the Spirit
Prompted, I spake—armed with the sword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplished. I have here this day
Fulfilled my mission, and anointed thee
Chief servant of the people. Of this charge,
Or well performed or wickedly, high heaven
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou mayest create. I do beseech thee, king!"
The Maid exclaimed, and fell upon the ground
And clasped his knees, "I do beseech thee, king!
By all the millions that depend on thee
For weal or woe, consider what thou art,
And know thy duty! If thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
Thou tearest them from their homes, and sendest them
To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
If, when the widow and the orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
If, when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
Thou sayest, 'I am a king, and fit it is
That these should perish for me!' if thy realm
Should, through the counsels of thy government,

Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
Of asking hunger; if at such a time
Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,
And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
And say that all is well; O gracious God!
Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
When the spirits of the murdered innocent
Cry at thy throne for justice!
King of France!
Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
And be the orphan's father! Thus shalt thou
Become the representative of heaven,
And gratitude and love establish thus
Thy reign. Believe me, king, that hireling guards,
Though fleshed in slaughter, would be weak to save
A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
That totters underneath him."
Thus the Maid
Redeemed her country. Ever may the All-just
Give to the arms of freedom such success.

—R. SOUTHEY.

THE MARTYRED MAID.

At daybreak, on the 30th of May, 1431, Brother Martin l'Advenu, who had recently acted as Joan's confessor, entered her cell, and announced to her the approach of her dreadful doom. But previously, having obtained the permission of the Bishop of Beauvais, he administered to her the Holy Sacrament—somewhat irregularly, and at first without tapers, stole, or surplice, as if it were necessary to conceal from her guards even this slight concession. But afterwards l'Advenu summoned the attendant priests, and procured the fitting accessories. He then confessed her, and endeavored to prepare her for her fate: that she was to be burnt alive in the market-place at nine o'clock that morning. It is no impeachment of Joan's courage to confess that she shrank at first from the terrible blow. She wept piteously, and tore her hair. "Alas," she cried, "will they treat me so horribly and cruelly that my body, pure and whole, which has never been polluted, shall

to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes? Ha! ah! I would rather be seven times beheaded than burnt alive! Oh, I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the wrongs and injustice that you have done me!"

After a few minutes she recovered her composure, and assumed the female dress that was prepared for her. The executioner and his assistants entered, to conduct her to the place of execution. Among the crowd she discerned Pierre Morice, one of the assessors: "Ah, Master Pierre," she exclaimed, "where shall I be this evening?" "Have you not good hope in the Lord?" "Yes, yes, with God's help, I shall be in Paradise!" To the Bishop of Beauvais she said: "Bishop, I die through you. If you had consigned me to the prisons of the Church, and handed me over to ecclesiastical guards, this would not have happened. Therefore, I summon you before God!"

It was now nine o'clock. She was led to the car, and, with her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, on the one side, and the usher, Massieu, on the other, prepared to fare forth upon her last journey. The Augustine monk, Isambard, who throughout the weary trial had shown so much charity and courage, was unwilling to abandon her, and took his place in the car. The Maid meanwhile continued to utter the most tender and earnest prayers to God, the Virgin, and the Saints, so that few could restrain their tears; and l'Oiseleur, the spy, the traitor, smitten with an access of remorse, flung himself on his knees and implored her forgiveness. The English soldiers—eight hundred of whom formed the Maid's escort—drove him away, and would have killed him but for the protection afforded by the Earl of Warwick.

The end of her sad journey was the Old Market. There three scaffolds had been erected. Upon one of these were placed the episcopal chair, the throne of Cardinal Beaufort, the seats of his prelates and officers. Another was reserved for the preacher, the magistrates of the municipality, and the prisoner. But all eyes for a moment turned to the third, which stood somewhat apart, a pile of cement, loaded—nay, *over*loaded—with wood, the whole rising to a height that terrified the lookers-on.

The terrible ceremonial commenced with a sermon. Nicole Midi was the preacher; his text was this: "When a member of the Church is sick, all the Church is sick." The Church could only be healed by cutting off that member. The sermon was long and dull, and the crowd showed their impatience of it. At last it concluded with the usual but fearful formula: "Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee!"

Then the Bishop of Beauvais benignly exhorted her to busy herself with the thoughts of her soul, so soon to appear before the tribunal of Heaven—tribunal more merciful and more just than that of earth—and to repent of the sins and errors of the past. The assessors, at their consultation of the preceding day, had judged it right that he should read again the abjuration, but he wisely refrained from the labor. He feared the Maid's denials and reclamations. Meanwhile, before he had begun his exhortation, she had thrown herself on her knees, invoking God, the Virgin, Saint Michael and Saint Catherine, pardoning her oppressors, entreating forgiveness of all, imploring the assistants at the sacrifice to pray for her, begging the priests to say, each one of them, a prayer for her soul. And so earnest was her piety, so touching her devotion, so beautiful her humility, that the fiercest of her enemies could not refrain from weeping. The Bishop of Beauvais shed tears; even the subtle and unimpassioned cardinal felt the general emotion.

Recovering from his unwonted weakness, the bishop next read aloud her sentence. "You are a corrupted limb," he said, "and must be cut off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it nevertheless to moderate its judgment by sparing you from death and the mutilation of your limbs." Alas, the prayer was but an atrocious mockery!

Abandoned by the king she had served, the people she had saved, the Church she had loved, she gave her whole confidence to God. She asked for a crucifix. An English soldier made a rude one out of his staff; she received it reverently, kissed it and placed it next her heart. But she wished for a crucifix from the Church, to hold before her eyes until death

obscured their gaze. Massieu and Brother Isambard hastened to procure one from the neighboring sanctuary of Saint Saviour. She embraced it long and warmly, and grasped it firmly with folded palms. The monk renewed his ejaculations. But the English soldiers grew weary of the protracted scene. They shouted angrily, and clashed their swords. "How now, priest," they said to l'Advenu, "do you mean that we should dine here?" "Hand her over to us, and we will soon make an end of her." "Remember your office!" they said to the executioner.

Without waiting for the secular power to pronounce its judgment — scarce giving time for the magistrate to cry quickly, "Take her away; do thy duty,"—two sergeants dragged her from the hands of the priests, and gave her over to the doomsman. Horrified at this blind, mad, bloodthirsty fury, the Bishop of Noyon and many others fled from the terrible scene. But there was an English man-at-arms who rushed forward to fling another fagot upon the pile.

She stood for a moment at the foot of her scaffold, and a movement of natural terror shot through her trembling frame. "O Rouen," she exclaimed, "thou, then, wilt be my last dwelling-place!" She was led to the summit, and bound to the fatal stake. "Ah, Rouen, Rouen," she cried, "I greatly fear thou wilt suffer much for my death!" A mitre was placed on her head, which bore the lying inscription :— "HÉRÉTIQUE RELAPSÉ, APOSTATE, YDOLASTRE,"—and then the executioner set light to the terrible pile. L'Advenu stood over against her, uttering devout phrases and words of encouragement and exhortation. She made him descend out of the reach of danger, still forgetful of herself in those last moments of agony.

The Bishop of Beauvais now drew nigh, at the instance of the cardinal, who hoped even yet to draw from his poor victim some word of retractation. She looked down at him with mild reproach : "Bishop, I die through you!" In her last moments she had no reproaches for the coward-king who had abandoned her, but still defended him : "Whether I have done well or done ill, my king has had no share in it; it is not he who has advised me."

Meanwhile the wood kindled, the flames rose. At the moment that they reached her body, she groaned, and asked for water. It was the final evidence of human weakness. Thenceforth she cast off her humanity, and became of the spirit spiritual. God in His mercy threw wide the gates of the future, and, thronging upon the "celestial battlements," she recognized, with eyes that growing dim to things of earth saw the more clearly the things of Heaven, the radiant robes and golden crowns of saint and angel—Michael and Gabriel, Catherine and Margaret! All doubts passed away; all uncertainty was at an end; her mission had not been a falsehood, nor her life a deception. Again she heard the music, but more distinctly; again she saw the brightness, but more clearly. "Yes," she cried, "my Voices WERE from God—they have NOT deceived me!" And penetrating still farther into the vision that rose before her imagination, she saw HIM who is the Lord of love and mercy; who assumed the semblance of man that man by His agonies and sorrows might be redeemed; and with one loud, clear cry of "Jesus!" the spirit of Joan the Maid passed away from earth.—W. H. D. ADAMS.

THE SHEPHERD-GIRL OF DOMREMY.

What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both per-

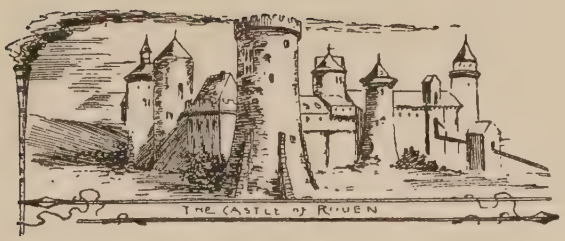
sonal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl—whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice—this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to do—never for thyself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long." This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators

without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

—T. De Quincey.



SEMIRAMIS.

IN the earliest pages of history, myth and legend are inextricably mingled with the record of fact. What the imagination of poets, often working grotesquely, had conceived as a fitting union of heaven and earth, was prefixed to the records of state, generally kept by priests. Although modern research has almost expunged the name of Semiramis from the history of Assyria, her fabulous career has so long occupied a prominent place in the accounts of Asiatic civilization that it seems necessary to recount what was believed concerning this prototype of illustrious female sovereigns. Nor need we hesitate to give the myth in all its extravagance, as related by the classical historians, who blindly accepted the statements given by Ctesias, the Greek physician of Artaxerxes, in his "History of Persia," and more improbable stories of professed romancists.

Semiramis was the daughter of Derceto of Ascalon, said to be a goddess, who, though revered for her chastity, had yielded to the passionate love of a Syrian youth. Afterwards, ashamed of her frailty, she made away with the youth, and, plunging headlong in a lake, was transformed into a fish. Her infant, exposed in the desert, was preserved by doves, who brought milk from the royal dairies in their beaks. After a year, the child was discovered by shepherds of the neighborhood, and was thenceforward brought up by Simmas, the chief shepherd of the king's flocks, who gave her the name Semiramis, which was said to denote that she had been nursed by doves.

When she had attained her eighteenth year, her surpassing beauty attracted the regard of Menones, the Governor of Syria. Their union was a happy one, and Semiramis bore two sons, Hypates and Hydaspes. She was also a prudent adviser to her husband in public affairs. The romance of Semiramis declares that the King of Assyria at that time was Ninus, who is said, by some chronologists, to have founded Nineveh, about 2182 B.C. More cautious Greek historians assign Semiramis to the eighth century B.C. Ninus was one of the great Asiatic conquerors, and had brought under his sway all the countries from the coast of the Mediterranean to the river Indus. Menones took part in the invasion of Bactriana, to which Ninus had led an enormous army. The siege of the capital, Bactria, was protracted, and Menones summoned his wife to the camp.

Soon after her arrival, Semiramis noticed that the tower which was the headquarters of the troops that defended the wall was left carelessly guarded when an assault was made on other parts. She advised, therefore, that while an attack should be made on a distant portion of the wall, a body of picked troops should attempt to seize this tower. Her plan was adopted, and she herself is said to have participated in its execution, which resulted in opening the city to the besiegers. Ninus, rejoicing at the capture of Bactria, with its immense treasures, abundantly rewarded Semiramis with presents. He was charmed with the graces of her person as well as her intellectual ability, and soon determined to make her his wife. Yet, out of regard for Menones, he first offered him his daughter, Sosana, in exchange, but the general boldly refused, though the king threatened him with loss of his eyes, if he would not yield. Menones, convinced of his inability to resist the despot, committed suicide, rather than survive his dishonor. Ninus, on his return to Nineveh, married Semiramis, who bore him a son, called Ninyas.

The queen's influence over the aged king was unbounded, and when she requested him to intrust her with his sovereign power for five days, he willingly consented, and directed his subjects to obey her commands as they had done his own. She had already secured the favor of the leading men of the State

to her ambitious schemes, yet, to test the general obedience, she gave a number of orders, which were promptly executed. When she was satisfied that courtiers and people fully accepted her as sovereign, she proceeded, according to one account, to order the unfortunate Ninus to be beheaded. The command was obeyed without hesitation, and Semiramis now ruled alone. Another account states that Ninus was imprisoned for the remainder of his life.

The reign of Semiramis was a favorite theme with the ancient classical writers. She is represented as aiming to immortalize her name by eclipsing all the works of her predecessors. In the rebuilding and enlarging of Babylon, she employed two millions of men, gathered out of all the provinces of the empire. As completed by her, this famous city is said to have been surrounded by walls over eighty feet thick and three hundred feet high. They formed an exact square, each side being fifteen miles long. One hundred gates of solid brass gave entrance, and numerous streets, intersecting each other at right angles, divided the city into six hundred and seventy-six squares, some covered with splendid buildings, others occupied by gardens and cultivated fields. An arm of the Euphrates passed through the city and was crossed by a bridge six hundred feet long. Canals were dug some distance above the city to divert the Spring floods into the Tigris, and thus protect the city from inundation. An immense lake was also constructed to serve as a reservoir for the waters of the river until the quays which lined its banks within the city should be completed and the bridge built.

Within the city were erected immense terraces, which have been called "hanging gardens," and are reckoned among the "seven wonders of the world." There was also a prodigious tower, erected as a temple of Belus, and said to surpass in height the pyramids of Egypt. These internal improvements are ascribed, partly or wholly, to other sovereigns of Babylon, but the building of the walls is assigned to Semiramis by all who record her reign.

When these buildings were sufficiently advanced, Semiramis resolved to make a royal progress through her vast empire. While thus engaged, she also ordered new cities to

be built and roads and public works to be constructed for the benefit of her subjects. She is said to have visited all Asia west of the Indus, and to have pushed her conquests into Libya. Here she consulted the oracle of Jupiter Ammon on her destiny, and was told that she would die when her son Ninyas should attempt her life, but that after her death she should be worshiped as a goddess. After her return to Babylon, she determined upon an expedition beyond the Indus, and for this collected an army of 3,000,000 foot-soldiers, 500,000 cavalry, 100,000 chariots, besides an immense number of boats for crossing the rivers. Yet the king whose territory she prepared to invade is said to have gathered for its defence even a larger army. The battle was begun in the Indus itself, and at first Semiramis appeared to have the advantage. Her troops proceeded boldly into the enemy's country, but soon the enemy faced about and fought more desperately than ever. Some mock elephants which Semiramis had caused to be made of the hides of oxen covering camels, proved of little avail against the native Indian beasts trained to take part in war. Her troops were seized with a panic and hastily retreated. She herself was twice wounded by the Indian king, and was only saved by the swiftness of her horse. In the retreat and recrossing of the Indus, large numbers of her followers perished; and she returned to her own dominions with but one-third of the army she had led forth.

As she drew near to Babylon, she learned that her son, Ninyas, was plotting her destruction, and, recalling the oracle, she abdicated her power. Then she withdrew from the sight of men, and is said to have been metamorphosed into a dove. She was then sixty-two years of age, and had reigned forty years. On one of the numerous monuments which she had caused to be erected in various parts of her dominions, this inscription is said to have been engraved:—

"Nature gave me the form of a woman; my actions have raised me to the level of the most valiant of men. I have ruled the empire of Ninus, which, towards the east, touches the river Inamanes; on the south, Sabæa, the land of incense and myrrh; on the north, the country of the Sogdians. Be-

fore me, no Assyrian ever saw the sea; I have seen four, whose waters were not navigated, and have subdued them to my power. I have constrained rivers to flow as I directed; I have never wished them to flow where they would not be useful. I have rendered barren lands fertile by irrigation. I have built strong fortresses; I have carried roads over mountains, before impassable; with my silver I have paved highways in the desert. In the midst of my labors, I have found time for my own pleasure and that of my friends."

Vul-lush and Sammuramit.

Vul-lush, the third monarch of that name, ascended the Assyrian throne B.C. 810, and held it for twenty-nine years, from B.C. 810 to B.C. 781. The memorials which we possess of this king's reign are but scanty. They consist of one or two slabs found at Nimrud, of a short dedicatory inscription on duplicate statues of the god Nebo brought from the same place, of some brick inscriptions from the mound of Nebbi Yunus, and of the briefest possible notices of the quarters in which he carried on war, contained in one copy of the Babylonian Canon. As none of these records are in the shape of annals except the last, and as only these and the slab notices are historical, it is impossible to give any detailed account of this long and apparently important reign.

Vul-lush III. was as warlike a monarch as any of his predecessors, and his efforts extended the Assyrian dominion in almost every quarter. He made seven expeditions across the Zagros range into Media, two into the Van country, and three into Syria. He tells us that in one of these expeditions he succeeded in making himself master of the great city of Damascus, whose kings had defied the repeated attacks of Shalmaneser. He reckons as his tributaries in these parts, besides Damascus, the cities of Tyre and Sidon, and the countries of Khumri or Samaria, of Palestine or Philistia, and of Hudum (Idumæa or Edom). On the north and east he received tokens of submission from the Naïri, the Minni, the Medes, and the Partsu, or Persians. On the south, he exercised a power, which seems like that of a sovereign, in Babylonia; where homage was paid him by the Chaldæans, and where, in the

great cities of Babylon, Borsippa, and Cutha, he was allowed to offer sacrifice to the gods Bel, Nebo and Nergal.

It thus appears that by the time of Vul-lush III., or early in the eighth century B.C., Assyria had with one hand grasped Babylonia, while with the other she had laid hold of Philistia and Edom. She thus touched the Persian Gulf on the one side, while on the other she was brought into contact with Egypt. At the same time she had received the submission of at least some portion of the great nation of the Medes, who were now probably moving southwards from Azerbijan and gradually occupying the territory which was regarded as Media Proper by the Greeks and Romans. She held Southern Armenia, from Lake Van to the sources of the Tigris; she possessed all Upper Syria, including Commagêné and Amanus; she had tributaries even on the further side of that mountain range; she bore sway over the whole Syrian coast from Issus to Gaza; her authority was acknowledged, probably, by all the tribes and kingdoms between the coast and the desert, certainly by the Phœnicians, the Hamathites, the Patena, the Hittites, the Syrians of Damascus, the people of Israel, and the Idumæans, or people of Edom. On the east she had reduced almost all the valleys of Zagros, and had tributaries in the great upland on the eastern side of the range. On the south, if she had not absorbed Babylonia, she had at least made her influence paramount there. The full height of her greatness was not indeed attained till a century later; but already the "tall cedar" was "exalted above all the trees of the field; his boughs were multiplied; his branches had become long; and under his shadow dwelt great nations."

Not much is known of Vul-lush III. as a builder, or as a patron of art. He calls himself the "restorer of noble buildings which had gone to decay," an expression which would seem to imply that he aimed rather at maintaining former edifices in repair than at constructing new ones. He seems, however, to have built some chambers on the mound of Nimrud, between the northwestern and the southwestern palaces, and also to have had a palace at Nineveh on the mound now called Nebbi Yunus (Tomb of Jonah). The Nimrud chambers were of small size and poorly ornamented; they contained

no sculptures; the walls were plastered and then painted in fresco with a variety of patterns. They may have been merely guard-rooms, since they appear to have formed a portion of a high tower. The palace at Nebbi Yunus was probably a more important work; but the superstitious regard of the natives for the supposed tomb of Jonah has hitherto frustrated all attempts made by Europeans to explore that mass of ruins.

Among all the monuments recovered by recent researches, the only works of art assignable to the reign of Vul-lush are two rude statues of the god Nebo, almost exactly resembling one another. The figures have scarcely any artistic merit. The head is disproportionately large, the features, so far as they can be traced, are coarse and heavy, the arms and hands are poorly modelled, and the lower part is more like a pillar than the figure of a man. We cannot suppose that Assyrian art was incapable, under the third Vul-lush, of a higher flight than these statues indicate; we must therefore regard them as conventional forms, reproduced from old models, which the artist was bound to follow. It would seem, indeed, that while in the representation of animals and of men of inferior rank, Assyrian artists were untrammelled by precedent, and might aim at the highest possible perfection, in religious subjects, and in the representation of kings and nobles, they were limited, by law or custom, to certain ancient forms and modes of expression, which we find repeated from the earliest to the latest times with monotonous uniformity.

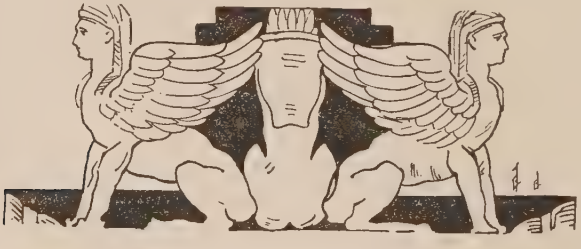
If these statues, however, are valueless as works of art, they have yet a peculiar interest for the historian, as containing the only mention which the disentombed remains have furnished of one of the most celebrated names of antiquity—a name which for many ages vindicated to itself a leading place, not only in the history of Assyria, but in that of the world. To the Greeks and Romans Semiramis was the foremost of women, the greatest queen who had ever held a sceptre, the most extraordinary conqueror that the East had ever produced. Beautiful as Helen or Cleopatra, brave as Tomyris, lustful as Messalina, she had the virtues and vices of a man rather than a woman, and performed deeds scarcely inferior to those of Cyrus or Alexander the Great. It is an ungrateful task to

dispel illusions, more especially such as are at once harmless and venerable for their antiquity; but truth requires the historian to obliterate from the pages of the past this well-known image, and to substitute in its place a very dull and prosaic figure—a Semiramis no longer decked with the prismatic hues of fancy, but clothed instead in the sober garments of fact.

The Nebo idols are dedicated, by the Assyrian officer who had them executed, "to his lord Vul-lush and his lady *Sammuramit;*" from whence it would appear to be certain, in the first place, that that monarch was married to a princess who bore this world-renowned name, and, secondly, that she held a position superior to that which is usually allowed in the East to a queen-consort. An inveterate Oriental prejudice requires the rigid seclusion of women; and the Assyrian monuments, thoroughly in accord with the predominant tone of Eastern manners, throw a veil in general over all that concerns the weaker sex, neither representing to us the forms of the Assyrian women in the sculptures, nor so much as mentioning their existence in the inscriptions. Very rarely is there an exception to this all but universal reticence. In the present instance, and in about two others, the silence usually kept is broken; and a native woman comes upon the scene to tantalize us by her momentary apparition.

The glimpse that we here obtain does not reveal much. Beyond the fact that the principal queen of Vul-lush III. was named Semiramis, and the further fact, implied in her being mentioned at all, that she had a recognized position of authority in the country, we can only conclude, conjecturally, from the exact parallelism of the phrases used, that she bore sway conjointly with her husband, either over the whole or over a part of his dominions. Such a view explains, to some extent, the wonderful tale of the Ninian Semiramis, which was foisted into history by Ctesias; for it shows that he had a slight basis of fact to go upon. It also harmonizes, or may be made to harmonize, with the story of Semiramis as told by Herodotus, who says that she was a Babylonian queen, and reigned five generations before Nitocris, or about B.C. 755. For it is quite possible that the Sammuramit married to Vul-lush III. was a Babylonian princess, the last descendant of a

long line of kings, whom the Assyrian monarch wedded to confirm through her his title to the southern provinces; in which case a portion of his subjects would regard her as their legitimate sovereign, and only recognize his authority as secondary and dependent upon hers. The exaggeration in which Orientals indulge, with a freedom that astonishes the sober nations of the West, would seize upon the unusual circumstance of a female having possessed a conjoint sovereignty, and would gradually group round the name a host of mythic details, which at last accumulated to such an extent that, to prevent the fiction from becoming glaring, the queen had to be thrown back into mythic times, with which such details were in harmony. The Babylonian wife of Vul-lush III., who gave him his title to the regions of the south, and reigned conjointly with him both in Babylonia and Assyria, became first a queen of Babylon, ruling independently and alone, and then an Assyrian empress, the conqueror of Egypt and Ethiopia, the invader of the distant India, the builder of Babylon, and the constructor of all the great works which were anywhere to be found in Western Asia. The grand figure thus produced imposed upon the uncritical ancients, and was accepted even by the moderns for many centuries. At length the school of Heeren and Niebuhr, calling common sense to their aid, pronounced the figure a myth. It remained for the patient explorers of the field of Assyrian antiquity in our own day to discover the slight basis of fact on which the myth was founded, and to substitute for the shadowy marvel of Ctesias a very prosaic and commonplace princess, who, like Atossa or Elizabeth of York, strengthened her husband's title to his crown, but who never really made herself conspicuous by either great works or by exploits.—G. RAWLINSON.



ARTAXERXES.

IN the long reign of Artaxerxes II., Persia was brought into new relations with Greece. The Oriental despot was no longer the invader of republican Greece, but was challenged to defend his own dominions. Having learned, however, that gold was more potent than iron in such contest, he was able to introduce dissensions and to divide and conquer his enemies. But his victories eventually paved the pathway for the march of the great Macedonian conqueror, by whom the ancient Persian empire was overthrown.

Artaxerxes II. was the eldest son of Darius Nothus, and was born before his father had succeeded to the throne. His mother, Parysatis, was a daughter of King Artaxerxes Longimanus. He began to reign on the death of his father, 405 B.C., and then took the name of Artaxerxes, having previously been called Arsaces. His wife was Statira, whom he married before he ascended the throne. The queen-mother had endeavored to gain the throne for Cyrus, her younger son, while the succession was still open ; and she afterward encouraged him to vindicate his claim as the first-born after his father had become king. Cyrus, whose character is depicted by Xenophon in most favorable colors, is said by Plutarch to have been of a violent and impetuous temper. Artaxerxes was gentle and moderate in his disposition. His excellent memory procured for him the surname of Mnemon.

His brother Cyrus, distinguished in history as Cyrus the Younger, had been appointed satrap of Lydia by his father. He now began to collect, in a stealthy manner, a large army. He did not keep these forces in Lydia in a body, but had emissaries who enlisted foreigners in various places, on various pretences. Among them were 11,000 Greeks, who did not know that they were to fight against the Great King, as the King of Persia was called.

Early in 401 B.C., they were brought together at Sardis, and Cyrus began his march with an army of about 115,000. His design was not fully revealed until he had reached the Euphrates; yet the king is said to have assembled against him 900,000 men, whom he commanded in person. The armies met at Cunaxa, about sixty miles from Babylon, in September, 401 B.C. The Greeks of Cyrus' army easily defeated the Persians opposed to them; but Cyrus, imprudently seeking to slay the king, rushed into the centre of the enemy, and was killed. According to Xenophon, Artaxerxes was wounded by the hand of Cyrus, and he pretended that he killed Cyrus in single combat. The generals of the surviving Greeks, who had fought here for Cyrus, were beguiled into negotiations by Tissaphernes and treacherously slain. The "Ten Thousand," now deprived of their leaders, adopted the advice of the volunteer, Xenophon, and decided not to surrender, but to make their way home. Commanded by Xenophon and others, they made the memorable retreat which "is a high-water mark in military history." They defeated the Persians whenever the latter attacked them or opposed their march.

The expedition of Cyrus broke off the friendly relations which had existed between Persia and Sparta, as this State had offended Artaxerxes by giving important assistance to Cyrus. The Spartans, havingsecured the services of the "Ten Thousand," after their masterly retreat, invaded Asia Minor about 397 B.C. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gained several victories over the satrap Tissaphernes. "By these losses," says Plutarch, "Artaxerxes came to understand what was his best method of making war. He sent Hermocrates into Greece with a great quantity of gold, having instructed him to corrupt with it the leading men, and to stir up a Grecian war

against Lacedæmon." Thus Sparta was involved in a war against Athens, Thebes and other States. Soon Agesilaus was recalled, in 394 B.C., to defend his own country. Conon, who commanded the Athenian and Persian fleets, defeated the Spartans at Cnidus, 394 B.C. In consequence of this defeat, the Spartans lost the empire of the sea, and became willing to treat for peace. The war was ended by the Peace of Antalcidas, 387 B.C., which was most disgraceful to the Greeks, and was dictated by Artaxerxes himself. One of the conditions of this treaty was that all the Greek cities in Asia should be surrendered to the Persian king.

About 384 B.C. the Cadusians, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, revolted. Artaxerxes marched against them in person, with 300,000 men. His army suffered from want of food, as this rough and mountainous country, covered with perpetual fogs, produces no grain or fruits by cultivation. He was saved from disaster by the skill of Tiribasus, one of his officers, who by an artifice procured the submission of the rebels.

Having secured the services of the skillful Athenian general, Iphicrates, Artaxerxes sent an expedition to reconquer Egypt, in 375 B.C. But Iphicrates and Pharnabazus, the Persian satrap, quarreled, and the expedition failed. This failure produced a general spirit of disaffection in the western satrapies of the empire. Nectanabis, King of Egypt, aided by Agesilaus, of Sparta, attempted, in 362 B.C., to annex Syria and Phœnicia to Egypt, but did not succeed.

The court of Persia, during the reign of Artaxerxes, was the scene of many crimes and atrocities, for the worst of which the queen-mother, Parysatis, was responsible. She had great power and influence over Artaxerxes. The long catalogue of her cruel and bloody deeds is almost without a parallel even in the history of Oriental despotisms. Among her victims was the virtuous Queen Statira, whom she poisoned. The members of the royal household became the special objects of jealousy to each other, and executions, assassinations and suicides decimated the royal family. The king put to death his eldest son, Darius, whom he had appointed his successor, but who offended him by asking for Aspasia, one of the king's concubines, and some say Darius conspired to kill the king.

After the death of Darius three of his brothers competed for the right of succession—Ariaspes, Ochus, Arsames. The first, timid and credulous, was induced, by the intrigues of Ochus with the eunuchs of the palace, to believe that this father had destined him to the fate of Darius. To avoid this he committed suicide. Arsames was the son of a favorite concubine, and the king showed a preference for him on account of his ability. Ochus, therefore, had him assassinated.

Artaxerxes died in 362 B.C., aged about ninety-four, and was succeeded by his son Ochus. The native mildness of his character, instead of preventing bloodshed, had contributed to fill his reign with deeds of horrid cruelty. Though he had maintained the integrity of his empire, the events of his reign had revealed its weakness to shrewd observers, and it awaited the daring enterprise of Alexander the Great in the next generation.

The Battle of Kunaxa.

On the next day but one after passing the undefended trench, the Greeks of the army of Cyrus were surprised, at a spot called Kunaxa, just when they were about to halt for the mid-day meal and repose, by the sudden intimation that the king's army was approaching in order of battle on the open plain. Instantly Cyrus hastened to mount on horseback, to arm himself, and to put his forces in order, while the Greeks on their side halted and formed their line with all possible speed. They were on the right wing of the army, adjoining the river Euphrates; Ariæus with the Asiatic forces being on the left, and Cyrus himself, surrounded by a body-guard of six hundred well-armed Persian horsemen, in the centre. Among the Greeks, Klearchus commanded the right division of hoplites, with Paphlagonian horsemen and the Grecian peltasts on the extreme right, close to the river; Proxenus with his division stood next; Menon commanded on the left. All the Persian horsemen around Cyrus had breastplates, helmets, short Grecian swords, and two javelins in their right hands; the horses also were defended by facings both over the breast and head. Cyrus himself, armed generally like the

rest, stood distinguished by having an upright tiara instead of the helmet.

Though the first news had come upon them by surprise, the Cyreians had ample time to put themselves in complete order; for the enemy did not appear until the afternoon was advanced. First, was seen dust, like a white cloud,—next, an undefined dark spot, gradually nearing, until the armor began to shine, and the component divisions of troops, arranged in dense masses, became discernible. Tissaphernes was on the left, opposite to the Greeks, at the head of the Persian horsemen, with white cuirasses; on his right, stood the Persian bowmen, with their gerrha, or wicker shields, spiked so as to be fastened in the ground, while arrows were shot from behind them; next, the Egyptian infantry with long wooden shields covering the whole body and legs. In front of all was a row of chariots with scythes attached to the wheels, destined to begin the charge against the Grecian phalanx.

As the Greeks were completing their array, Cyrus rode to the front, and desired Klearchus to make his attack with the Greeks upon the centre of the enemy; since it was there that the king in person would be posted, and if that were once beaten, the victory was gained. But such was the superiority of Artaxerxes in numbers, that his centre extended beyond the left of Cyrus. Accordingly Klearchus, afraid of withdrawing his right from the river, lest he should be taken both in flank and rear, chose to keep his position on the right,—and merely replied to Cyrus, that he would manage everything for the best. The fear of being attacked on the unshielded side and on the rear, often led the Greek soldiers into movements inconsistent with military expediency; Klearchus, blindly obeying this habitual rule of precaution, was induced here to commit the capital mistake of keeping on the right flank, contrary to the more judicious direction of Cyrus.

The latter continued for a short time riding slowly in front of the lines, looking alternately at the two armies, when Xenophon, one of the small total of Grecian horsemen, and attached to the division of Proxenus, rode forth from the line to accost him, asking if he had any orders to give. Cyrus

desired him to proclaim to every one that the sacrifices were favorable. Hearing a murmur going through the Grecian ranks, he inquired from Xenophon what it was; and received for answer, that the watchword was now being passed along for the second time. He asked, with some surprise, who gave the watchword? and what it was? Xenophon replied that it was "Zeus the Preserver, and Victory."—"I accept it," replied Cyrus; "let that be the word;" and immediately rode away to his own post in the centre, among the Asiatics.

The vast host of Artaxerxes, advancing steadily and without noise, were now within less than half a mile of the Cyreians, when the Greek troops raised the pæan or usual war-cry, and began to move forward. As they advanced, the shout became more vehement, the pace accelerated, and at last the whole body got into a run. The Persians did not stand to await the charge; they turned and fled, when the assailants were yet hardly within bow-shot. Such was their panic, that even the drivers of the scythed chariots in front, deserting their teams, ran away along with the rest; while the horses, left to themselves, rushed apart in all directions, some turning round to follow the fugitives, others coming against the advancing Greeks, who made open order to let them pass. The left division of the king's army was thus routed without a blow, and seemingly without a man killed on either side; one Greek only being wounded by an arrow, and another by not getting out of the way of one of the chariots. Tissaphernes alone,—who, with the body of horse immediately around him, was at the extreme Persian left, close to the river,—formed an exception to this universal flight. He charged and penetrated through the Grecian peltasts, who stood opposite to him between the hoplites and the river. These peltasts, commanded by Episthenes of Amphipolis, opened their ranks to let him pass, darting at the men as they rode by, yet without losing any one themselves. Tissaphernes thus got into the rear of the Greeks, who continued, on their side, to pursue the flying Persians before them.

Matters proceeded differently in the other parts of the field. Artaxerxes, though in the centre of his own army, yet from his superior numbers outflanked Ariæus, who commanded the

extreme left of the Cyreians. Finding no one directly opposed to him, he began to wheel round his right wing, to encompass his enemies; not noticing the flight of his left division. Cyrus, on the other hand, when he saw the easy victory of the Greeks on their side, was overjoyed, and received from every one around him salutations, as if he were already king. Nevertheless, he had self-command enough not yet to rush forward as if the victory was already gained, but remained unmoved, with his regiment of six hundred horse around him, watching the movements of Artaxerxes. As soon as he saw the latter wheeling round his right division to get upon the rear of the Cyreians, he hastened to check this movement by an impetuous charge upon the centre, where Artaxerxes was in person, surrounded by the body-guard of six thousand horse, under Artagerses. So vigorous was the attack of Cyrus, that with his six hundred horse, he broke and dispersed this body-guard, killing Artagerses with his own hand.

His own six hundred horse rushed forward in pursuit of the fugitives, leaving Cyrus himself nearly alone, with only the select few, called his "Table-Companions," around him. It was under these circumstances that he first saw his brother Artaxerxes, whose person had been exposed to view by the flight of the body-guards. The sight filled him with such a paroxysm of rage and jealous ambition, that he lost all thought of safety or prudence,—cried out, "I see the man,"—and rushed forward with his mere handful of companions to attack Artaxerxes, in spite of the numerous host behind him. Cyrus made directly at his brother, darting his javelin with so true an aim as to strike him in the breast, and wound him through the cuirass; though the wound (afterwards cured by the Greek surgeon Ktesias) could not have been very severe, since Artaxerxes did not quit the field, but, on the contrary, engaged in personal combat, he and those around him, against this handful of assailants. So unequal a combat did not last long. Cyrus, being severely wounded under the eye by the javelin of a Karian soldier, was cast from his horse and slain. The small number of faithful companions around him all perished in his defence. Artasyras, who stood first among them in his confidence and attachment, seeing him mortally wounded and

fallen, cast himself down upon him, clasped him in his arms, and in this position either slew himself, or was slain by the order of the king.

The head and the right hand of the deceased prince were immediately cut off by order of Artaxerxes, and doubtless exhibited conspicuously to view. This was a proclamation to every one that the entire contest was at an end; and so it was understood by Ariæus, who, together with all the Asiatic troops of Cyrus, deserted the field and fled back to the camp. Not even there did they defend themselves, when the king and his forces pursued them; but fled yet farther back to the resting-place of the previous night. The troops of Artaxerxes got into the camp and began to plunder it without resistance. Even the harem of Cyrus fell into their power. It included two Grecian women,—of free condition, good family, and education,—one from Phokæa, the other from Miletus, brought to him, by force, from their parents to Sardis. The elder of these two, the Phokæan, named Milto, distinguished alike for beauty and accomplished intelligence, was made prisoner and transferred to the harem of Artaxerxes; the other, a younger person, found means to save herself, though without her upper garments, and sought shelter among some Greeks who were left in the camp on guard of the Grecian baggage. These Greeks repelled the Persian assailants with considerable slaughter; preserving their own baggage, as well as the persons of all who fled to them for shelter. But the Asiatic camp of the Cyreians was completely pillaged, not excepting those reserved wagons of provisions which Cyrus had provided in order that his Grecian auxiliaries might be certain, under all circumstances, of a supply.

While Artaxerxes was thus stripping the Cyreian camp, he was joined by Tissaphernes and his division of horse, who had charged through between the Grecian division and the river. At this time, there was a distance of no less than thirty stadia or three and a half miles between him and Klearchus with the Grecian division; so far had the latter advanced forward in pursuit of the Persian fugitives. Apprised, after some time, that the king's troops had been victorious on the left and centre, and were masters of the camp,—but not yet know-

ing of the death of Cyrus,—Klearchus marched back his troops, and met the enemy's forces also returning. He was apprehensive of being surrounded by superior numbers, and therefore took post with his rear upon the river. In this position, Artaxerxes again marshalled his troops in front, as if to attack him; but the Greeks, anticipating his movement, were first in making the attack themselves, and forced the Persians to take flight even more terror-stricken than before. Klearchus, thus relieved from all enemies, waited a while in hopes of hearing news of Cyrus. He then returned to the camp, which was found stripped of all its stores; so that the Greeks were compelled to pass the night without supper, while most of them also had had no dinner, from the early hour at which the battle had commenced. It was only on the next morning that they learned, through Proklês (descendant of the Spartan king Demaratus, formerly companion of Xerxes in the invasion of Greece), that Cyrus had been slain; news which converted their satisfaction at their own triumph into sorrow and dismay.—G. GROTE.

AGESILAUS.

THE long reign of Agesilaus, one of the greatest kings of Sparta, shows that country both at the height of its power and also overcome by its rival, Thebes. It connects the period in which Persia sought to reduce Greece to a province of its empire with that in which Alexander led the Greeks to the heart of Persia and overthrew the Great King.

Agesilaus was the younger son of King Archidamus, and as he had nothing to expect but a private station, he received the common Spartan education, full of laborious exercises. Before he came to govern he had learned to obey. In person he was diminutive, and his appearance was unprepossessing. But his intellectual ability was superior to that which Spartan training usually produced. "A perpetual vivacity and cheerfulness, attended with a talent for raillery, which was expressed without any severity," says Plutarch, "made him more agreeable in age than the young and handsome." His brother Agis died in 398 B.C., leaving a son, Leotychidas; but Lysander, then the most powerful person in Sparta, raised Agesilaus to the throne, alleging that Leotychidas was a bastard. The majority of the citizens, knowing the virtues and training of Agesilaus, willingly accepted him as their king.

Soon after his accession, Agesilaus learned that the King of Persia was preparing a large fleet to dispossess the Spartans of the dominion of the sea. By Lysander's influence, Agesi-

laus was appointed commander of the Spartan army. Lysander desired to be again sent abroad, and he therefore persuaded Agesilaus to fix the seat of war at a great distance from Greece by invading Asia. In 396 B.C. he conducted an expedition into Asia Minor, where he was opposed by the Persian satrap Tissaphernes, and was assisted by Xenophon, the historian, who, having returned from the memorable Retreat of the Ten Thousand, had entered his service. The first campaign resulted in the capture of many cities in Phrygia and the securing of immense treasures. Lysander, who had expected to have the direction of affairs, found himself deprived of power by the artifices of Agesilaus. He was sent to a distant command, but soon returned to Sparta, where he organized a formidable conspiracy against the king. Before it could be put into execution, some of the principal actors became alarmed and withdrew their co-operation. Lysander then took command of a trifling expedition and was killed in a skirmish.

Agesilaus pursued his career unchecked. In 394 B.C. the Persian army was defeated near Sardis. Soon after this battle, the Ephori of Sparta invested the victorious king with the command of the navy as well as army, an honor never granted to any Spartan but himself. By his generosity and popular manners, Agesilaus induced several subjects of the Persian king to renounce their allegiance to him. The aim of the sagacious Spartan was to remove the seat of war to the heart of Persia, so that the Great King might have to fight for Ecbatana and Susa, instead of sitting at his ease there to bribe the orators of Greece. But suddenly the Ephori, who had in certain respects more power than the king, ordered him to return and defend his own country, which was involved in war against the Athenians and Thebans. Plutarch praises the virtue of Agesilaus and the reverence which he showed for his country's laws, when, in the midst of his successful career, he abandoned his flourishing prospects and left his great work unfinished. Agesilaus himself said, perhaps with more wit than truth, he was "driven out of Asia by ten thousand of the king's archers," for the orators of Athens and Thebes had been bribed by so many Persian coins bear-

ing the figure of an archer, and had excited their countrymen to wage war against Sparta.

In prosecution of the war in Greece, Agesilaus entered Bœotia and encountered the army of Thebans, Argives and Athenians at Coronea (or Koroneia), in August, 394 B.C. In this rather indecisive battle, Agesilaus was wounded. Xenophon, who fought here by the side of the Spartan king, affirms that this was the most furious action in his time. When he returned to Sparta, the citizens testified their approval because, after a victorious career in Asia, he retained his simple, temperate habits and his attachment to the rigid Spartan customs.

After the Athenian Conon and the Persian Pharnabazus, who were masters of the sea, had ravaged the coasts of Laconia, the Spartans made overtures of peace to the King of Persia, and concluded the disgraceful treaty called the Peace of Antalcidas in 387 B.C. By it the Greek cities and dependencies in Asia were basely yielded to Persia, but Sparta secured the supremacy of Greece. In all the cities the Spartans assisted the oligarchic party, and wherever they could they introduced their own garrisons. Agesilaus, carried away by his ambition and resentment, hated the Thebans and screened from punishment Phœbidas, who had seized by treachery the citadel of Thebes. When the Athenians restored the Thebans to liberty, Agesilaus declared war against the latter for having put two tyrants to death.

All the States and parties of Greece being weary of war and disposed to peace, sent deputies to Sparta to a congress held in 372 B.C. Here occurred an altercation between Agesilaus and Epaminondas, who advocated peace. Agesilaus, highly exasperated and glad of a pretence against the Thebans, struck their name out of the treaty, because they signed on behalf of all Bœotia, and not for their city alone. He went further and declared war against them upon the spot, but the result was most disastrous to his own country. Epaminondas, commanding about 7,000 Thebans, met a superior number of Spartans at Leuctra, 371 B.C., and gained a decisive victory, which was a fatal blow to the supremacy of Sparta (see vol. I., p. 35). In this battle the Spartans lost about 4,000 killed,

and the Thebans only 300. In the year 369 Epaminondas invaded Laconia with a large army and ravaged the country to the Eurotas and reached the suburbs of Sparta, but failed to take that city. Agesilaus was obliged to remain on the defensive, but still showed ability and courage. In 362 B.C. the Thebans again attacked Sparta, and were repulsed by Agesilaus. He was joint commander at the battle of Mantinea in 362 B.C., when Epaminondas again conquered, but fell on the field.

In the next year Sparta sent the aged, but still active king, to Egypt to aid King Nectanabis, then in revolt against Persia. For his services he received the splendid gift of 230 talents for the Spartan people. But he did not live to carry the tribute home. Being eighty years old, he succumbed to the fatigues of the march to Cyrene, and his body, embalmed in wax, was carried to Sparta. Agesilaus was the greatest man produced by the severe discipline of Lycurgus, and his long career exhibits clearly both its merits and defects.

The Peace of Antalcidas.

The decision of the Ephors to recall Agesilaos reached him just when the full tide of success was carrying him onwards, as he hoped, to Sousa. The dream would in any case have been rudely disturbed so soon as he should learn the catastrophe of Knidos; but at the moment it seemed both to himself and to his friends that he was called away from a work which would requite on the barbarian the wrongs done to Hellas by Xerxes. In the first stirrings of their grief his allies were eager to accompany him to Sparta; and although many drew back when they remembered that he was returning to fight not against barbarians, but against Greeks, yet a large body resolved to cast in their lot with his. Among these were many Cyreians, headed by Xenophon.

On his outward voyage Agesilaos likened himself to Agamemnon. On returning from Asia he was constrained to follow the line of march taken by Xerxes. At Amphipolis Derkyllidas met him with tidings of the victory won at Corinth; the thought of the task which he had been compelled to abandon left no room for any feeling but that of

grief that so much blood had been shed to so little purpose. Bearing down all opposition made to his onward march he reached the Boiotian Chaironeia. Here an earthquake filled him with gloomy forebodings, which were realized a few days later by the news of the battle of Knidos. Taking in at once the full significance of this great event, Agesilaos informed his army that the Lakedaimonian fleet had won a great victory, but that he had to mourn the death of his brother-in-law, Peisandros. His next march brought him to the scene of the memorable battle which fifty-five years ago finally dispelled the dream of Athenian supremacy in Boiotia. Here in the plain of Koroneia the confederate army awaited his coming, with hopes undoubtedly raised high by the tidings of Konon's success, if these had then reached them. Their confidence availed them but little. The weight of the Peloponnesian hoplites was still a force too mighty to be withstood by any but troops of the first quality. The division of Herippidas, including the Cyreians under Xenophon, bore down the men opposed to them, while on the side of the confederates the Argives without striking a blow fled up the slopes of Helikon. Thither the Thebans, who had put to flight the Orchomenians opposed to them, resolved to force their way on returning from the pursuit. The path was barred by the hoplites of Agesilaos; the two masses met in direct encounter, and a conflict ensued which marked a new era in the history of Greek warfare. It was a strife in which the front ranks of men, all of tried courage and skill, received a tremendous impetus from the weight of the hinder ranks, consisting of warriors not less formidable. The ghastly sight presented the next day by the battle-field attested the desperate ferocity of a struggle which had been carried on not with wild and piercing cries, but with the subdued murmur of men intent on business which they knew to be deadly.

In a certain sense Agesilaos had won a real victory. He was master of the battle-ground, and even the Thebans formally admitted their defeat by asking a truce for the burial of the dead; but the latter, on the other hand, had fully carried out their purpose of forcing their way through the Spartans to the high grounds where their allies had taken refuge, and

in the mind of Agesilaos the sense of their tremendous power was even deeper than that of his own success. That success, moreover, brought him no solid fruit. He returned home by way of Delphoi, and across the Corinthian Gulf, as he might have done without fighting this dreadful battle. At Sparta he was received with profound respect. The simplicity with which he still submitted himself to the public discipline not only showed that the man was unchanged, but won for him a deference not so readily paid to men like Lysandros.

Two years later the Spartans determined to send envoys not to the cities confederated against them, but to the Persian king, whom they were ready to worship as the supreme arbiter in Hellenic affairs. Hitherto they had used the term freedom in the sense most convenient to themselves; but the effort to enforce this interpretation had failed, and the time was therefore come to play another card in the game which must at whatever cost be made to end in the profit of Sparta. This card was the absolute autonomy or independence of every Hellenic city,—in other words, the suppression of every local confederacy except, of course, her own. Henceforth Thebes and Athens, Corinth and Argos were not to have any allies; and in theory the pettiest townships of Boiotia and Attica were to stand as completely by themselves as the most prominent cities of the Hellenic world. With these propositions the Spartan Antalkidas was dispatched to Tiribazos, satrap of Armenia during the retreat of the Cyreians, now viceroy of Ionia in the place of Tithraustes. For the present his only success was the arrest and detention of the Athenian Konon, which he secured through his influence with Tiribazos. So ended the public career of a man whose loss to Athens was irreparable. He escaped, it would seem, to Cyprus, and there died in the house of his friend Euagoras.

Oppressed with the burden of carrying on a wearisome and unprofitable war, the Athenians became almost helpless against Spartan intrigues. On all sides there was a widespread feeling of mingled disgust and fear; and when at length Antalkidas returned with a peace sent down, so the phrase ran, from Sousa, it was accepted by all in the sense which Sparta chose to put upon it. The Thebans alone

claimed to take the oath in the name of the Boiotian confederacy. The claim seemed to Agesilaos to furnish that opportunity for revenge against Thebes for which he had long been yearning. "If you do not swear for yourselves and yourselves only," he said, "you will be shut out from the treaty." In the feverish hope that they would thus bar themselves he hastened to lead an army across the border. At Tegea he was met by Theban envoys who declared themselves ready to swear for Thebes alone. Agesilaos was baulked of his vengeance in blood; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had left the proud Boiotian city a mere unit amongst a crowd of paltry towns and villages.

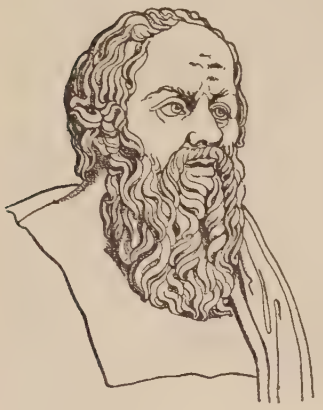
The Persian king chose to regard the acceptance of the peace by the Spartans as an act of submission not less significant than the offering of earth and water. In the disgrace which it involved the one was as ignominious as the other; but Sparta had now not even the poor excuse which long ago she had put forward for calling in the aid of the barbarian. She was no longer struggling for self-preservation. The fear that Athens might be once more on the road to empire, absurd though under the changed conditions of the Greek world such fear must be, may together with the consciousness of her own unpopularity have prompted that cession of the islands of Lemnos, Imbros, and Skyros, which gave to Athens a faint semblance of maritime power. Otherwise the purposes of Sparta were fully achieved. She had obtained the sanction of the Persian king to a policy which isolated the Hellenic cities, at a time when there was no confederate empire to break up except her own; and that the provisions of the peace should be applied within the limits of her own alliance was no part of her intention.

Freedom and independence were words which she still used, which she had always used, in the sense which, as Perikles told his countrymen, meant nothing but her own aggrandizement. That the people in each city was to determine its own form of government, was a thing not to be thought of; and refusal to pay the yearly tribute was to be punished as treason or rebellion. In short, by Sparta the peace of Antalkidas was adopted with the settled resolution to

divide and govern; and all those of her acts, which might seem at first sight to have a different meaning, carry out in every instance this golden rule of despotism.

It was the curse of the Hellenic race, and the ruin ultimately of Sparta itself, that this maxim flattered an instinct which they had cherished with blind obstinacy, until it became their bane. But for Sparta, the consolidation of the Athenian empire would long ago have restrained this self-isolating sentiment within its proper limits. When the Lesbians meditated revolt, their envoys at Olympia had nothing more to say for themselves than that Athens had offended this feeling. In theory, the Spartans by enforcing the peace of Antalkidas restored to the several Greek States the absolute power of managing their own affairs and of making war upon one another. In practice Sparta was resolved that their armies should move only at her dictation; that into her treasury should flow the tribute, the gathering of which was denounced as the worst crime of imperial Athens, and that in the government of the oligarchical factions she should have the strongest material guarantee for the absolute submission of the Greek cities.—Sir G. W. Cox.

SOCRATES.



SOCRATES, the illustrious Athenian reformer, and the founder of Greek philosophy, is the most perfect example of ancient Pagan wisdom and virtue. He was born at Athens about 470, B.C., and was the son of a sculptor named Sophroniscus. He learned the art of statuary, and by the practice of it earned a scanty subsistence. His leisure was devoted to the study of philosophy and useful knowledge. According to some authors, he was a pupil of Anaxagoras, and received lessons from Prodicus, Theodorus, a geometer, and the accomplished Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. Yet he justly professed to be self-taught. He was patronized by Crito, a rich and generous Athenian, who gave him money to buy books and pay his teachers, and afterwards became his devoted disciple. In a community which paid high regard to masculine beauty, his personal homeliness, or positive ugliness, was readily and frequently presented on the stage after he had become noted as a public character. The potters also copied his homely and grotesque face on their jugs. He was very hardy, very frugal in his habits, had great power of endurance, commonly went barefooted, and wore the same thin garments in summer and winter. It appears that he was not fortunate in his domestic relations. His wife, Xanthippe, was notorious for her ill-temper and her propensity to scold, but the philosopher commended her domestic virtues. His sons, it is said, were dull and fatuous.

Socrates performed the usual public duties of an Athenian citizen. He served in several campaigns of the Peloponnesian War, which began in 431, B.C. At the siege of Potidæa, he distinguished himself by his valor and by the hardihood with which he endured fatigue and cold. In a battle of the first campaign, he saved the life of Alcibiades, who had been wounded. For this act he could have received a prize of bravery, but he generously persuaded the judges to give it to Alcibiades. He distinguished himself at the battle of Delium (424, B.C.), where the Athenians were defeated, and by his heroic spirit and determination, he covered the retreat of the Athenian army. In this battle, according to some ancient writers, he saved the life of his wounded pupil, Xenophon, whom he carried on his shoulders.

Though he was temperate and simple in his habits, he was not ascetic, but heartily enjoyed social and natural pleasures with absolute self-control. He took great delight in rational conversation and debate, and passed his time mostly in the market-place and places of public resort. He was not a dogmatist, nor the author of any system of philosophy, but simply a seeker and lover of truth and rectitude. He believed that he had a divine commission, not to teach any positive doctrine, but to convict men of ignorance mistaking itself for knowledge. Perceiving that the Athenians were misled and their principles corrupted by the sophists, who taught deceitful reasoning and spurious wisdom, and by philosophers who speculated on the origin of things, he proposed to educate them by a better method of instruction. In contrast with their affected style, Socrates was plain in speech, used vulgar phrases, and illustrations from common things, such as cocks and quails, grooms and farriers,—especially if he talked with any superfine or pompous person, whom "he could abate and dissolve with singular felicity." His favorite method of argument was catechetical or by cross-examination. He proposed a series of questions to an adversary or respondent, and first gained his assent to some obvious truths, and then compelled him to admit others related to the former by logical sequence. His conversation was very fascinating, especially to young men, who were prodigiously fond of him,

and invited him to their feasts. "When I hear him speak," said Alcibiades, "my heart leaps up more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and was pleased, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul disturbed and filled with self-reproach." . . . "The divine images which I have seen when he is serious and opens himself, are so supremely beautiful, so golden and wonderful, that everything which Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed like the voice of a God."

His hostility to sophistry and shams caused an irrepressible conflict between Socrates and Gorgias, Hippias and other sophists whom he often entangled and confounded by his dilemmas. His divine voice had warned him not to take an active part in political affairs. It is difficult to determine the precise attitude of Socrates toward the Greek mythology and polytheism. He spoke of the gods with reverence, was punctual in sacrifice, professed faith in oracles and conformed to the rites of the national worship; but he recognized one infinite creative Intelligence as the creator and ruler of the Universe. He believed that the power of this Creator is invariably exerted in conformity to certain moral attributes. He taught that men should pray not for particular concrete goods, but rather for goodness or that which is good. He was not a writer; he left no written works, but he taught his disciples only by oral instruction. Aristophanes, in his drama entitled "The Clouds," ridiculed and misrepresented Socrates, whom he unjustly confounded with the Sophists.

He became a member of the Senate in 406, B.C., and signalized his moral courage by resisting the power of the Thirty Tyrants. About the year 404, these tyrants ordered Socrates and four other citizens to go to Salamis and bring to Athens Leon, who had fled to escape their tyranny. Socrates disobeyed, saying he would rather suffer death than be the instrument of their injustice and cruelty. The Thirty Tyrants had reference to him in their decree forbidding the teaching of the art of argument or oratory. As president of the Prytanes, he manifested his invincible courage and love of justice, in the trial of the admirals who gained a victory

at Arginusæ, but neglected to gather and bury the bodies of the drowned. He firmly resisted the clamor and violence of the populace which demanded that the admirals should be condemned to death. Socrates refused to put the question to vote, because it was illegal to condemn all by one vote of the assembly.

Nearly all we know of his philosophic principles and his personal character, is derived from the writings of his disciples, Plato and Xenophon. Plato makes Socrates the principal interlocutor in his dialogues, and sometimes puts his own peculiar ideas into the mouth of his master, so that it is difficult to determine how much of the doctrine and wisdom we find in the works of Plato should be ascribed to Socrates. Aristotle regarded Socrates as the author of *inductive reasoning* and of *abstract definitions*. "Socrates," says Addison, "introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. Socrates conquers you by stratagem; Aristotle by force." "He is," says Emerson, "a pitiless disputant who knows nothing, but the bounds of whose conquering intelligence no man has ever reached; whose temper was imperturbable; whose dreadful logic was always leisurely and sportive; so careless and ignorant as to disarm the wariest, and draw them in the pleasantest manner into horrible doubts and confusion." The Delphic oracle declared him the wisest of men.

In the latter part of his life the Athenians professed great zeal for the revival of the old religion. Socrates, who was popularly regarded as an innovator, was indicted as an offender against religion and morality, 400, B.C. His accusers were Meletus, a poet, Anytus, a demagogue, and Lycon, an orator, who asserted, "Socrates is guilty of denying or despising the gods recognized by the State, and of corrupting the youth." He was condemned by a majority of six votes, and was then called on to speak in mitigation of his sentence. He did not try to conciliate the judges, but appears to have irritated them by his calm, dignified and defiant language and manner, for he was sentenced to death by a majority of sixty. He told the

judges that he thought he deserved to be maintained at the public cost; he also affirmed the immortality of the soul. After he was sentenced, he was confined in prison thirty days, during which he was serene as usual, and conversed with his friends on moral and religious subjects. Finally he drank the fatal hemlock with the utmost composure, in the midst of his weeping friends. "The fame of this prison," says Emerson, "the fame of the discourses there, and the drinking of the hemlock, are one of the most precious passages in the history of the world." The same author calls him "the sweetest saint known to any history at that time." His life forms an era, not only in the history of philosophy, but also in that of the human race.

Socrates' Last Address to the Athenians.

[This is the concluding part of Plato's "Apology of Socrates," and was spoken in the public assembly after the Athenians had condemned him to death.]

For the sake of a brief space of time, O Athenians, you will incur the character and reproach at the hands of those who wish to defame the city, of having put that wise man, Socrates, to death. For those who wish to defame you will assert that I am wise, though I am not. If, then, you had waited for a short time, this would have happened of its own accord; for observe my age, that it is far advanced in life, and near death. But I say this not to you all, but to those only who have condemned me to die.

I say this, too, to the same persons: Perhaps you think, O Athenians, that I have been convicted through the want of arguments, by which I might have persuaded you, had I thought it right to do and say anything, so that I might escape punishment. Far otherwise: I have been convicted through want indeed, yet not of arguments, but of audacity and impudence, and of the inclination to say such things to you as would have been most agreeable for you to hear, had I lamented and bewailed and done and said many other things unworthy of me, as I affirm, but such as you are accustomed to hear from others.

But neither did I then think that I ought, for the sake of avoiding danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman, nor do I now repent of having so defended myself; but I should much rather choose to die, having so defended myself, than to live in that way. For neither in a trial nor in battle, is it right that I or any one else should employ every possible means whereby he may avoid death; for in battle it is frequently evident that a man might escape death by laying down his arms, and throwing himself on the mercy of his pursuers. And there are many other devices in every danger, by which to avoid death, if a man dares to do and say everything. But this is not difficult, O Athenians, to escape death, but it is much more difficult to avoid depravity, for it runs swifter than death. And now I, being slow and aged, am overtaken by the slower of the two; but my accusers, being strong and active, have been overtaken by the swifter, wickedness. And now I depart, condemned by you to death; but they condemned by truth, as guilty of iniquity and injustice; and I abide my sentence and so do they. These things, perhaps, ought so to be, and I think that they are for the best.

In the next place, I desire to predict to you, who have condemned me, what will be your fate: for I am now in that condition in which men most frequently prophesy; namely: when they are about to die. I say then to you, O Athenians, who have condemned me to death, that immediately after my death a punishment will overtake you, far more severe, by Jupiter, than that which you have inflicted on me. For you have done this, thinking you should be freed from the necessity of giving an account of your life. The very contrary, however, as I affirm, will happen to you. Your accusers will be more numerous, whom I have now restrained, though you did not perceive it; and they will be more severe, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more indignant. For, if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable, but that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a man to

take heed to himself, how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you.

But with you who have voted for my acquittal, I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. Stay with me, then, so long, O Athenians, for nothing hinders our conversing with each other, whilst we are permitted to do so; for I wish to make known to you, as being my friends, the meaning of that which has just now befallen me.

To me, then, O my judges,—and in calling you judges I call you rightly,—a strange thing has happened. For the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity, on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me, if I was about to do anything wrong; but now, that has befallen me which ye yourselves behold, and which any one would think and which is supposed to be the extremity of evil, yet neither when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address when I was about to say anything; yet, on other occasions, it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now, it has never throughout this proceeding opposed me, either in what I did or said. What, then, do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good.

Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night, in which he

slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required, on consideration, to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself, would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night.

But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from these who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demigods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I, indeed, should be willing to die often, if this be true. For, to me, the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women? with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes

with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

Thus much, however, I beg of them: Punish my sons, when they grow up, O judges, paining them as I have pained you, if they appear to you to care for riches or anything else before virtue, and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are worth nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met with just treatment at your hands.

But it is now time to depart,—for me to die: for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.—SOCRATES.

XENOPHON.

XENOPHON, the celebrated Athenian historian and general, was born at Ercheia, and was a son of Gryllus. The date of his birth is unknown, being variously placed about 445 and 430 B.C., the latter being more probable. According to Diogenes Laertius, his life was saved by Socrates at the battle of Delium, 424 B.C.; but this story is now rejected. At an early age he became a disciple of Socrates.

Little is known of Xenophon's life before 401 B.C., when, actuated by love of excitement and curiosity to see new countries, he went to Sardis and entered the service of the Persian prince, Cyrus, usually called "the Younger," who aimed to dethrone his brother, Artaxerxes Mnemon, King of Persia. Cyrus deceived Xenophon and other Greeks, by pretending that he was only going to fight against the Pisidians. Cyrus was defeated and killed at Cunaxa, in the province of Babylon. The 10,000 Greeks who had been in the service of Cyrus, now found themselves without a patron, more than a thousand miles from home. Their generals, of whom Clearchus had been the ablest and most trusted by

Cyrus, were soon treacherously killed by Tissaphernes. Xenophon, heretofore a volunteer, now persuaded them not to surrender themselves to the victor, but rather to trust in their own bravery and resources, and to force a retreat homeward.

Of the five generals chosen to conduct this gallant band on its memorable march from the Tigris to the Euxine, Xenophon was the master spirit. By his skill, as well as their own bravery, the Greeks defeated the more numerous Persians whenever they attempted to oppose their homeward march. Xenophon's high reputation as a commander rests on his prudence, adroitness, and military skill here displayed. The particulars of this memorable and masterly retreat he has himself related in his very interesting "Anabasis of Cyrus," which title properly belongs only to the first of its seven books. In the perils and hardships of the retreat, Xenophon cheerfully shared the privations of the common soldiers. After a march of about five months, in which they crossed the mountains of Armenia and passed through the territory of hardy tribes that had never submitted to the Great King, they reached the Greek settlements on the Euxine in February, 400 B.C. Xenophon and the other Greeks entered the service of Thymbron, who had been directed by the Spartans to make war against the satraps Pharnabazus and Tissaphernes.

Xenophon appears to have been banished from Athens about 399 B.C.; but the cause of his exile is uncertain. Though himself a conspicuous example of the excellent results of the broad Athenian culture, he showed little partiality for the State and policy of Athens. Some writers state that he was condemned for entering the service of Cyrus, who showed especial fondness for Spartans. In 396 B.C., Xenophon entered the service of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, who became his friend. After taking part in the expedition which Agesilaus conducted against the Persians in Asia Minor, in 396, Xenophon returned with him to Greece in 394, B.C. At the battle of Coroneia he fought by the side of Agesilaus against the Athenians and Thebans, and in his Greek History he affirms that this was the most furious action in his time. Soon after this battle the Spartans gave Xenophon a house and land at Scillus, in Elis, where he resided many years with his

family, and employed his time in hunting and literary work. Plutarch states that Xenophon enjoyed the companionship of Agesilaus, and was treated by him with the utmost respect. Xenophon built and endowed a temple to Artemis, at Scillus.

Next to the "Anabasis" his most important works were his Grecian history, entitled "Hellenica;" a historical romance, entitled "Cyropædia" ("The Education of Cyrus"), founded on the exploits of Cyrus the Great; a "Eulogy of Agesilaus;" "The Symposium, or Banquet," in which he explains the ideas of Socrates in relation to friendship and love; and the "Memorabilia of Socrates," which is an exposition of the character and doctrines of his master, and is the most valuable memorial we have of the practical philosophy of Socrates. On account of the sweetness and graceful simplicity of his style, Xenophon has been called the "Attic Bee."

Soon after the Spartans were defeated at Leuctra (371 B.C.) by the Thebans, Xenophon was driven out of Scillus by the people of Elis. A few years before his death the Athenians repealed the decree by which he was banished. The date of his death is not known, but he was living in 357 B.C. He had two sons, named Gryllus and Diodorus; the former of whom is said to have been killed at the battle of Mantinea, after he had mortally wounded Epaminondas.

In Xenophon, the virtues and qualities of the Athenians and the Spartans appear to be fortunately compounded. "Xenophon and his Ten Thousand," says Emerson, "were quite equal to what they attempted, and they did it: so equal that it was not suspected to be a grand and inimitable exploit. Yet there stands that fact unrepeated, a high-water mark in military history."

GRECIAN LIBERTY.

Hail nature's utmost boast! unrival'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iönian or Ægean, temper'd kind.
Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;

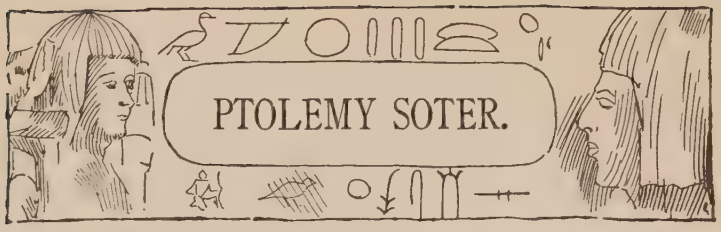
Broke into hills with balmy odors crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest joyous vales.
Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state,
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting, each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice-happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the laboring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health:

Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want, or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling whole: and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fixed the driving state.
Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair:
In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardor burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa gave.
Hence flourish'd Greece; and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd:
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valor hence,
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd,

While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an host of slaves.
Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course! and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn'd,
Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice,
To cries resounding loud—"*The sea! the sea!*"
In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky-way of Greece!
And though gay wit and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft moods of elegance and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.
My spirit pours a vigor through the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn
The Persian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel, and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage,
And father of philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd, each various sect

Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure! goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole: as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different schools. The bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind:
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
O, Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts!
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

—J. THOMSON.



PTOLEMY, surnamed Soter, or "Saviour," was the most far-sighted of the generals and successors of Alexander the Great, and his character was superior to that of most of the contemporary princes. He was the founder of the dynasty of the Greek kings of Egypt. The date of his birth is not known. His mother, Arsinoë, who was a concubine of Philip of Macedon, became the wife of Lagus a few months before the birth of Ptolemy, who was reputed to be a son of Philip, yet is often called Ptolemy Lagi, or son of Lagus.

In early life Ptolemy was one of the intimate friends of Alexander, but Philip banished him for a trivial offence. On the death of Philip, 336 B.C., Alexander recalled his friend from exile and treated him with great distinction. In 334 Ptolemy accompanied Alexander's expedition against Persia, though in the first campaigns he took no prominent part. But after 330 B.C., having proved his courage and ability in lower stations, he began to be employed in important commands and rendered valuable services. He commanded the detachment which arrested the traitor Bessus in 329. His services were conspicuous during the campaigns in India, where he displayed great skill, valor and prudence as commander of separate detachments or of a division of the main army. He was one of the personal attendants of the king, who regarded him with peculiar favor. Among Ptolemy's exploits was his killing an Indian prince in single combat,

and among his personal services to Alexander was his detecting the treasonable designs of the king's pages. In the march through Gedrosia, Ptolemy commanded one of the three principal divisions of the army.

When Alexander died, 323 B.C., he left no heir, and had appointed no successor. The provinces of his empire were distributed by his chief generals among themselves, and in this partition Ptolemy received the government of Egypt. This country he is said to have chosen as the most wealthy and most secure from the invasion of foreign armies. He did not at first assume the title of an independent sovereign. In furtherance of a secret league with Antipater against Perdiccas, their common enemy, he married Eurydice, a daughter of Antipater. The submission of the Egyptians was secured by his clemency and his beneficent policy. The character of his subjects was modified when the seat of government was transferred from Memphis to Alexandria. Commercial pursuits were adopted by many Egyptians, and intercourse with foreigners increased. "Egypt seems," says Rawlinson, "to have been very largely indebted to the first Ptolemy for her extraordinary prosperity." He aimed to make Egypt a great naval power, and he succeeded. In 322 B.C., Cyrene was annexed to his dominions. Perdiccas invaded Egypt, but was defeated and killed by his mutinous soldiers in 321.

Ptolemy annexed Palestine and Phœnicia about the year 320. As an ally of Seleucus and Lysimachus he began, in 315 B.C., a long war, by sea and land, against Antigonus. Ptolemy lost Palestine and Phœnicia in 314. In Greece he occupied Corinth and Sicyon about 310. In 306 B.C., Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, defeated Ptolemy in a great naval battle near Salamis, capturing about 17,000 prisoners, and occupied Cyprus. Ptolemy, who commanded in person, escaped with only eight ships. But in the same year he repulsed Antigonus, who invaded Egypt with an army. In 301 B.C. the twenty years' struggle among the successors of Alexander was ended by the battle of Ipsus. Antigonus was defeated and killed by the allies of Ptolemy, and henceforth Ptolemy retained possession of Palestine and Phœnicia, as well as Egypt. About 294 he recovered Cyprus, which was

very valuable on account of its position, its copper mines and its excellent timber.

From the beginning of his reign Ptolemy adorned his capital with numerous grand works, among which were a royal palace, the Museum, the temple of Serapis and the Pharos or light-house on the island which formed the port. It was a part of his policy to protect and patronize the religion of the Egyptians, and he began the practice of rebuilding and ornamenting the temples of their gods. The priests were allowed perfect freedom in the exercise of their religious rites. Ptolemy was also a liberal patron of literature, and invited many Greek philosophers and authors to his court. He was indeed the only one among the successors of Alexander that inherited the regard for men of learning and research which had distinguished his great patron. He began the collection of the extensive Alexandrian library, and lodged it in a building connected with the royal palace. He also wrote a History of Alexander the Great, which is not extant. The Museum founded by him attracted a large number of students, and rendered Alexandria the University of the Eastern world. Ptolemy's mode of life was simple and unostentatious, and his disposition was generous. Having divorced his wife Eurydice, he married Berenice, a niece of Antipater, who persuaded him to prefer her son as heir to the throne instead of his eldest son. He died in 283 B.C., and was succeeded by his son, Ptolemy II.

The Successors of Alexander.

Cassander, finding himself vigorously pressed by Demetrius, and not being able to obtain a peace, without submitting entirely to the discretion of Antigonus, agreed with Lysimachus to send ambassadors to Seleucus and Ptolemy to represent to them the situation to which they were reduced. The conduct of Antigonus made it evident that he had no less in view than to dispossess all the other successors of Alexder, and usurp the whole empire to himself; and that it was time to form a strict alliance with each other to humble this exorbitant power. They were likewise offended, and Lysimachus in particular, at the contemptible manner in which

Demetrius permitted people to treat other kings in their conversation at his table, appropriating a regal title to himself and his father; whereas Ptolemy, according to his flatterers, was no more than the captain of a ship; Seleucus a commander of elephants, and Lysimachus a treasurer. A confederacy was therefore formed by these four kings, after which they hastened to make preparations for this new war.

The first operations of it were commenced at the Hellespont, Cassander and Lysimachus having judged it expedient that the former should continue in Europe, to defend it against Demetrius, and that the latter should invade the provinces of Antigonus in Asia with as many troops as could be drawn out of their own kingdom, without leaving them too destitute of forces. Lysimachus executed his part conformably to the agreement, passed the Hellespont with a fine army, and either by treaty or force reduced Phrygia, Lydia, Lycaonia, and most of the territories between the Propontis and the river Mæander.

Antigonus was then at Antigonia, which he had lately built in Upper Syria, and where he was employed in celebrating the solemn games he had there established. This news, with that of several other revolts, transmitted to him at the same time, caused him immediately to quit his games. He accordingly dismissed the assembly upon the spot, and made preparations for advancing against the enemy. When all his troops were drawn together, he marched with the utmost expedition over Mount Taurus, and entered Cilicia, where he took out of the public treasury of Synada, a city of that province, as much money as he wanted, and then augmented his troops to the number he thought necessary, after which he advanced directly toward the enemy, and retook several places in his march. Lysimachus thought proper to be upon the defensive till the arrival of the succors from Seleucus and Ptolemy upon their march to join him. The remaining part of the year, therefore, elapsed without any action, and each party retired into winter-quarters.

Seleucus, at the beginning of the next season, formed his army at Babylon, and marched into Cappadocia, to act against Antigonus. The latter sent immediately for Deme-

trius, who left Greece with great expedition, marched to Ephesus, and retook that city, with several others that had declared for Lysimachus upon his arrival in Asia.

Ptolemy employed the opportunity in Syria of the absence of Antigonus, and recovered all Phœnicia, Judea and Cœlosyria, except the cities of Tyre and Sidon, where Antigonus had left good garrisons. He, indeed, formed the siege of Sidon; but while his troops were employed in battering the walls, he received intelligence that Antigonus had defeated Seleucus and Lysimachus, and was advancing to relieve the place. Upon this information he made a truce with the Sidonians, raised the siege, and returned to Egypt.

The confederate army, commanded by Seleucus and Lysimachus and the troops of Antigonus and Demetrius, arrived at Phrygia almost at the same time, but did not long confront each other without coming to blows. Antigonus had more than 60,000 foot, 10,000 horse, and 75 elephants. The enemy's forces consisted of 64,000 foot, 10,500 horse, 400 elephants, and 120 chariots, armed with scythes. The battle was fought near Ipsus, a city of Phrygia (B.C. 301).

As soon as the signal was given, Demetrius, at the head of his best cavalry, fell upon Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, and behaved with so much bravery that he broke the enemy's ranks, and put them to flight; but Demetrius then pursued the fugitives with too much ardor, and without any consideration for the rest of the army; when he returned from the pursuit he found it impracticable for him to rejoin his infantry, the enemy's elephants having occupied all the intermediate space. When Seleucus saw the infantry of Antigonus separated from their cavalry, he only made several feint attacks upon them, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another, in order to intimidate and afford them sufficient time to quit the army of Antigonus, and come over to his own; and this was at last the expedient on which they resolved. The greatest part of the infantry separated from the rest, and surrendered in a voluntary manner to Seleucus, and the other was put to flight.

At the same instant, a large body of the army of Seleucus drew off by his order, and made a furious attack upon Anti-

gonus, who sustained their efforts for some time; but being at last overwhelmed with darts, and having received many wounds, he fell dead, having defended himself valiantly to the last. Demetrius, seeing his father dead, rallied all the troops he was able to draw together; and retired to Ephesus, with 5,000 foot and 4,000 horse. The great Pyrrhus, young as he then was, was inseparable from Demetrius, overthrew all that opposed him, and gave an essay, in this first action, of what might be expected one day from his valor and bravery.

After the battle of Ipsus, the four confederate princes divided the dominions of Antigonus among themselves, and added them to those they already possessed. The empire of Alexander was thus divided into four kingdoms, of which Ptolemy had Egypt, Libya, Arabia, Cœlosyria, and Palestine; Cassander had Macedonia and Greece; Lysimachus had Thrace, Bithynia, and some other provinces beyond the Hellespont, with the Bosphorus; Seleucus had all the rest of Asia to the other side of the Euphrates, and as far as the river Indus. The dominions of this last prince are usually called the kingdom of Syria, because Seleucus, who afterwards built Antioch in that province, made it the chief seat of his residence, in which he was followed by his successors, who, from his name, were called Seleucidæ. This kingdom, however, not only included Syria, but those vast and fertile provinces of Upper Asia, which constituted the Persian empire.—C. ROLLIN.

PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

PTOLEMY II., king of Egypt, surnamed Philadelphus, is deservedly celebrated as a patron of literature and science, and the founder of the great library of Alexandria. He was a son of Ptolemy Soter and Berenice, and was born in the island of Cos, in 309 B.C. He was liberally educated; but little is known respecting his youth and his actions before his ascension to the throne. He inherited his father's love of literature and genius for administration, but not his military ability. In 285 B.C. he was associated with his father in the kingdom, and he became sole king of Egypt on the death of his father, in 283.

Our historical information of his reign is scanty. His first wife was Arsinoë, a daughter of Lysimachus. His foreign policy was essentially pacific. His attention was mainly directed to the internal administration and improvement of the kingdom, the promotion of commerce, and the patronage of literature and science. His dominions included Egypt, Cyprus, Phœnicia, Cœle-Syria, Caria, Lycia, and parts of Arabia and Ethiopia. His capital, Alexandria, was the greatest commercial city of the world. During his long reign Egypt was prosperous and powerful, and the revenue was in a flourishing condition. To him belongs the credit of developing to the fullest extent the commercial advantages which the position of Egypt throws open to her, and of bringing by these means her material prosperity to its culminating point. He reopened the canal which connected the Red Sea with the Nile (which

had first been opened by Rameses), and he founded the city of Arsinoë, on the site of the modern Suez. He built on the African coast of the Red Sea the city of Berenice, and he opened a high-road from that city to Coptos on the Nile. The merchandise of India, Arabia and Ethiopia, for several centuries, came to Europe by this route. With his 1,500 ships of war Philadelphus kept a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean and another in the Red Sea.

His character was infected with serious faults. Soon after his ascension he put to death two of his brothers; and he banished Demetrius Phalereus because he had advised Ptolemy Soter not to disinherit his eldest son. He divorced his first wife, and, adopting the incestuous practice of the Persian kings, married his own sister, Arsinoë, for whom he erected a magnificent monument at Alexandria. It is supposed that his surname, *Philadelphus*, was given on account of his love for his sister.

About 274 B.C., Ptolemy made a treaty of alliance with the Romans, and he continued to be friendly to them during the first Punic War. His half-brother, Magas, who ruled over Cyrene, revolted against Ptolemy, asserted his independence, and in 266 B.C. attempted to invade Egypt. Soon after Magas reached the frontier of Egypt, a revolt of an African tribe recalled him. A few years later Ptolemy recognized the independence of Magas, whose daughter Berenice was betrothed to Ptolemy's son. He was involved in a war against Antiochus I., king of Syria, and his son, Antiochus II. Hostilities were often suspended and renewed without any important battle; and the war was ended by a treaty in 249 B.C., when Antiochus II. married Berenice, a daughter of Ptolemy.

The fame of Ptolemy II. depends less on his military exploits and his talents for administration, than on his patronage of literature, science and art, in which respect he surpassed his father. He founded at Alexandria a great library, and a literary institution called the Museum, in which many philosophers and scholars lived and studied. His library was the largest and most celebrated library of antiquity. The Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek by his command at his expense. According to tradition, this translation

was made by seventy (or rather seventy-two) learned Jews, and therefore is called the Septuagint. Learned men were invited to his court from foreign countries. Among the most eminent men in the court of Philadelphus were the poets Callimachus and Theocritus, the philosopher Hegesias, Euclid the geometer, and Aratus the astronomer. He patronized painting and sculpture, and adorned his capital with several magnificent buildings. He died in 247 B.C., leaving the throne to his son, Ptolemy III.

The Septuagint.

Demetrius Phalereus, who was library-keeper to the king, was now endeavoring, if it were possible, to gather together all the books that were in the habitable earth, and buying whatsoever was anywhere valuable, or agreeable to the king's inclination (who was very earnestly set upon collecting of books), to which inclination of his Demetrius was zealously subservient. When once Ptolemy asked him how many thousands of books he had collected, he replied that he had already about 200,000; but that in a little time he should have 500,000. He said he had been informed that there were many books of law among the Jews worthy of inquiring after and worthy of the king's library, but which, being written in characters and in a dialect of their own, caused difficulty in getting them translated into the Greek tongue; that the character in which they are written seems to be like the proper character of the Syrians, and that its sound, when pronounced, is like theirs also; and that this sound appears to be peculiar to themselves. Wherefore he said that nothing hindered why they might not get those books to be translated also; for while nothing is wanting that is necessary for that purpose, we may have their books also in this library. So the king thought that Demetrius was very zealous to procure him abundance of books, and that what he suggested was exceeding proper for him to do; and therefore he wrote to the Jewish high priest that he should act accordingly.

Now there was one Aristeus, who was among the king's most intimate friends, and on account of his modesty very acceptable to him. This Aristeus had resolved frequently to

petition the king that he would set all the captive Jews in his kingdom free; and he thought this to be a convenient opportunity for the making that petition. So he discoursed, in the first place, with the captains of the king's guards, Sosibius of Tarentum, and Andreas, and persuaded them to assist him in what he was going to intercede with the king for. Accordingly Aristeus went to the king and made the following speech to him: "It is not fit for us, O king, to overlook things hastily or to deceive ourselves, but to lay the truth open; for since we have determined not only to get the laws of the Jews transcribed, but interpreted also, for thy satisfaction, by what means can we do this, while so many of the Jews are now slaves in thy kingdom? Do thou then what will be agreeable to thy magnanimity and to thy good nature: free them from the miserable condition they are in, because that God who supporteth thy kingdom was the author of their laws, as I have learned by particular inquiry; for both these people and we also worship the same God, the framer of all things. Wherefore do thou restore these men to their own country, and this do to the honor of God, because these men pay a peculiarly excellent worship to him. And know this further, that though I be not of kin to them by birth, nor one of the same country with them, yet do I desire these favors to be done them, since all men are the workmanship of God; and I am sensible that he is well pleased with those that do good. I do therefore put up this petition to thee, to do good to them."

When Aristeus was saying thus, the king looked upon him with a cheerful and joyful countenance, and said: "How many thousands dost thou suppose there are of such as want to be made free?" To which Andreas replied, as he stood by, and said: "A few more than a hundred thousand." The king made answer: "And is this a small gift that thou askest, Aristeus?" But Sosibius, and the rest that stood by, said that he ought to offer such a thank-offering as was worthy of his greatness of soul to that God who had given him his kingdom. With this answer he was much pleased, and gave order that when they paid the soldiers their wages, they should lay down a hundred and twenty drachmæ for every

one of the slaves. And he promised to publish a decree about what they requested, which should confirm what Aristeus had proposed, and especially what God willed should be done; whereby he said he would not only set those free who had been led away captive by his father and his army, but those who were in this kingdom before, and those also, if any such there were, who had been brought away since. And when they said that their redemption-money would amount to above four hundred talents, he granted it.

When this had been done after so magnificent a manner, according to the king's inclinations, he gave order to Demetrius to give him in writing his sentiments concerning the transcribing of the Jewish books; for no part of the administration is done rashly by these kings, but all things are managed with great circumspection. The copy of the epistle was to this purpose: "Demetrius to the Great King. Since thou, O king, gavest me a charge concerning the collection of books that were wanting to fill your library, and concerning the care that ought to be taken about such as are imperfect, I have used the utmost diligence about those matters. And I let you know that we want the books of the Jewish legislation, with some others; for they are written in the Hebrew characters, and being in the language of that nation, are to us unknown. It hath also happened to them that they have been transcribed more carelessly than they ought to have been, because they have not had hitherto royal care taken about them. Now it is necessary that thou shouldst have accurate copies of them. This legislation is full of hidden wisdom, and entirely blameless, as being the legislation of God; for which cause it is, as Hecateus of Abdera says, that the poets and historians make no mention of it, nor of those men who lead their lives according to it, since it is a holy law, and ought not to be published by profane mouths. If, then, it please thee, O king, thou mayst write to the high priest of the Jews to send six of the elders out of every tribe, and those such as are most skillful of the laws, that by their means we may learn the clear and agreeing sense of these books, and may obtain an accurate inter-

pretation of their contents, and so may have such a collection of these as may be suitable to thy desire."

When this epistle was sent to the king, he commanded that an epistle should be drawn up for Eleazar, the Jewish high priest, concerning these matters; and that they should inform him of the release of the Jews that had been in slavery among them. He also sent fifty talents of gold for the making of large basons, and vials, and cups, and an immense quantity of precious stones. He also gave order to those who had the custody of the chest that contained those stones to give the artificers leave to choose out what sorts of them they pleased. He withal appointed that a hundred talents in money should be sent to the temple for sacrifices and for other uses.

The epistle was as follows: "King Ptolemy to Eleazar, the high priest, sendeth greeting. There are many Jews who now dwell in my kingdom whom the Persians, when they were in power, carried captive. These were honored by my father; some of them he placed in the army and gave them greater pay than ordinary; to others of them, when they came with him into Egypt, he committed his garrisons and the guarding of them, that they might be a terror to the Egyptians. And when I had taken the government, I treated all men with humanity, and especially those that are thy fellow-citizens, of whom I have set free above a hundred thousand that were slaves, and paid the price of their redemption to their masters out of my own revenues; and those that are of a fit age I have admitted into the number of my soldiers. And for such as are capable of being faithful to me, and proper for my court, I have put them in such a post, thinking this kindness done to them to be a very great and an acceptable gift, which I devote to God for his providence over me. And as I am desirous to do what will be grateful to these and to all the other Jews in the habitable earth, I have determined to procure an interpretation of your law, and to have it translated out of Hebrew into Greek, and to be deposited in my library. Thou wilt, therefore, do well to choose out and send to me men of a good character, who are now elders in age, and six in number out of every tribe.

These, by their age, must be skillful in the laws and of abilities to make an accurate interpretation of them; and when this shall be finished, I shall think that I have done a work glorious to myself. And I have sent to thee Andreas, the captain of my guard, and Aristeus, men whom I have in very great esteem; by whom I have sent those first-fruits which I have dedicated to the temple, and to the sacrifices, and to other uses, to the value of a hundred talents. And if thou wilt send to us, to let us know what thou wouldst have further, thou wilt do a thing acceptable to me."

When this epistle of the king was brought to Eleazar, he wrote an answer to it with all the respect possible: "Eleazar, the high priest, to King Ptolemy sendeth greeting. If thou and thy queen, Arsinoë, and thy children, be well, we are highly gratified. When we received thy epistle, we greatly rejoiced at thy intentions; and when the multitude were gathered together, we read it to them, and thereby made them sensible of the piety thou hast towards God. We also showed them the twenty vials of gold, and thirty of silver, and the five large basons, and the table for the shew-bread; as also the hundred talents for the sacrifices, and for the making what shall be needful at the temple; which things Andreas and Aristeus, those most honored friends of thine, have brought us; and truly they are persons of an excellent character, and of great learning, and worthy of thy virtue. Know then that we will gratify thee in what is for thy advantage, though we do what we used not to do before; for we ought to make a return for thy numerous acts of kindness, which thou hast done to our countrymen. We immediately, therefore, offered sacrifices for thee and thy sister, with thy children and friends; and the multitude made prayers, that thy affairs may be to thy mind, and that thy kingdom may be preserved in peace, and that the translation of our law may come to the conclusion thou desirest, and be for thy advantage. We have also chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them. It will be thy part, out of thy piety and justice, to send back the law, when it hath been translated, and to return those to us that bring it in safety. Farewell."

With this letter were gifts that were sent by Ptolemy to Jerusalem, to be dedicated to God there. When Eleazar, the high priest, had devoted them to God, and had paid due respect to those that brought them, and had given them presents to be carried to the king, he dismissed them. And when they were come to Alexandria, and Ptolemy heard that they were come, and that the seventy elders were come also, he presently sent for Andreas and Aristeus, his ambassadors, who came to him and delivered him the epistle which they brought him from the high priest, and made answer to all the questions he put to them by word of mouth. He then made haste to meet the elders that came from Jerusalem for the interpretation of the laws ; and he gave command that everybody who came on other business should be sent away. But when he had sent those away, he waited for these that were sent by Eleazar ; and as the old men came in with the presents which the high priest had given them to bring to the king, and with the parchments upon which they had their laws written in golden letters, he put questions to them concerning those books ; and when they had taken off the covers wherein they were wrapt up, they showed him the parchments. So the king stood admiring the thinness of those parchments, and the exactness of the junctures, which could not be perceived ; and this he did for a considerable time. He then said that he returned them thanks for coming to him, and still greater thanks to him that sent them ; and, above all, to that God whose laws they appeared to be. Then did the elders, and those that were present with them, cry out with one voice, and wish all happiness to the king. Upon which he fell into tears by the violence of the pleasure he had. And when he had bid them deliver the books to those that were appointed to receive them, he saluted the men, and said that it was but just to discourse, in the first place, of the errand they were sent about, and then concerning themselves.

The King promised, however, that he would make this day on which they came to him remarkable and eminent every year through the whole course of his life ; for their coming to him, and the victory which he gained over Antigonus by sea, proved to be on the very same day. He also

gave orders that they should sup with him; and gave it in charge that they should have excellent lodgings provided for them in the upper part of the city.

Now he that was appointed to take care of the reception of strangers, Nicanor by name, called for Dorotheus, whose duty it was to make provision for them, and bid him prepare for every one of them what should be requisite for their diet and way of living. And he gave order that they should have every one three talents given them, and that those that were to conduct them to their lodging should do it. Accordingly, when three days were over, Demetrius took them and went over the causeway seven furlongs long: it was a bank in the sea to an island. And when they had gone over the bridge, he proceeded to the northern parts, and showed them where they should meet, which was in a house that was built near the shore, and was a quiet place, and fit for their discoursing together about their work. When he had brought them thither, he entreated them (now they had all things about them which they wanted for the interpretation of their law), that they would suffer nothing to interrupt them in their work. Accordingly, they made an accurate interpretation, with great zeal and great pains; and this they continued to do till the ninth hour of the day; after which time they relaxed and took care of their body, while their food was provided for them in great plenty: besides, Dorotheus, at the king's command, brought them a great deal of what was provided for the king himself. But in the morning they came to the court, and saluted Ptolemy, and then went away to their former place, where, when they had washed their hands, and purified themselves, they betook themselves to the interpretation of the laws.

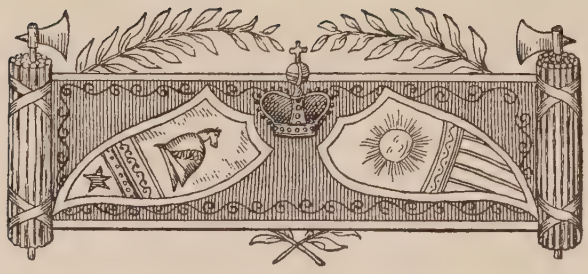
Now when the law was transcribed, and the labor of interpretation was over, which came to its conclusion in seventy-two days, Demetrius gathered all the Jews together to the place where the laws were translated, and where the interpreters were, and read them over. The multitude did also approve of those elders that were the interpreters of the law. They withal commended Demetrius for his proposal, as the inventor of what was greatly for their happiness; and they

desired that he would give leave to their rulers also to read the law. Moreover they all, both the priest and the ancientest of the elders, and the principal men of their commonweal, made it their request, that since the interpretation was happily finished, it might continue in the state it now was, and might not be altered. And when they all commended that determination of theirs, they enjoined, that if any one observed either anything superfluous, or anything omitted, that he would take a view of it again, and have it laid before them, and corrected; which was a wise action of theirs, that when the thing was judged to have been well done, it might continue forever.

So the king rejoiced, when he saw that his design of this nature was brought to perfection, to such great advantage; and he was chiefly delighted with hearing the laws read to him; and was astonished at the deep meaning and wisdom of the legislator. And he began to discourse with Demetrius, "how it came to pass, that when this legislation was so wonderful, no one, either of the poets or of the historians, had made mention of it." Demetrius made answer, that "no one durst be so bold as to touch upon the description of these laws, because they were divine and venerable, and because some that had attempted it were afflicted by God."

And when the king had received these books from Demetrius, as we have said already, he adored them, and gave order that great care should be taken of them, that they might remain uncorrupted. He also desired that the interpreters would come often to him out of Judea, and that both on account of the respects that he would pay them, and on account of the presents he would make them: for he said, "it was now but just to send them away, although if, of their own accord, they would come to him hereafter, they should obtain all that their own wisdom might justly require, and what his generosity was able to give them." So he sent them away, and gave to every one of them three garments of the best sort, and two talents of gold, and a cup of the value of one talent, and the furniture of the room wherein they were feasted. And these were the things he presented to them. But by them he sent to Eleazar, the high-priest, ten beds, with

feet of silver, and the furniture to them belonging, and a cup of the value of thirty talents; and besides these, ten garments, and purple, and a very beautiful crown, and a hundred pieces of the finest woven linen; as also vials and dishes, and vessels for pouring, and two golden cisterns, to be dedicated to God. He also desired him, by an epistle, that he would give these interpreters leave, if any of them were desirous, of coming to him; because he highly valued a conversation with men of such learning, and should be very willing to lay out his wealth upon such men. And this was what came to the Jews, and was much to their glory and honor, from Ptolemy Philadelphus.—F. JOSEPHUS.



AURELIAN.

AMONG the Roman emperors after the beginning of the decline, Aurelian was distinguished for his military ability, rigid discipline and heroic valor. Claudius Lucius Domitius Aurelianus was the son of a peasant and was born September 9th, 214, A.D., at Sirmium in Pannonia. He enlisted in the army as a common soldier, and being tall, brave and of remarkable strength, became so noted for his exploits, that he was surnamed "Sword in hand." He obtained successively the rank of centurion, tribune, prefect of a legion, and general of a frontier. He is said to have killed forty-eight Sarmatians in one day. When he was tribune of a legion in Gaul, he repelled an inroad of the Franks, who had crossed the Rhine, and now first appear in history. His success in war is ascribed partly to his strict attention to minute articles of discipline. Gaming, stealing and drunkenness were severely prohibited, his soldiers were required to be modest and frugal; their armor kept bright, and their weapons sharp.

In the reign of Valerian he was lieutenant to Ulpius Crinitus, captain-general of Illyria and Thrace, who adopted

Aurelian and gave him his daughter Ulpia in marriage. Aurelian expelled the Goths from Illyria, and for this important service Valerian publicly thanked him and proclaimed him consul elect (257 A.D.). He was eulogized as the liberator of Illyricum, the restorer of Gaul and the rival of Scipio. Valerian's successor, Claudius, appointed Aurelian captain-general of Illyria and Thrace and commander-in-chief of the cavalry of the empire, and confided to him the defense of the frontier against the Goths. Claudius, in his last illness, recommended Aurelian as the most deserving of the throne and the best qualified to execute the great designs which he himself had undertaken. Aurelian was also proclaimed by the army and succeeded Claudius in 270 A.D.

"The reign of Aurelian," says Gibbon, "lasted only four years and about nine months; but every instant of that short period was filled by some memorable achievement. He put an end to the Gothic war, chastised the Germans who invaded Italy, recovered Gaul, Spain and Britain out of the hands of Tetricus and destroyed the proud monarchy of Zenobia." He first marched against a numerous host of Goths and Vandals who had crossed the Danube and ravaged Pannonia. These barbarians were forced to submit and give hostages, and terminate the war by a lasting treaty of peace. But the most important condition of peace was understood rather than expressed. Aurelian withdrew the Roman forces from Dacia and tacitly relinquished this province to the Goths and Vandals in order that the Danube might be the boundary of the empire. By this politic act he contracted and protected the frontier, for after Dacia became independent, it often served as a barrier of the empire against the invasions of Northern barbarians. In the same year, 270 A.D., the German tribe of Alemanni invaded Northern Italy, which they devastated. Aurelian was almost at the same time informed of the irruption and the retreat of the barbarians. When the Alemanni laden with spoils arrived at the Danube, a Roman army was concealed on the opposite bank and intercepted their return. Aurelian permitted half of their army to pass the river in fatal security and gained over them an easy victory. The other body of Alemanni, finding it impos-

sible to cross the river while the roads in their rear were still open, marched rapidly to Italy and ravaged Cisalpine Gaul. When they were overtaken by the Roman army near Placentia, they avoided a battle and occupied a dense forest. Issuing by night they defeated the Romans with great slaughter (270), and marched into Umbria. This victory caused consternation at Rome, and the barbarians were hourly expected at the gates. Aurelian, now obliged to conduct the campaign in person, gained a decisive victory over them near Fano, and the remnant of their host was exterminated near Pavia.

On the accession of Aurelian, his empire comprised Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, Illyricum, Dacia and Thrace. Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, had extended her sway over Syria, Egypt and a large part of Asia Minor. The most memorable event of his reign was his expedition against Zenobia in 272 A.D. The armies met on the Orontes near Antioch, where the heroic queen of Palmyra animated her army by her presence. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Palmyrenes were defeated, and retreated to Emesa, where Aurelian gained another decisive victory. Zenobia retired within the walls of the populous and splendid capital, and prepared for an obstinate resistance. After a long siege her capital surrendered in 273 A.D., and was treated with unexpected lenity. Aurelian obtained here an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk and precious stones, and leaving a garrison of six hundred men, returned to Emesa. The Emperor spared the life of Zenobia, but he put to death Longinus, her prime minister, as having counselled her obstinate resistance. When Aurelian reached Byzantium, he learned that the people of Palmyra had revolted and massacred the governor and garrison. Immediately marching back to Palmyra, he put to death nearly the whole population and razed the city to the ground.

During the revolt of Palmyra, an Egyptian rebel, named Firmus, had assumed the imperial purple, coined money and raised an army. He was quickly defeated by Aurelian and was put to death. Aurelian might now congratulate the senate, the people and himself, that he had restored universal

peace and order. In 274 A.D. he celebrated a magnificent triumph, in which his victories were attested by a long train of captives, Goths, Vandals, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls and Syrians. Such a triumph had not been witnessed since the time of Pompey and Cæsar. The attention of the spectators was engrossed by the beautiful figure of Zenobia, who, confined by golden chains was paraded on foot before the chariot of Aurelian.

He next devoted attention to domestic reforms and improvements. Laws were enacted against luxury. He began to erect around Rome a new line of strongly fortified walls embracing a circuit of about twenty miles. His attempt to restore the integrity of the coin was opposed by a formidable sedition. Gibbon quotes a letter of Aurelian in which he says, "A sedition within the walls has just given birth to a very serious civil war. The workmen of the mint have risen in rebellion. Seven thousand of my soldiers have been slain in the contest." The noblest families of Rome were involved in the guilt or suspicion of this conspiracy and were treated with excessive cruelty.

In the autumn of 274 A.D., Aurelian, at the age of sixty, undertook an expedition against the Persians. His private secretary plotted against him and induced many officers of high rank to conspire with him by counterfeiting his master's hand and showing them a list of their own names devoted to death. On his march between Byzantium and Heraclea, he was killed by an officer named Mucapor in January, 275 A.D. He was succeeded by Tacitus, a descendant of the celebrated historian.

The Alemanni Driven from Rome.

While the vigorous and moderate conduct of Aurelian restored the Illyrian frontier, the nation of the Alemanni violated the conditions of peace, which either Gallienus had purchased, or Claudius had imposed, and, inflamed by their impatient youth, suddenly flew to arms. Forty thousand horse appeared in the field, and the numbers of the infantry doubled those of the cavalry. The first objects of their avarice were a few cities of the Rhætian frontier; but their hopes

soon rising with success, the rapid march of the Alemanni traced a line of devastation from the Danube to the Po.

The emperor was almost at the same time informed of the irruption, and of the retreat, of the barbarians. Collecting an active body of troops, he marched with silence and celerity along the skirts of the Hercynian forest; and the Alemanni, laden with the spoils of Italy, arrived at the Danube, without suspecting, that on the opposite bank, and in an advantageous post, a Roman army lay concealed and prepared to intercept their return. Aurelian indulged the fatal security of the barbarians, and permitted about half their forces to pass the river without disturbance and without precaution. Their situation and astonishment gave him an easy victory; his skillful conduct improved the advantage. Disposing the legions in a semi-circular form, he advanced the two horns of the crescent across the Danube, and wheeling them on a sudden towards the centre, enclosed the rear of the German host. The dismayed barbarians, on whatsoever side they cast their eyes, beheld, with despair, a wasted country, a deep and rapid stream, a victorious and implacable enemy.

Reduced to this distressed condition, the Alemanni no longer disdained to sue for peace. Aurelian received their ambassadors at the head of his camp, and with every circumstance of martial pomp that could display the greatness and discipline of Rome. The legions stood to their arms in well-ordered ranks and awful silence. The principal commanders, distinguished by the ensigns of their rank, appeared on horseback on either side of the Imperial throne. Behind the throne the consecrated images of the emperor, and his predecessors, the golden eagles, and the various titles of the legions, engraved in letters of gold, were exalted in the air on lofty pikes covered with silver. When Aurelian assumed his seat, his manly grace and majestic figure taught the barbarians to revere the person as well as the purple of their conqueror. The ambassadors fell prostrate on the ground in silence. They were commanded to rise, and permitted to speak. By the assistance of interpreters they extenuated their perfidy, magnified their exploits, expatiated on the vicissitudes of fortune and the advantages of peace, and, with an ill-timed con-

fidence, demanded a large subsidy, as the price of the alliance which they offered to the Romans. The answer of the emperor was stern and imperious. He treated their offer with contempt, and their demand with indignation, reproached the barbarians, that they were as ignorant of the arts of war as of the laws of peace, and finally dismissed them with the choice only of submitting to his unconditioned mercy, or awaiting the utmost severity of his resentment. Aurelian had resigned a distant province to the Goths; but it was dangerous to trust or to pardon these perfidious barbarians, whose formidable power kept Italy itself in perpetual alarms.

Immediately after this conference, it should seem that some unexpected emergency required the emperor's presence in Pannonia. He devolved on his lieutenants the care of finishing the destruction of the Alemanni, either by the sword, or by the surer operation of famine. But an active despair has often triumphed over the indolent assurance of success. The barbarians, finding it impossible to traverse the Danube and the Roman camp, broke through the posts in their rear, which were more feebly or less carefully guarded; and with incredible diligence, but by a different road, returned towards the mountains of Italy. Aurelian, who considered the war as totally extinguished, received the mortifying intelligence of the escape of the Alemanni, and of the ravage which they had already committed in the territory of Milan. The legions were commanded to follow, with as much expedition as those heavy bodies were capable of exerting, the rapid flight of an enemy whose infantry and cavalry moved with almost equal swiftness. A few days afterwards, the emperor himself marched to the relief of Italy, at the head of a chosen body of auxiliaries (among whom were the hostages and cavalry of the Vandals), and of all the Prætorian guards who had served in the wars of the Danube.

As the light troops of the Alemanni had spread themselves from the Alps to the Apennine, the incessant vigilance of Aurelian and his officers was exercised in the discovery, the attack, and the pursuit of the numerous detachments. Notwithstanding this desultory war, three considerable battles are mentioned, in which the principal force of both armies was

obstinately engaged. The success was various. In the first, fought near Placentia, the Romans received so severe a blow, that, according to the expression of a writer extremely partial to Aurelian, the immediate dissolution of the empire was apprehended. The crafty barbarians, who had lined the woods, suddenly attacked the legions in the dusk of the evening, and, it is most probable, after the fatigue and disorder of a long march. The fury of their charge was irresistible; but, at length, after a dreadful slaughter, the patient firmness of the emperor rallied his troops, and restored, in some degree, the honor of his arms. The second battle was fought near Fano in Umbria; on the spot which, five hundred years before, had been fatal to the brother of Hannibal. Thus far the successful Germans had advanced along the Æmilian and Flaminian way, with a design of sacking the defenceless mistress of the world. But Aurelian, who, watchful for the safety of Rome, still hung on their rear, found in this place the decisive moment of giving them a total and irretrievable defeat. The flying remnant of their host was exterminated in a third and last battle near Pavia; and Italy was delivered from the inroads of the Alemanni.

Fear has been the original parent of superstition, and every new calamity urges trembling mortals to deprecate the wrath of their invisible enemies. Though the best hope of the republic was in the valor and conduct of Aurelian, yet such was the public consternation, when the barbarians were hourly expected at the gates of Rome, that, by a decree of the Senate, the Sibylline books were consulted. Even the emperor himself, from a motive either of religion or of policy, recommended this salutary measure, chided the tardiness of the Senate, and offered to supply whatever expense, whatever animals, whatever captives of any nation, the gods should require. Notwithstanding this liberal offer, it does not appear, that any human victims expiated with their blood the sins of the Roman people. The Sibylline books enjoined ceremonies of a more harmless nature, processions of priests in white robes, attended by a chorus of youths and virgins; lustrations of the city and adjacent country; and sacrifices, whose powerful influence disabled the barbarians from passing the mystic

ground on which they had been celebrated. However puerile in themselves, these superstitious arts were subservient to the success of the war; and if, in the decisive battle of Fano, the Alemanni fancied they saw an army of spectres combating on the side of Aurelian, he received a real and effectual aid from this imaginary reinforcement.

But whatever confidence might be placed in ideal ramparts, the experience of the past, and the dread of the future, induced the Romans to construct fortifications of a grosser and more substantial kind. The seven hills of Rome had been surrounded, by the successors of Romulus, with an ancient wall of more than thirteen miles. The vast enclosure may seem disproportioned to the strength and numbers of the infant state. But it was necessary to secure an ample extent of pasture and arable land, against the frequent and sudden incursions of the tribes of Latium, the perpetual enemies of the republic. With the progress of Roman greatness, the city and its inhabitants gradually increased, filled up the vacant space, pierced through the useless walls, covered the field of Mars, and, on every side, followed the public highways in long and beautiful suburbs. The extent of the new walls, erected by Aurelian, and finished in the reign of Probus, was magnified by popular estimation to near fifty, but is reduced by accurate measurement to about twenty-one miles. It was a great but a melancholy labor, since the defence of the capital betrayed the decline of the monarchy. The Romans of a more prosperous age, who trusted to the arms of the legions the safety of the frontier camps, were very far from entertaining a suspicion that it would ever become necessary to fortify the seat of empire against the inroads of the barbarians.

—E. Gibbon.

ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA, Queen of Palmyra and the East, was renowned for her beauty, learning, political ability and martial valor. According to some authors she was a daughter of an Arab chief, her native name being Bath Zabbai; but Gibbon says: "She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor." Zenobia was a beautiful brunette and had large black eyes which sparkled with fire, tempered with attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong, sonorous and musical. She was mistress of the Greek, Latin, Syriac and Egyptian languages, and had been liberally educated by Longinus, a celebrated Greek philosopher who was called a "living library," and is considered the greatest philosopher of his age.

Zenobia became the wife of Odenatus, an able Arabian general, who, having driven Sapor, King of Persia, out of Syria, assumed the title of King of Palmyra. He also invaded Persia and there gained several victories. In this campaign Zenobia accompanied and aided her husband.

Having inured her constitution to fatigue, she generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot. The success of Odenatus was in a great measure ascribed to her prudence and fortitude. For these services the Roman Emperor Gallienus, in 264 A.D., gave Odenatus the title of *Augustus* and recognized him as his colleague. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged no other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. After a brief reign, Odenatus was assassinated about 266 A.D.

Zenobia succeeded to the throne with the title of Queen of the East, and reigned over Palmyra, Syria, Egypt and a large part of Asia Minor. Palmyra, the Tadmor of Scripture, was an opulent and magnificent city adorned with temples, palaces and porticoes built in classic style of marble and porphyry, and enriched by an extensive commerce. It was situated in an oasis amidst a sandy desert in Syria, near the northern frontier of Arabia. The air was pure and the soil was fertile. The name of Palmyra denoted the multitude of palm trees which afforded shade and verdure to the oasis. The merchant princes of Palmyra carried on an extensive commerce in the rich commodities of India and China by means of caravans. The rise and fall of Palmyra form one of the most interesting chapters of ancient history. Its site is still occupied by many wonderful ruins.

To the dominions of Odenatus, Zenobia added the populous kingdom of Egypt. She blended with the popular manners of Roman emperors the stately pomp of the courts of Asia. Her administration was guided by judicious maxims of policy. She was liberal and prudent in the management of revenues, merciful in the use of power and firm in dispensing justice. During the reign of Gallienus, Zenobia obliged one of the Roman generals who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation.

In 272 A.D. the Emperor Aurelian invaded her dominions with a large army of veteran soldiers. The Palmyrene army consisted mostly of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. Many of her soldiers were Romans. The

armies met on the river Orontes near Antioch. Zenobia animated her army by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on a general named Zebdas. The Palmyrene army was defeated and retreated to Emesa, where Aurelian gained another decisive victory. Zenobia showed wit rather than wisdom when she said, "I have suffered no great loss, for almost all who have fallen are Romans." She then retired within the walls of her capital and made preparations for a vigorous defense.

Aurelian marched across the desert and began the siege of Palmyra, which he found to be a difficult operation. "The Roman people," were his words in a letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines." He offered favorable terms of capitulation: to the queen a splendid retreat; to the citizens their former privileges.

She rejected his offer, being supported by the hope that famine would compel him to raise the siege, and that the Persian king would send an army to defend her. When she was disappointed she resolved to fly to Persia. She had reached the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by Aurelian's horsemen and brought back a captive. Palmyra soon surrendered in 273 A.D., and was treated with unexpected lenity. When Zenobia was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he asked her, "How she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome." She replied, "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." He spared her life, but put to death Longinus, her adviser. She is accused of purchasing her life by the sacrifice of her friends, to whom she imputed the blame of her obstinate resistance. She was taken to Rome, and in the triumphal procession of Aurelian she was paraded before the imperial chariot on foot and confined by golden chains. Aurelian presented her with an elegant villa at Tibur (now Tivoli), where she passed her life in affluence

and repose in the manner of a Roman matron. She had three sons, Timolaus, Herennianus and Vaballathus, and several daughters who married into noble families of Rome.

Palmyra.

Palmyra is situated at the foot of a range of lofty limestone hills, naked and white as if covered with eternal snow. The ridge is a continuation of that which bounds the plain of Damascus. Opposite the city is a wide opening leading into the great valley which extends westward to Kuryetein, a distance of about fifty miles. Eastward and southward is a vast desert plain reaching to the horizon. The traveler from the west generally approaches the ruins through the break in the mountains, and the first object that attracts his attention is the old Saracenic castle that crowns an isolated peak some distance on the left. On each side of the road he observes numbers of strange tower-like tombs—some nearly perfect and others confused heaps of ruins—built in the valley and along the slopes above. After passing most of these he surmounts an easy swell, and the whole panorama of the ruins opens up at once before him. They stretch from the base of the mountains across the valley on the left, till they are terminated by the lofty walls of the magnificent Temple of the Sun directly in front. He is struck with astonishment at their vast extent, and no less so at their utter desolation. They are white as snow-wreaths, and not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, or solitary weed is seen among them! Heaps of massive stones, noble porticoes, and long and beautiful colonnades, are intermixed with the shattered ruins of temples, and triumphal arches, and proud monuments erected in honor of the mighty dead. There is no sign of life—all is bare and desolate as a deserted cemetery.

The most remarkable feature of the whole is the vast pile of the Temple of the Sun. The lofty wall that enclosed the court is still in many places nearly perfect, and forms a strong defence to the modern village which is wholly built within it. These wretched hovels are completely hid from view, so that when seen from a little distance there is not a trace of human habitation. To the right of this, and quite beyond the ruins,

are the few gardens now cultivated by the villagers, and in these a number of palm-trees still grow and flourish, as if to prove that, though fallen, this is *Palmyra* still.

We went to view the splendid ruins of the great colonnade, and, winding among the confused heaps that now mark the sites of once sumptuous buildings, we soon reached it. There were here originally four rows of columns—or at least such was the design, as may be seen from the plan of the arch at the eastern end—thus forming a central and two side avenues, which extend through the city, a distance of about 4,000 feet. Each pillar had, on its inner side, a bracket for a statue. One can well imagine what a noble vista would meet the eye of the Palmyrene as he walked along this splendid arcade—the brilliant rays of an eastern sun lighting up the temples and palaces on each side, and breaking through between the lofty columns that lined the pathway, and the sculptured forms of the greatest and best of his countrymen standing above him, as if pointing the way to glory and to fame.

When this colonnade was perfect it contained more than 1,500 columns, and of these 150 still occupy their places. The height of the order, including base and capital, is fifty-seven feet. The proportions of the pillars are good, though the details are not executed with the same taste as those of the great temple. It is rather remarkable that in almost every city of any importance in Syria we find traces of these splendid colonnades; in Antioch, Apamea, Damascus, and Gerasa, their remains may still be seen.

But of all the ruins of Palmyra none can be compared with those of the great Temple of the Sun, whether we consider their vast extent or their exquisite beauty. The court in which this noble structure stands is a perfect square, 740 feet on each side. The external wall consists of a projecting base, and over it a range of pilasters supporting a plain frieze and cornice—the extreme height being 70 feet. A considerable part of it still remains perfect. On the western side was a portico of ten columns surmounted by an entablature, now completely destroyed. A flight of stairs extending the whole length of the portico (138 feet) led up to the grand entrance. The great door was 32 feet 6 inches high by 15 feet 9 inches wide, and

richly ornamented with sculptured wreaths of leaves and flowers. Notwithstanding its great size, each of the side architraves is a monolith. The side-doors are half of the above dimensions similarly ornamented, and the remaining intervals between the columns are filled up with tabernacles and niches for statues.

Beautiful and commanding as must have been the appearance of the exterior, it was wholly eclipsed by the scene that burst upon the beholder's eye as he crossed the threshold. A double colonnade encircled the whole interior with the exception of the western side, where there was but one range ; and each pillar had its bracket and its statue. The back wall of the spacious cloisters thus formed had niches with shell and fan-shaped tops. Near the centre of this court stands the temple itself on a raised platform, towering high above the surrounding buildings. In form it was unique. A single row of fluted Corinthian columns, 64 feet high, with bronze capitals, encompassed the shrine and supported an unbroken cornice fully ornamented in bold relief with festoons of fruit and flowers, held up at intervals by angels. A doorway is curiously placed between two columns on the west side, and fronting this is the door of the cell, 33 feet high by 15 feet wide. The ornaments upon the latter resemble those on the door of the small temple at Bâ'albek ; and like that also the soffit has a sculptured eagle with extended wings upon a starred ground. The walls have pilasters opposite the columns, and windows between them, while at each end, in addition to the pilasters, are two Ionic semi-columns. The interior has been much defaced, and the entire roof is gone. At each end is a small apse or chamber with a ceiling of a single stone, panelled and richly ornamented with sculpture. That on the north side is remarkable as having the signs of the zodiac in *mezzo-relievo* round the circumference of a circle, within which appear to have been figures of the principal deities. The whole is now nearly obliterated by the persevering fanaticism of the Moslems: it is still possible, however, to trace the outlines of several of the figures.

Such was the plan and such were the dimensions of this magnificent building ; and, *as a whole*, I scarcely think it is

surpassed by any in the world. The Temple of Minerva at Athens and a few of its fellows—the *chef-d'œuvres* of ancient Greece—are, undoubtedly, more beautiful in their stern simplicity and in the brilliancy of their marble columns; Bâ'albek, not less chaste in its sculpture, is more gigantic in its proportions; but the cloistered court at Palmyra, with its long lines of statues and the temple itself towering high over all, formed a picture unique and unequalled by any of these.

Travelers have generally represented the buildings of Palmyra as constructed entirely of marble; but the fact is, there is not a single marble column or stone among the whole ruins. White limestone of a fine texture from the neighboring mountains has been universally employed, and the only other species found is Sienite granite, a few shafts of which may still be seen near the long colonnade. One of these, a single block, measures thirty feet in length and three in diameter. How it was conveyed to this spot is a mystery. To transport it from the Upper Nile to the coast of Syria was a work of no ordinary difficulty; but to convey it thence over mountains and across deserts for near two hundred miles shows an engineering skill almost equalling that of our own day.

The earliest notice of this city on record is that in 1 Kings ix. 18, where it is stated that Solomon built "Tadmor in the wilderness." Solomon was a commercial monarch. His ships navigated the seas, and his traders traversed the deserts, that the luxuries and wealth of foreign lands might be conveyed to his little kingdom. A secure route for the caravans that imported the treasures of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia was of the first importance. Tadmor is about half way between the banks of the Euphrates and the borders of Syria. Copious fountains there supply the first requisite for a desert station; and, influenced no doubt by these weighty considerations, Solomon made choice of this spot for the erection of a commercial depôt and resting-place.

Its importance would naturally vary with the fluctuations of commerce; and we have no evidence that it attained to power or fame till a far later period. For nearly a thousand years history is silent about Tadmor; and Pliny appears to be the first among historians who makes reference to it. It was

then a city of considerable importance, and, from the peculiarity of its position, as this author remarks, "being situated in the midst of an almost impassable desert, and on the confines of two powerful and hostile kingdoms," it had hitherto retained its independence. That its citizens were not only opulent, but skilled in architecture, as early as the commencement of the Christian era, is evidenced by beautiful tombs still remaining.

The city retained its freedom until about A.D. 130, when it submitted to the Emperor Adrian, and came under the protection of Rome. His predecessor, Trajan, had subdued the Parthians, and captured Babylon and Ctesiphon, and the little republic was thus encompassed by the victorious legions of the "Eternal City." Adrian was a munificent patron of Palmyra, for not only did he give it his own name, but he raised it to the rank of a Roman colony, and adorned it with many of those colonnades and temples which are so grand even in their ruin. It appears, however, that the citizens themselves were not greatly behind the Romans in refinement and love for the arts.

From this period the influence and wealth of Palmyra rapidly increased. Though nominally subject to Rome, it had a government of its own, and was ruled by its own laws. The public affairs were directed by a senate chosen by the suffrages of the people; and most of its public monuments were erected, as the inscriptions state, by the senate and people. As a colony, too, it was highly favored, having been elevated to the rank of capital. For nearly a century and a half did this prosperity continue; and it was at last only checked by the pride that it had generated. The pride of its rulers, which for a brief period raised it to a pitch of power it had never before aspired to, became the cause of its speedy fall and subsequent ruin.

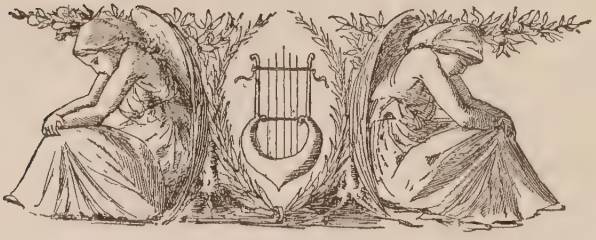
The unfortunate Valerian, who a second time carried the Roman arms into the heart of Persia, to check the rising power of Sapor, was defeated and captured by his foe. His unworthy son suffered him to pine away in bondage, exposed to the most brutal treatment; but Odenathus, one of the citizens of Palmyra, revenged the wrongs of the fallen emperor, and vindicated the majesty of the Roman state. Sapor

being triumphant, policy constrained Odenathus to propitiate his friendship by rich presents when suing for the life and liberty of the captive; but when these were indignantly refused, and the bearers of them insulted, he himself marched against the haughty Persian, took the whole province of Mesopotamia, and even defied him beneath the walls of Ctesiphon (A.D. 260). The services thus rendered to Rome were so great that Odenathus was gifted with the purple, and associated in the sovereignty with Gallienus (A.D. 264). He enjoyed his high dignity but a brief period, being murdered by his nephew, at a banquet in the city of Emesa, only three years afterwards. His reign was short, but brilliant. Not only was Sapor conquered, and Valerian revenged, but Syrian rebels, and the northern barbarous hordes that now began their incursions into the territories of Rome, felt alike the force of his arms.

He bequeathed the kingdom of the East to a worthy successor—Zenobia, his widow; and the names of Zenobia and Palmyra will always be associated while history remains. The virtue, the wisdom, and the heroic spirit of that extraordinary woman were never equalled in the annals of antiquity. She was at first nominally the regent during the minority of her son Vaballatus; but unfortunately, ambition urged her to lay claim to supreme authority, and adopt the high-sounding title of "Queen of the East." By conquest she soon added Egypt to her possessions in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor, and during a period of five years governed her kingdom with wisdom. In A.D. 270 the warlike Aurelian ascended the throne of the Cæsars, and, after subduing his enemies in the West, he turned his arms against the fated Zenobia. Her armies were defeated in a pitched battle near Antioch, and, having retreated to Emesa and there rallied, they were again routed by the Emperor, and driven back upon their desert home. Aurelian pursued them across the parched plains, and invested Palmyra, which capitulated after a long and bloody resistance. Zenobia attempted to escape, but was captured on the banks of the Euphrates, and brought into the presence of the stern Emperor. When being led off captive, a woman's fears prevailed, for she heard the rough soldiers clamoring for her death. In a moment of weakness her best friends were

betrayed, and they, including the philosopher Longinus, were put to an ignominious death. She was afterwards led to Rome, and there, loaded with jewels, and fettered with shackles of gold, she was led by a golden chain along the *Via Sacra*, in front of the chariot of the triumphant Aurelian, while all Rome crowded to the spot to see the Arabian Queen. She was worthy of a better fate. If common humanity did not prevent the Roman citizens from exulting over an honorable but fallen foe, surely the memory of her husband's victories, and of his services rendered to the state, might have saved her from the indignity of appearing before a mob in chains.

Aurelian captured Palmyra in A.D. 272, and left in it a small garrison of Roman soldiers; but soon after his departure the people rose and massacred them to a man. On receiving this intelligence the Emperor returned, took the city, pillaged it, and put the inhabitants to the sword. The city was soon afterwards repaired by the orders of the conqueror, and the great Temple of the Sun redecorated; yet it never recovered its former opulence, and no public monument has been found of a date subsequent to this period.—J. L. PORTER.



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CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

CONSTANTINE.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT was the first Christian Emperor of Rome, the most powerful monarch of his time, and the president of the first Ecumenical Council of the Church. His name is justly perpetuated in that of Constantinople, to which city he transferred the seat of empire. He made important changes in the civil and religious constitution of his country, and displayed great abilities as a statesman and a commander.

Flavius Valerius Aurelius Constantinus was a son of the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, who, according to the partition of sovereignty then prevailing, reigned over Gaul, Spain, and Britain. His mother's name was Helena. He was most probably born at Naissus in Dacia, in 274 A.D., but according to some historians he was born in Mœsia, in February, 272 A.D. His education was chiefly military; his figure was tall and majestic; his deportment was graceful; he was intrepid in war and affable in peace. To a very advanced season of life he preserved the vigor of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance.

In 292 A.D. his father divorced Helena and married Theodora, a daughter of the Emperor Maximian. Constantine was detained in the East as a hostage by Diocletian, and afterward by the Emperor Galerius, who was his jealous and malignant enemy. After 296 A.D. he served with distinction under Galerius in the Persian war, became a favorite of the army, and rose to the rank of a tribune of the first order.

When Diocletian and his colleague abdicated, in 305 A.D., they were succeeded by Constantius and Galerius, who assumed the title of Augustus. Two new *Cæsars* (or subordinate emperors) were required to supply their place, and to complete the system of imperial government. Diocletian had left the nomination of the Cæsars to his son-in-law, Galerius, who chose Maximin and Severus. He thus ignored the reasonable claim of Constantine, who continued to be detained in the East with Galerius. To rescue his son from imminent danger, Constantius urged Galerius to permit him to come to his camp in the West, and, after many delays and excuses, permission was granted. Constantine traveled with "incredible diligence," and reached Boulogne, in Gaul, when his father was about to embark for Britain. He was at York when his father died there, in July, 306 A.D., and was then proclaimed emperor by the army.

Constantine was now in a critical and dangerous position, for Galerius aspired to be sole emperor; but the young general displayed a remarkable combination of courage, craftiness and wisdom. Yielding with feigned reluctance to the acclamations of the army, he wrote to Galerius a letter, in which he modestly asserted his claim to be the successor of his father, and regretted that the army did not permit him to delay assuming the purple until the imperial approbation was obtained. Galerius accepted Constantine as sovereign of the provinces beyond the Alps; but he gave him only the title of Cæsar, while he conferred the higher title of Augustus on his favorite Severus. Maxentius, a son of Maximian, became, in 306 A.D., master of Rome, and was recognized as emperor by the Senate and the people. Maximian, who had recently abdicated, resumed the purple at the request of his son, and defeated the Emperor Severus, who was put to death early in 307. Constantine formed an alliance with Maxentius, and married Fausta, a daughter of Maximian, in March, 307 A.D.; his previous wife, Minervina, had died.

Galerius with a large army entered Italy, and marched against Maxentius and his father; but he failed to gain any victory, and soon retreated. In 308 the Roman Empire was governed by six emperors: Galerius, Licinius and Max-

imin, in the East; and Constantine, Maximian and Maxentius, in the West. A quarrel arose between Maxentius and Maximian, who was compelled to retire from Italy, and went to Gaul. Having attempted to usurp the throne of Constantine, he was put to death by his order in 310. Galerius died in 311 A.D.

Constantine now became the ally of Licinius, and a secret alliance was formed between Maxentius and Maximin. Italy groaned under the dominion of Maxentius, a cruel and rapacious tyrant, who was ambitious to be sole emperor of the West, and levied an army to invade Gaul. Constantine anticipated him, and entered Italy with a well-disciplined army of about 40,000 men. It was during this campaign that he is said to have been converted to Christianity by seeing a flaming cross—or, rather, the Labarum bearing the monogram of Christ—in the sky at noonday. This was repeated in a vision in which he also saw or heard the famous motto, "By this conquer." Eusebius records that Constantine himself told the story. It is certain that henceforth he marched to victory under the Labarum. He defeated an army of Maxentius at Turin and another at Verona, and then turned towards the capital. He encountered—on the Tiber, about nine miles from Rome—an army commanded by Maxentius in person (October, 312). Constantine charged in person the cavalry of his rival, and his attack determined the fortune of the day. Maxentius, forced by a crowd of fugitives into the river, was drowned. Constantine entered Rome, abolished the Prætorian guards, put to death two sons of Maxentius, and accepted the title of Pontifex Maximus, as head of the state religion, which was still pagan. He imposed a heavy perpetual tax on all the senators. Rome had ceased to be a favorite residence of the emperors, and Constantine remained there only a few weeks. He resided alternately at Trier, Milan, Sirmium and Thessalonica, but seldom remained long at one place. In 313 A.D., he issued his famous edict restoring to Christians all forfeited civil and religious rights, and securing for them full liberty.

After the death of Maximin, in 313, the Roman world was divided between Constantine and Licinius, the former of

whom was master of the West and the latter of the East. They soon quarelled and were involved in war. Constantine defeated the enemy at Cibalis in Pannonia, in October, 315, and again at Mardia in Thrace. Licinius sued for peace, which he purchased by the cession of Greece, Macedonia, Illyricum and Pannonia to the victor. This treaty was followed by a peace of nine years, during which Constantine strengthened his position by wise and humane legal reforms. Christianity was made the religion of the State. He defended the northern frontier against the inroads of barbarians. His son, Crispus, who had received, with the title of Cæsar, the command of the Rhine, gained victories over the Allemanni and the Franks. In 322 A.D. Constantine defeated an army of Goths who invaded Illyricum, and, crossing the Danube, he pressed them into the strongest recesses of Dacia.

Confiding in his superior genius and military power, he was ambitious to be the master of the whole Roman Empire, and he declared war against Licinius in 323 A.D. Licinius had an army of 15,000 and a large fleet. The army of Constantine was not quite so numerous, but his legions were levied in the warlike provinces of the West, and were well disciplined, so that he had more veterans than Licinius. In July, 323, the armies met at Adrianople, where Constantine gained a decisive victory. Licinius found refuge in Byzantium, a strongly-fortified city, where he was besieged.

Crispus, commanding the fleet, received orders to force the passage of the Hellespont, and he performed this enterprise with such courage and success that he is thought to have excited the jealousy of his father. He gained a complete naval victory and destroyed 130 vessels. Licinius soon raised a new army in Bithynia, and was again totally defeated at Chrysopolis (now Scutari), where 25,000 of his men were killed. Licinius surrendered to the victor, and was put to death, although his wife Constantia, a sister of Constantine, had obtained a promise that his life should be spared. By this victory gained in 324 A.D. the Roman world was again united under the authority of one emperor. The new foundation of Constantinople, as Byzantium was henceforth called, and the

establishment of the Christian religion, were the immediate and memorable consequences of this revolution.

After 324 the reign of Constantine was tranquil and prosperous; but his character and conduct appear to have changed for the worse as he advanced in years. His son Crispus, who had achieved an honorable record, was accused of treason by his step-mother Fausta, and was put to death, in 326 A.D. According to the best authorities the innocence of Crispus was universally acknowledged. Some historians state that Constantine repented and atoned for his cruelty by the execution of Fausta; but this event is attended with some circumstances of doubt and perplexity, and may have been invented by those who vainly sought to offset the blackness of one charge by introducing another.

In his zeal for the public interests of Christianity, Constantine summoned the first General Council of the Church, after the time of the Apostles, which met at Nicæa, in Asia Minor, in 325. As head of the empire, he presided over its first meeting and took an active part in its proceedings. The Nicene Creed there formulated has since been the basis of all Christian theology and the distinctive badge of orthodoxy. Constantine's interest in the Christian religion was strongly political, and was manifested in political ways more than in personal conduct. He resolved to bequeath to his family a new capital, a new policy and a new religion. In the choice of a capital he preferred a site on the confines of Europe and Asia, and for this purpose selected Byzantium, changing its name to New Rome or Constantinople—"City of Constantine." Its chief merit was that it was strongly guarded by nature against a hostile attack, while it had an almost unrivalled position for commerce. The city was enlarged and embellished, and 60,000 pounds weight of gold are said to have been expended in the construction of walls, porticoes and aqueducts. The empire also was reconstructed by the genius of Constantine, on a plan entirely new; the civil functions of the state were separated from the military, and both from the religious, though he aimed to combine headship of all in his own person. The general peace which he maintained during the last fourteen years of his reign was a period of apparent

splendor rather than real prosperity. The conclusion of his reign detracts in some measure from the position which he had acquired among the most meritorious Roman emperors. The dress, manners and Asiatic pomp which he affected in his advanced age betrayed the deterioration of his character.

In the latter part of his life, Constantine, who had previously held with the Orthodox Christians, showed some partiality to the Arians. He seems to have wished that their views should be allowed, if not formally approved, in the Church. According to a practice long prevalent, he had deferred his baptism until shortly before his death, though in all other respects he conformed to the requirements of the faith he had adopted and avowed. Constantine died at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, May 22, 337, A.D., having divided the empire between his three sons: Constantine, Constans and Constantius. His sons had been invested with the title of Cæsar before his death. He had also given the title of Cæsar to his nephew Dalmatius. He had three brothers, one of whom was the father of the Emperor Julian. "In the life of Constantine," says Gibbon, perhaps with prejudice, unbecoming a historian, "we may contemplate a hero, who had so long inspired his subjects with love and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch." The mighty change which he effected in the destinies of the world by the alliance of the vast power of the Roman Empire, and all its political machinery, with the cause and Church of Christ, has induced Christian writers to regard his character with more favorable eyes and to seek to palliate his undeniable faults.

The Standard of the Cross.

In the beginning of the fourth century, the Christians still bore a very inadequate proportion to the inhabitants of the empire; but among a degenerate people, who viewed the change of masters with the indifference of slaves, the spirit and union of a religious party might assist the popular leader, to whose service, from a principle of conscience, they had devoted their lives and fortunes. The example of his father had instructed Constantine to esteem and to reward the merit

of the Christians; and in the distribution of public offices, he had the advantage of strengthening his government, by the choice of ministers or generals, in whose fidelity he could repose a just and unreserved confidence. By the influence of these dignified missionaries, the proselytes of the new faith must have multiplied in the court and army; the Barbarians of Germany, who filled the ranks of the legions, were of a careless temper, which acquiesced without resistance in the religion of their commander; and when they passed the Alps, it may fairly be presumed, that a great number of the soldiers had already consecrated their swords to the service of Christ and of Constantine. The habits of mankind and the interest of religion gradually abated the horror of war and bloodshed, which had so long prevailed among the Christians; and in the councils which were assembled under the gracious protection of Constantine, the authority of the bishops was seasonably employed to ratify the obligation of the military oath, and to inflict the penalty of excommunication on those soldiers who threw away their arms during the peace of the church. While Constantine, in his own dominions, increased the number and zeal of his faithful adherents, he could depend on the support of a powerful faction in those provinces which were still possessed or usurped by his rivals. A secret disaffection was diffused among the Christian subjects of Maxentius and Licinius; and the resentment, which the latter did not attempt to conceal, served only to engage them still more deeply in the interest of his competitor. The regular correspondence which connected the bishops of the most distant provinces, enabled them freely to communicate their wishes and their designs, and to transmit without danger any useful intelligence, or any pious contributions, which might promote the service of Constantine, who publicly declared that he had taken up arms for the deliverance of the church.

The enthusiasm which inspired the troops, and perhaps the emperor himself, had sharpened their swords while it satisfied their conscience. They marched to battle with the full assurance that the same God, who had formerly opened a passage to the Israelites through the waters of Jordan, and had thrown

down the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua, would display his visible majesty and power in the victory of Constantine. The evidence of ecclesiastical history is prepared to affirm, that their expectations were justified by the conspicuous miracle to which the conversion of the first Christian emperor has been almost unanimously ascribed. The real or imaginary cause of so important an event, deserves and demands the attention of posterity; and I shall endeavor to form a just estimate of the famous vision of Constantine, by a distinct consideration of the *standard*, the *dream*, and the *celestial sign;* by separating the historical, the natural, and the marvellous parts of this extraordinary story, which, in the composition of a specious argument, have been artfully confounded in one splendid and brittle mass.

I. An instrument of the tortures which were inflicted only on slaves and strangers, became an object of horror in the eyes of a Roman citizen; and the ideas of guilt, of pain, and of ignominy, were closely united with the idea of the cross. The piety, rather than the humanity, of Constantine soon abolished in his dominions the punishment which the Saviour of mankind had condescended to suffer; but the emperor had already learned to despise the prejudices of his education, and of his people, before he could erect in the midst of Rome his own statue, bearing a cross in its right hand; with an inscription, which referred the victory of its arms, and the deliverance of Rome, to the virtue of that salutary sign, the true symbol of force and courage. The same symbol sanctified the arms of the soldiers of Constantine; the cross glittered on their helmet, was engraved on their shields, was interwoven into their banners; and the consecrated emblems which adorned the person of the emperor himself were distinguished only by richer materials and more exquisite workmanship.

But the principal standard which displayed the triumph of the cross was styled the *Labarum*, an obscure, though celebrated, name, which has been vainly derived from almost all the languages of the world. It is described as a long pike intersected by a transversal beam. The silken veil, which hung down from the beam, was curiously inwrought with the

images of the reigning monarch and his children. The summit of the pike supported a crown of gold which enclosed the mysterious monogram, at once expressive of the figure of the cross, and the initial letters, of the name of Christ. The safety of the labarum was intrusted to fifty guards, of approved valor and fidelity; their station was marked by honors and emoluments; and some fortunate accidents soon introduced an opinion, that as long as the guards of the labarum were engaged in the execution of their office, they were secure and invulnerable amidst the darts of the enemy. In the second civil war, Licinius felt and dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which, in the distress of battle, animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the adverse legions. The Christian emperors, who respected the example of Constantine, displayed in all their military expeditions the standard of the cross; but when the degenerate successors of Theodosius had ceased to appear in person at the head of their armies, the labarum was deposited as a venerable but useless relic in the palace of Constantinople. Its honors are still preserved on the medals of the Flavian family. Their grateful devotion has placed the monogram of Christ in the midst of the ensigns of Rome. The solemn epithets of safety of the republic, glory of the army, restoration of public happiness, are equally applied to the religious and military trophies; and there is still extant a medal of the Emperor Constantius, where the standard of the labarum is accompanied with these memorable words, BY THIS SIGN THOU SHALT CONQUER.

II. In all occasions of danger and distress, it was the practice of the primitive Christians to fortify their minds and bodies by the sign of the cross, which they used, in all their ecclesiastical rites, in all the daily occurrences of life, as an infallible preservative against every species of spiritual or temporal evil. The authority of the church might alone have had sufficient weight to justify the devotion of Constantine, who in the same prudent and gradual progress acknowledged the truth, and assumed the symbol, of Christianity. But the testimony of a contemporary writer, who in a formal

treatise has avenged the cause of religion, bestows on the piety of the emperor a more awful and sublime character. He affirms, with the most perfect confidence, that in the night which preceded the last battle against Maxentius, Constantine was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the *celestial sign of God*, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ; that he executed the commands of Heaven, and that his valor and obedience were rewarded by the decisive victory of the Milvian Bridge. Some considerations might perhaps incline a skeptical mind to suspect the judgment or the veracity of the rhetorician, whose pen, either from zeal or interest, was devoted to the cause of the prevailing faction. He appears to have published his "Deaths of the Persecutors" at Nicomedia about three years after the Roman victory; but the interval of a thousand miles, and a thousand days, will allow an ample latitude for the invention of declaimers, the credulity of party, and the tacit approbation of the emperor himself; who might listen without indignation to a marvelous tale, which exalted his fame, and promoted his designs. If the dream of Constantine is separately considered, it may be naturally explained either by the policy or the enthusiasm of the emperor. Whilst his anxiety for the approaching day, which must decide the fate of the empire, was suspended by a short and interrupted slumber, the venerable form of Christ, and the well-known symbol of his religion, might forcibly offer themselves to the active fancy of a prince who reverenced the name, and had perhaps secretly implored the power, of the God of the Christians. As readily might a consummate statesman indulge himself in the use of one of those military stratagems, one of those pious frauds, which Philip and Sertorius had employed with such art and effect. The preternatural origin of dreams was universally admitted by the nations of antiquity, and a considerable part of the Gallic army was already prepared to place their confidence in the salutary sign of the Christian religion.

The secret vision of Constantine could be disproved only by the event; and the intrepid hero who had passed the Alps, and the Apennine, might view with careless despair the con-

sequences of a defeat under the walls of Rome. The senate and people, exulting in their own deliverance from an odious tyrant, acknowledged that the victory of Constantine surpassed the powers of man, without daring to insinuate that it had been obtained by the protection of the *gods*. The triumphal arch, which was erected about three years after the event, proclaims, in ambiguous language, that by the greatness of his own mind, and by an *instinct* or impulse of the Divinity, he had saved and avenged the Roman republic. The Pagan orator, who had seized an earlier opportunity of celebrating the virtues of the conqueror, supposes that he alone enjoyed a secret and intimate commerce with the Supreme Being, who delegated the care of mortals to his subordinate deities; and thus assigns a very plausible reason why the subjects of Constantine should not presume to embrace the new religion of their sovereign.

III. The philosopher, who with calm suspicion examines the dreams and omens, the miracles and prodigies, of profane or even of ecclesiastical history, will probably conclude, that if the eyes of the spectators have sometimes been deceived by fraud, the understanding of the readers has much more frequently been insulted by fiction. Every event, or appearance, or accident, which seems to deviate from the ordinary course of nature, has been rashly ascribed to the immediate action of the Deity; and the astonished fancy of the multitude has sometimes given shape and color, language and motion, to the fleeting but uncommon meteors of the air. Eusebius reports Constantine to have seen with his own eyes the luminous trophy of the cross, placed above the meridian sun, and inscribed with the following words: By this conquer. This amazing object in the sky astonished the whole army, as well as the emperor himself, who was yet undetermined in the choice of a religion; but his astonishment was converted into faith by the vision of the ensuing night. Christ appeared before his eyes; and displaying the same celestial sign of the cross, he directed Constantine to frame a similar standard, and to march, with an assurance of victory, against Maxentius and all his enemies. The learned Bishop of Cæsarea appears to be sensible, that the recent discovery

of this marvelous anecdote would excite some surprise and distrust among the most pious of his readers. He contents himself with alleging a very singular testimony; that of the deceased Constantine, who, many years after the event, in the freedom of conversation, had related to him this extraordinary incident of his own life, and had attested the truth of it by a solemn oath. The prudence and gratitude of the learned prelate forbade him to suspect the veracity of his victorious master; but he plainly intimates, that in a fact of such a nature, he should have refused his assent to any meaner authority. This motive of credibility could not survive the power of the Flavian family; and the celestial sign, which the Infidels might afterwards deride, was disregarded by the Christians of the age which immediately followed the conversion of Constantine. But the Catholic church, both of the East and of the West, has adopted a prodigy, which favors, or seems to favor, the popular worship of the cross.

—E. Gibbon.

BELISARIUS.

BELISARIUS is one of those heroic names which are familiar to every age and nation. He was a military commander of the first order, and the greatest general of the Byzantine Empire. To his genius and victories the Emperor Justinian was indebted for the military glory of his reign. The pathetic close of his career, according to the common story, yet not thoroughly authenticated, has impressed his memory on the popular mind.

Belisarius was born of obscure parents at Germania, in Illyria, about 505, A.D. His native Slavonic name, Beli-Tzar, means "White Prince." The historian, Procopius, was his secretary and biographer, but has not given information about his youth. Belisarius served in the private guard of Justinian during the reign of Justin, and on the accession of Justinian, in 527, A.D., he was appointed general of the Eastern armies, which defended the empire from Persian invasion. In 530 he gained a decisive victory at Dara, and in the next year at Callinicum. In 532, A.D., a dangerous sedition was raised in Constantinople, by the mutual hatred of factions called the Blues and the Greens. Belisarius, with 3,000 veterans under his command, quelled the sedition after about 30,000 of the rioters and rebels had been killed.

Belisarius married Antonina, who had been an actress of loose morality, yet she reigned with absolute power over her uxorious husband, and accompanied him in all the hardships and dangers of a military life. In 533 Justinian collected a

large fleet and army for an expedition against the Vandals of Africa, and gave the supreme command, by land and sea, to Belisarius, with unlimited power to act according to his discretion. Departing from Constantinople in June, he landed on the coast of Africa in September, 533, A.D. The Vandal king, Gelimer, who reigned at the city of Carthage, collected a formidable army, which he commanded in person. Belisarius gained a decisive victory ten miles from Carthage and entered that city without resistance. The citizens, with joyful acclamations, welcomed and invited their Roman deliverers. Belisarius maintained strict discipline, and forbade the soldiers to rob or massacre the inhabitants. Another battle, in which he defeated the Vandals, resulted in the final overthrow of their African kingdom. He dispatched an officer to inform Justinian that in the space of three months he had achieved the conquest of Africa. Gelimer was captured and treated with clemency. In 534, A.D., Belisarius was honored with a triumph, which was the first ever witnessed in Constantinople, and the first ever enjoyed by a subject since the reign of Tiberius.

Belisarius became sole consul in the year 535; and in the same year commanded an expedition against the Gothic king, Theodatus, who reigned in Italy. He besieged and took Naples and marched to Rome, which Vitiges, the new Gothic king, did not defend. The deputies of the Pope and the Senate invited Belisarius to accept their voluntary allegiance and to enter the city, which he did in December, 536, A.D. In the following spring, Vitiges collected an army of 150,000 Goths and besieged Rome. With an army of 5,000 veterans, Belisarius defended the city for a year. In one battle between the Goths and Romans, the former were repulsed with 30,000 killed. "This perilous day," says Gibbon, "was the most glorious in the life of Belisarius." From this day the siege degenerated into a tedious blockade. In March, 538, A.D., the Gothic army was forced to raise the siege of Rome, and Vitiges retreated to Ravenna, the Gothic capital. The war was terminated by the capture of Ravenna and Vitiges, in 539, A.D. The Goths then tempted Belisarius to desert the service of his master and become the emperor of the West;

but his regard for his oath caused him to maintain his loyalty, and he returned to Constantinople in 540. In the space of six years he had subdued Africa and Italy, and recovered half of the province of the Western Empire. By the union of justice and liberality, he acquired the love of the soldiers and of the people.

In 542, Belisarius was again called to defend the Eastern frontier against the inroads of Chosroes or Nushirvan, King of Persia. At the end of the campaign he was recalled by the intrigues of Theodora and Antonina, and escaped death by a heavy fine and submission to his infamous wife. The Gothic king, Totila, having gained several victories over the Romans, and recovered possession of nearly all Italy, Belisarius returned, in 544, to Italy, with a small army of raw recruits. Being nearly destitute of arms, horses and money, his force was inadequate to deliver Rome, which was besieged by the Gothic king and taken by him in December, 546, A. D. Yet, two months later, Belisarius recovered Rome, and defended it with success against the assaults of Totila. His career was again interrupted by the jealousy of Justinian and the intrigues of courtiers and rival generals. He returned from Italy in September, 548, A.D., leaving the fruits of his victories to be reaped by his inferior rival, Narses. For nearly ten years Belisarius reposed from his toils in the high station of General of the East and Count of the Domestics, while the older consuls and patricians respectfully yielded the precedency of rank to the peerless merit of the first of the Romans.

The general's last achievement was the defeat of the Bulgarians, who invaded the empire in 559, and advanced within twenty miles of the capital of the trembling Justinian. After he had gained one victory, he obeyed the command, dictated by the emperor's envy, forbidding him to achieve the deliverance of his country. The acclamations of joy and gratitude with which the people received him, were imputed as a crime to the victor. In 563, A.D., a conspiracy to kill Justinian was detected, and one of the conspirators accused two officers of the household of Belisarius. Torture forced them to confess that they had acted according to his instructions. He was

condemned and his fortune was sequestered, but his life was spared. For many months he was guarded as a prisoner in his own palace. He is commonly reported to have been deprived of sight and reduced to beggary, though some assert that his innocence was finally acknowledged, and his honors restored. The circumstances of his disgrace and death are involved in great uncertainty. He died in March, 565, A.D., leaving but one daughter.

In person, Belisarius was tall and handsome. He is generally reputed to have been a Christian. As a general he was remarkable for presence of mind and rapidity of movement, and for effecting the greatest conquests with the smallest armies and resources. He was distinguished by his loyalty to the emperor, his humanity to the vanquished and his patience towards rivals and enemies who falsely accused him. "His campaigns," says Dean Stanley, "form an era in military history as being the first conducted by a really great soldier under the influence of Christianity." One result of his career was the preservation of the Byzantine empire, and with it the ancient literature bequeathed by it to the West.

The Capture of Ravenna.

Ravenna, against which Belisarius now directed his whole army, was surrounded by a twofold barrier of strong ramparts and impervious morasses. Its strength needs no further proof than the constant residence of the timid Honorius, who first selected this city for the capital. Even Alaric, in the fullness of his power, had never ventured to invest it, and it had vainly been besieged for nearly three years by Theodoric the Great. Thus therefore the late victories of Belisarius over the Goths did not altogether insure him certain, or still less, speedy success before Ravenna.

These obstacles were very rapidly surmounted by the Roman general. On his first approach, he discovered that the spirit of Vitiges was almost broken by repeated failure, and that he might, perhaps, be persuaded to enter into terms. Ambassadors were therefore dispatched to Ravenna; but in the meanwhile every passage, both by sea and land, was guarded by the prudent care of Belisarius, and his prospects

of negotiation never induced him to relax his vigilance. During the progress of these parleys, he planned and executed a measure, which enabled him to dictate rather than to treat. He opened a correspondence with Queen Matasontha, and by her secret aid, found means of firing the Gothic granaries and magazines, so that Ravenna became almost devoid of provisions, and unable much longer to hold out. The co-operation of their queen was suspected by some of the Goths; but a greater number imputed the calamity to lightning, and the first were less terrified by domestic treachery than the latter by so evident a mark of the divine displeasure. All, however, concurred in regarding the immediate downfall of their monarchy as certain and inevitable, either from the rigorous terms of the negotiation, or from the effects of the blockade.

But they had not reckoned on their Byzantine allies, the feeble judgment and suspicious temper of Justinian. During the siege of Rome, some ambassadors from Vitiges had embarked for Constantinople, to propose the partition of the Gothic kingdom as the terms of peace. They had been allowed by the imperial court to languish in neglect, till Nushirvan, King of Persia, roused by Gothic solicitations, and by his own ambitious views, resolved to invade the Roman territories. At this intelligence Justinian trembled, and displayed that inconsiderate rashness, to which the foolhardy and the pusillanimous are equally prone. Without deigning to inquire from his successful general, whether it might not be almost as easy to render the Goths his subjects as his allies, the emperor concluded with the barbarian ambassadors a disgraceful treaty, which left to Vitiges the title of king, the provinces beyond the Po, and a moiety of the treasures at Ravenna. Accompanied by two Roman senators, the joyful envoys forthwith proceeded to the imperial camp, and from thence to the Gothic capital, which they filled with surprise at their unexpected good fortune. It may well be imagined that Vitiges, who had already thought himself a captive at Constantinople, hastened to ratify a treaty by which his most sanguine expectations were surpassed, and which rather resembled the gift of a benefactor than the stipulations of an enemy.

On the other hand, the Roman general heard with indig-

nation of an agreement so pernicious to the public cause, and he called together a council of his principal officers, to consult them on his project of accomplishing the conquest of Italy in spite of the mandate of the emperor. The men to whom this deliberation was referred were but little disposed to forward the views of their high-minded leader. Several amongst them were envious of his fame or impatient of his discipline, and a still greater number regretted the pleasures of peace and of home. To a military spirit, the languor of a long blockade is far more hateful than the peril of a siege, and either timidity or weariness might easily be veiled beneath a respectful submission to the imperial commands. According to the request of Belisarius, who wished to preserve an authentic record of their sentiments, each officer gave in a written opinion, in which the reduction of Ravenna was pronounced to be visionary and impracticable, and the treaty of partition judicious and expedient.

Undismayed at this unanimous opposition, the general determined to extinguish the Gothic monarchy, and to present before the throne of Justinian the treasures and the person of Vitiges. He refused to ratify the Byzantine agreement, and his refusal filled the Goths with alarm. Dreading some fraudulent intention on the part of the Romans, they declared that they could place no reliance on the peace proposed to them, unless it were confirmed both by the signature and the oath of Belisarius. The Roman general, however, persevered in his noble resolution to incur the merit or the guilt of a patriotic disobedience.

By the refusal of Belisarius, the brilliant visions of peace and security which had floated before the eyes of the barbarians, vanished almost as rapidly and unexpectedly as they had arisen. To the pangs of disappointment were added those of approaching famine; and their hopeless situation suggested a project which, however singular, is not unparalleled in history. The Goths resolved to depose a sovereign whom they had always found unfortunate, and to elect as his successor an enemy whose valor was attested by their overthrow and whose virtues had extorted their esteem. Under the auspicious command of Belisarius, they trusted to attain a higher pitch of

power than that to which even the great Theodoric had raised them, and it was not the title of Gothic King, but of Western Emperor which they urged him to assume. It is probable that their views of conquest passed the bounds of Italy, and extended to France, Africa and Spain. Vitiges himself was forced to acquiesce in this extraordinary scheme, to add his entreaties to those of his subjects, and to place his abdication at the feet of the Roman general.

A wider field has rarely been opened to ambition, and it might not have been difficult to obtain the approbation and support of the Roman army. Though Belisarius had many enemies amongst the officers, every soldier was his devoted partisan; since the same qualities and exploits, which provoked the envy of the one, secured the attachment of the other. For the distant authority of a feeble and unwarlike sovereign, they would have preferred the exaltation of their victorious general, well acquainted with their merit, and by his new dignity enabled to reward it. On the other part, Belisarius could not be ignorant of the dangers which must attend his continued loyalty, of the secret cabals against him in the palace, where his late disobedience might be magnified into mutiny and treason. Narses also was present with Justinian, Narses who had inflicted too many injuries on Belisarius to be capable of forgiveness, and who added the merit of a general to the familiar intercourse of a domestic, and the practiced cunning of a courtier. But Belisarius was deeply impressed with his oath of allegiance, from which no personal considerations could absolve him, and knew how to despise an usurped and precarious throne.

He resolved, however, by a seeming compliance, to hasten the surrender of Ravenna and the captivity of Vitiges. It had been required that Belisarius should solemnly swear to protect from injury the inhabitants of Ravenna (December, A.D. 539), but with regard to his stipulated assumption of the imperial dignity, no promise was exacted by the Goths, who thought his own ambition a sufficient security. A fleet laden with provisions was then permitted to steer into the harbor of Classe, the gates of the Adriatic capital were thrown open to the Romans, and Belisarius triumphantly entered an impreg-

nable fortress, which, for more than two hundred years from this time, proved the firmest bulwark of the Eastern Empire in Italy. The Goths, who still surpassed their victorious enemy in numbers, viewed his scanty battalions with shame and surprise, and the indignant females, spitting in the faces of their husbands and brothers, pointed with bitter upbraidings to the pigmy stature of the southern soldiers. In compliance with the oath, and his own maxims of discipline, Belisarius prevented any outrage on the part of his forces, and carefully preserved inviolate the property and persons of the Goths. On the other hand, Vitiges was detained, though with great respect, a close captive in his palace, the engagement for his safety was renewed in a church, but his treasures, the accumulated wealth of the great Theodoric, became the spoil of the conqueror. According to the example of the capital, some neighboring fortresses which still held out, surrendered to the Roman arms; the example of submission extended to the Cottian Alps, and Pavia alone shut her gates, until the reign of Belisarius should be publicly made known. Such hopes were quickly disappointed. As soon as the ramparts of Ravenna were secured, and a share of its barbarian garrison dismissed to the tillage of the neighboring districts, Belisarius proclaimed his unshaken loyalty, and declared that he would remain, and that the Goths must become the faithful subjects of Justinian.

The reduction of Ravenna by Belisarius inflamed still further the jealous animosity of his enemies and rivals at Constantinople, well skilled in the arts to blacken the fame of any general, by representing him, if defeated, as unworthy, if successful, as dangerous. In spite of his recent declaration of fidelity and refusal of empire, Belisarius was secretly accused of aspiring to independent power. Perhaps, however, Justinian might have withstood these perfidious insinuations, had not the invasion of the Persians afforded first a specious pretext, and afterwards an unexpected necessity for recalling the conqueror of Italy. In the letter which commanded his departure, his services were acknowledged and extolled, and a grateful sovereign seemed only anxious to reward his merit, and to employ it on a wider field. Though it was not diffi-

cult for Belisarius to discern the suspicion and displeasure which lurked beneath these courtly professions, he without hesitation determined on obedience. To the Goths, his continued loyalty appeared altogether unaccountable, and the squadron of Uraias at Pavia vainly implored him in another embassy to raise the standard of rebellion, and no longer to prefer the situation of a slave to that of a sovereign.

Belisarius embarked (A.D. 540), at Ravenna, with the Gothic captives and treasure, and arrived at Constantinople, after five years of warfare from the foot of Etna to the banks of the Po, during which he had subdued nearly the same extent of country as the Romans had acquired in the five first centuries, since the foundation of the city. His prompt unhesitating obedience silenced the voice of envy for a time, and Justinian, urged by the increasing dangers of the East, consented to appoint his faithful servant to that important command.—LORD MAHON.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Nearly four years from the battle of Chettos (A.D. 563), a conspiracy was formed by Marcellus, Sergius, and some other illustrious senators, for the murder of Justinian. It is no small proof how much the natural faults of Justinian were aggravated by old age, and how intolerable his government had grown, that the disaffected should not have patiently expected the death of an octogenarian. The conspirators were detected, torture was used to wring from them the names of their accomplices, and some domestics of Belisarius ventured to accuse their master. Since the Bulgarian victory, the hero had remained under the displeasure of Justinian; but it required the very extremity of jealous dotage to believe that he, who in the full vigor of manhood had refused a crown, and preserved his loyalty amidst the strongest temptations to rebellion, should now, at the close of life, assume the part of an assassin. Such considerations were overlooked by his sovereign, or suppressed by his enemies. In the month of December, Belisarius was ignominiously deprived of his guards and domestics; his fortunes were sequestered, and he was detained a close prisoner in his palace.

The trial of the true and supposed conspirators took place in the ensuing year (A.D. 564), when a sentence of death was probably pronounced on all and executed on the greater number. The past services of Belisarius, which might have proved his innocence, served at least to mitigate his fate; and, according to a frequent practice of the Byzantine Court with eminent state-prisoners, the decree of death was relaxed into one of blindness, and his eyes were accordingly put out. It was then that, restored to liberty, but deprived of all means of subsistence by the preceding confiscation of his property, Belisarius was reduced to beg his bread before the gates of the convent of Laurus. The platter of wood or earthenware which he held out for charity, and his exclamation, "Give a penny to Belisarius the General," remained for many years impressed on the recollection of the people. It would seem that this spectacle of persecuted merit aroused some dangerous feelings of indignation and pity, and was therefore speedily removed from public view. Belisarius was brought back, most probably as a prisoner, to his former palace, a portion of his treasures was allotted for his use, and these circumstances may have given some color for the assertion two or three centuries afterwards, of his having been restored to honors and to freedom. His death, which perhaps was hastened by the grief or the hardships of captivity, ensued in the course of the next spring (A.D. 565), and Antonina, who survived him, devoted to the cloister the remains of her life and fortune. Such, in all likelihood, is the authentic narrative of the fall of Belisarius.—LORD MAHON.

HERACLIUS.

THE high authority of Gibbon has pronounced the character of the Byzantine Emperor Heraclius one of the most extraordinary and inconsistent in history. At first the slave of sloth or superstition, he was roused from degradation to restore the honor of Rome in several glorious campaigns against the Persians, and then sank back into disgraceful and disastrous inactivity.

He was the son of Heraclius, Roman governor of Africa, but a native of Cappadocia, and was born about the year 575 A.D. Although he had proved himself a valiant soldier in several combats, he had never commanded an army until his father left to him a tempting opportunity which had been offered to himself. The empire groaned under the horrors of war and the debauches and cruelties of Phocas, a monster who had succeeded to the throne by the murder of the Emperor Maurice and his five sons. Crispus, a patrician, who had married the only daughter of Phocas, had often begged the African governor to come and deliver his countrymen from the insupportable tyranny of his father-in-law. Heraclius, at last yielding, entrusted the dangerous enterprise to his son, Heraclius the Younger, now thirty-five years of age, and his general, Nicetas. Heraclius was to command the fleet, and Nicetas to advance with the land forces through Asia Minor. Phocas had received a faint intimation of the undertaking; but his fears were allayed by the positive assurances of his treacherous son-in-law, until the African

fleet appeared before Constantinople with ensigns bearing the image of the Holy Virgin. A desperate but fruitless resistance was opposed to the landing of the Africans. So well had Crispus managed the defection that the tyrant beheld the imperial guards and the élite of his soldiers overpowered and struck down in his presence, and fled to the remotest part of his palace for refuge. He was quickly dragged forth, stripped of his purple, covered with a coarse black garment, loaded with chains, and led before Heraclius, amid the execrations of a howling mob. "Is this the way you govern an empire?" said Heraclius. "Will you govern it better?" was the sullen reply of the doomed tyrant. These were his last words. After being subjected to every species of insult, his head was struck from his shoulders, his limbs paraded in the streets of Constantinople, and his mangled trunk consumed in the flames kindled by the infuriated populace.

By the unanimous desire of people, senate and clergy, Heraclius assumed the title of emperor, and was crowned, with his wife, Eudoxia, a few days later. The first twelve years of his reign present a melancholy picture of disasters in the empire and supineness on the part of the emperor. At his accession, the government and the army were in a state of complete disorganization. A new army was levied and disciplined, order was partially restored, and confidence was returning to a despairing people. But pestilence, famine and earthquakes were depopulating the fairest provinces of Asia. The Persians on the East, the Avars, Slavs and Hungarians on the West, were covering the lands dominated by the Romans with ashes and ruins. The armies of Chosroes had sacked Damascus, desolated Syria and Palestine, and formed a camp under the walls of Chalcedon, as a perpetual menace to Constantinople. Heraclius, overwhelmed with grief, yet inactive and irresolute, seemed like one chained to the throne with power which he could not wield, and more inclined to find some means of conjuring away an impending catastrophe than to bestir himself to meet and avert it. The rigors of famine began to be felt in the capital, and he even entertained the base design of leaving the city to its fate, and retiring to Carthage, but was prevailed upon by the entreaties

of his subjects and denunciations of the clergy to abandon this dastardly project.

The Persian monarch, doubtful of his ability to make the conquest of Constantinople, contented himself with imposing on the Romans a yearly tribute of a thousand talents of silver, a thousand talents of gold, a thousand silk robes, a thousand horses, and a thousand virgins. Heraclius, eager to purchase peace at any price, gladly accepted these humiliating conditions. The first sign of returning life and activity in the listless emperor was discovered when the haughty Persian proceeded to make the insolent demand that the Romans should abjure the worship of their crucified Lord, and become worshipers of the sun. This unexpected proposal, coupled with the news of the capture of Jerusalem, the massacre or dispersion of its inhabitants, and, above all, the carrying away of the Holy Cross, seemed to infuse an unwonted energy into Heraclius and completely metamorphose him. Every effort was made on the part of the monarch, and every sacrifice on the part of the people, to find the means of recovering the sacred symbol and executing vengeance on the spoliators. The consecrated gold and silver of the churches were placed by the clergy at the disposal of Heraclius, under a solemn vow of restoration, when success should crown his efforts. The army was augmented by the enlistment of Huns, Servians and Croatians, men accustomed to arms and to whom war was a pastime.

Setting out from Constantinople, Heraclius halted his troops on the confines of Syria and Cilicia, for purposes of exercise and discipline, and succeeded beyond expectation in inspiring his soldiers with courage and enthusiasm. His army began to move in July, 622 A.D., met and routed the Persians in the defiles of Mt. Taurus, and went into winter quarters on the banks of the Halys. During a series of six consecutive campaigns, Heraclius showed himself an indefatigable and skillful leader. Ever first in the attack and last in retreat, he completely disconcerted the Persians by his daring and skillful manœuvres and the rapidity of his marches and countermarches. Oftener than once he met in single combat and defeated the champions of the enemy, and

became the admiration of his soldiers, both for his clemency to the vanquished and for his impetuous courage. At Gauzac, the modern Tauris, he completely defeated the haughty Chosroes, entered the city and extinguished the perpetual fire on the sacred hearth. He had penetrated into the heart of Asia, when the Avars, taking advantage of his absence, laid siege to Constantinople. But the inhabitants of the capital, inspired with the spirit of their emperor, made a brave defence and compelled the barbarians to retire.

Sarbar, the Persian general, tried to make a diversion by marching to Chalcedon; but Heraclius continued his triumphant career, fought a successful battle on the banks of the Zab, possessed himself of the royal treasures, and directed his march on Ctesiphon, the capital of Persia. In the meantime, in order to avenge himself for unjust treatment at the hands of his sovereign, Sarbar fomented a revolution among the Persian grandees, in the course of which Chosroes was murdered. His son Siroes, who succeeded to the throne, immediately concluded a peace with Heraclius, surrendered all the prisoners and the provinces conquered in the previous reign, and restored the Holy Cross, which had been taken from Jerusalem.

Heraclius returned to Constantinople in triumph, riding in a chariot drawn by four elephants, and bearing aloft the recovered symbol of man's redemption. After this he went to Jerusalem, made a solemn entry into the city, and carried the cross to the summit of Calvary. This is the last remarkable action recorded of this remarkable man. The rest of his life was spent in effeminacy and subtle arguments on the double nature of Christ, while his subjects were fleeing like frightened sheep, or falling in hundreds before the ruthless scimitars of the Mussulmans. Heraclius died of dropsy, in the year 641, after a reign of thirty years.

The Downfall of Chosroes.

After the division of his army, Heraclius prudently retired to the banks of the Phasis, from whence he maintained a defensive war against the fifty thousand gold spears of Persia. His anxiety was relieved by the deliverance of Constantinople;

his hopes were confirmed by a victory of his brother Theodorus; and to the hostile league of the Persian King Chosroes with the Avars, the Roman emperor opposed the useful and honorable alliance of the Turks. At his liberal invitation, the horde of Chozars transported their tents from the plains of the Volga to the mountains of Georgia; Heraclius received them in the neighborhood of Teflis, and the khan with his nobles dismounted from their horses, if we may credit the Greeks, and fell prostrate on the ground, to adore the purple of the Cæsars. Such voluntary homage and important aid were entitled to the warmest acknowledgments; and the emperor, taking off his own diadem, placed it on the head of the Turkish prince, whom he saluted with a tender embrace and the appellation of son. After a sumptuous banquet, he presented Ziebel with the plate and ornaments, the gold, the gems, and the silk which had been used at the imperial table, and, with his own hand, distributed rich jewels and ear-rings to his new allies. In a secret interview, he produced the portrait of his daughter Eudocia, condescended to flatter the Barbarian with the promise of a fair and *august* bride; obtained an immediate succor of forty thousand horse, and negotiated a strong diversion of the Turkish arms on the side of the Oxus.

The Persians in their turn, retreated with precipitation; in the camp of Edessa, Heraclius reviewed an army of seventy thousand Romans and strangers; and some months were successfully employed in the recovery of the cities of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, whose fortifications had been imperfectly restored. Sarbar still maintained the important station of Chalcedon, opposite Constantinople; but the jealousy of Chosroes, or the artifice of Heraclius, soon alienated the mind of that powerful satrap from the service of his king and country. A messenger was intercepted with a real or fictitious mandate to the cadarigan, or second in command, directing him to send, without delay, to the throne, the head of a guilty or unfortunate general. The dispatches were transmitted to Sarbar himself; and as soon as he read the sentence of his own death, he dexterously inserted the names of four hundred officers, assembled a military council, and asked the *cadarigan*

whether he was prepared to execute the commands of their tyrant. The Persians unanimously declared that Chosroes had forfeited the sceptre; a separate treaty was concluded with the government of Constantinople; and if some considerations of honor or policy restrained Sarbar from joining the standard of Heraclius, the emperor was assured that he might prosecute, without interruption, his designs of victory and peace.

Deprived of his firmest support, and doubtful of the fidelity of his subjects, the greatness of Chosroes was still conspicuous in its ruins. The number of five hundred thousand may be interpreted as an Oriental metaphor, to describe the men and arms, the horses and elephants, that covered Media and Assyria against the invasion of Heraclius. Yet the Romans boldly advanced from the Araxes to the Tigris, and the timid prudence of Rhazates was content to follow them by forced marches through a desolate country, till he received a peremptory mandate to risk the fate of Persia in a decisive battle. Eastward of the Tigris, at the end of the bridge of Mosul, the great Nineveh had formerly been erected: the city, and even the ruins of the city, had long since disappeared: the vacant space afforded a spacious field for the operations of the two armies. But these operations are neglected by the Byzantine historians, and, like the authors of epic poetry and romance, they ascribe the victory, not to the military conduct, but to the personal valor of their favorite hero.

On this memorable day, Heraclius, on his horse Phallas, surpassed the bravest of his warriors: his lip was pierced with a spear; the steed was wounded in the thigh; but he carried his master safe and victorious through the triple phalanx of the Barbarians. In the heat of the action, three valiant chiefs were successively slain by the sword and lance of the emperor: among these was Rhazates himself; he fell like a soldier, but the sight of his head scattered grief and despair through the fainting ranks of the Persians. His armor of pure and massy gold, the shield of one hundred and twenty plates, the sword and belt, the saddle and cuirass, adorned the triumph of Heraclius; and if he had not been faithful to Christ and his mother, the champion of Rome might have offered the fourth

opime spoils to Jupiter of the Capitol. In the battle of Nineveh, which was fiercely fought from daybreak to the eleventh hour, twenty-eight standards, besides those which might be broken or torn, were taken from the Persians; the greatest part of their army was cut in pieces, and the victors, concealing their own loss, passed the night on the field. They acknowledged that on this occasion it was less difficult to kill than to discomfit the soldiers of Chosroes; amidst the bodies of their friends, no more than two bow-shot from the enemy, the remnant of the Persian cavalry stood firm till the seventh hour of the night; about the eighth hour they retired to their unrifled camp, collected their baggage, and dispersed on all sides, from the want of orders rather than of resolution.

The diligence of Heraclius was not less admirable in the use of victory; by a march of forty-eight miles in four-and-twenty hours, his vanguard occupied the bridges of the Great and the Lesser Zab; and the cities and palaces of Assyria were open for the first time to the Romans. By a just gradation of magnificent scenes, they penetrated to the royal seat of Dastagerd, and, though much of the treasure had been removed, and much had been expended, the remaining wealth appears to have exceeded their hopes, and even to have satiated their avarice. Whatever could not be easily transported, they consumed with fire, that Chosroes might feel the anguish of those wounds which he had so often inflicted on the provinces of the empire; and justice might allow the excuse, if the desolation had been confined to the works of regal luxury, if national hatred, military license, and religious zeal had not wasted with equal rage the habitations and the temples of the guiltless subject. The recovery of three hundred Roman standards, and the deliverance of the numerous captives of Edessa and Alexandria, reflect a purer glory on the arms of Heraclius.

From the palace of Dastagerd, he pursued his march within a few miles of Modain or Ctesiphon, till he was stopped, on the banks of the Arba, by the difficulty of the passage, the rigor of the season, and perhaps the fame of an impregnable capital. The return of the emperor is marked by the modern name of the city of Sherhzour: he fortunately passed Mount

Zara, before the snow, which fell incessantly thirty-four days; and the citizens of Gandzca, or Tauris, were compelled to entertain his soldiers and their horses with a hospitable reception.

When the ambition of Chosroes was reduced to the defence of his hereditary kingdom, the love of glory, or even the sense of shame, should have urged him to meet his rival in the field. In the battle of Nineveh, his courage might have taught the Persians to vanquish, or he might have fallen with honor by the lance of a Roman emperor. The successor of Cyrus chose rather, at a secure distance, to expect the event, to assemble the relics of the defeat, and to retire, by measured steps, before the march of Heraclius, till he beheld with a sigh the once loved mansions of Dastagerd. Both his friends and enemies were persuaded, that it was the intention of Chosroes to bury himself under the ruins of the city and palace; and as both might have been equally adverse to his flight, the monarch of Asia, with Sira and three concubines, escaped through a hole in the wall nine days before the arrival of the Romans. The slow and stately procession in which he showed himself to the prostrate crowd, was changed to a rapid and secret journey; and the first evening he lodged in the cottage of a peasant, whose humble door would scarcely give admittance to the great king. His superstition was subdued by fear; on the third day, he entered with joy the fortifications of Ctesiphon; yet he still doubted of his safety till he had opposed the river Tigris to the pursuit of the Romans.

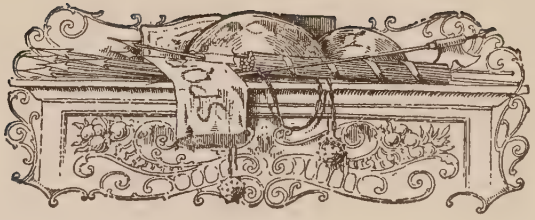
The discovery of his flight agitated with terror and tumult the palace, the city, and the camp of Dastagerd; the satraps hesitated whether they had most to fear from their sovereign or the enemy; and the females of the harem were astonished and pleased by the sight of mankind, till the jealous husband of three thousand wives again confined them to a more distant castle. At his command, the army of Dastagerd retreated to a new camp; the front was covered by the Arba, and a line of two hundred elephants; the troops of the more distant provinces successively arrived, and the vilest domestics of the king and satraps were enrolled for the last defence of the throne. It was still in the power of Chosroes to obtain a

reasonable peace; and he was repeatedly pressed by the messengers of Heraclius to spare the blood of his subjects, and to relieve a humane conqueror from the painful duty of carrying fire and sword through the fairest countries of Asia.

But the pride of the Persian had not yet sunk to the level of his fortune; he derived a momentary confidence from the retreat of the emperor; he wept with impotent rage over the ruins of his Assyrian palaces, and disregarded too long the rising murmurs of the nation, who complained that their lives and fortunes were sacrificed to the obstinacy of an old man. That unhappy old man was himself tortured with the sharpest pains both of mind and body; and, in the consciousness of his approaching end, he resolved to fix the tiara on the head of Merdaza, the most favored of his sons. But the will of Chosroes was no longer revered, and Siroes, who gloried in the rank and merit of his mother Sira, had conspired with the malcontents to assert and anticipate the rights of primogeniture. Twenty-two satraps (they styled themselves patriots) were tempted by the wealth and honors of a new reign; to the soldiers, the heir of Chosroes promised an increase of pay; to the Christians, a free exercise of their religion; to the captives, liberty and rewards; and to the nation, instant peace and the reduction of taxes.

It was determined by the conspirators that Siroes, with the ensigns of royalty, should appear in the camp; and if the enterprise should fail, his escape was contrived to the imperial court. But the new monarch was saluted with unanimous acclamations; the flight of Chosroes (yet where could he have fled?) was rudely arrested, eighteen sons were massacred before his face, and he was thrown into a dungeon, where he expired on the fifth day. The Greeks and modern Persians minutely describe how Chosroes was insulted, and famished, and tortured by the command of an inhuman son, who so far surpassed the example of his father; but at the time of his death, what tongue would relate the story of the parricide? what eye could penetrate into the *tower of darkness?* According to the faith and mercy of his Christian enemies, he sunk without hope into a still deeper abyss; and it will not be denied, that tyrants of every age and sect are the best entitled to such

infernal abodes. The glory of the house of Sassan ended with the life of Chosroes: his unnatural son enjoyed only eight months the fruit of his crimes; and in the space of four years, the regal title was assumed by nine candidates, who disputed, with the sword or dagger, the fragments of an exhausted monarchy. Every province, and each city of Persia, was the scene of independence, of discord, and of blood; and the state of anarchy prevailed about eight years longer, till the factions were silenced and united under the common yoke of the Arabian caliphs.—E. GIBBON.



S. MARTINEZ CUBELLS, PINX.

GUZMAN THE GOOD.

GUZMAN THE GOOD.

THE house of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia is illustrious in Spanish history, and its founder bears the honorable title of Guzman the Good, as a tribute to his unflinching loyalty to his sovereign, as well as for milder virtues. Don Alphonso Perez de Guzman was born at Valladolid in 1258, in the reign of Alphonso X., King of Castile. His father was Don Pedro Guzman, grand president of the province of Andalusia, and his mother an unmarried lady of noble birth, named Doña Teresa Ruiz de Castro.

While King Alphonso had gone to France to assert his claim to the German Empire, the Moors in Granada formed an alliance with the king of Morocco and Fez, over-ran the whole province of Andalusia and threatened the existence of the Castilian monarchy. On learning the state of affairs, Don Lopez, the lord of Biscay, with a numerous train of followers comprising the flower of the Castilian nobility, hastened to the South. In that illustrious cortége rode Don Alphonso Guzman, then in his twentieth year. The barbarian allies had penetrated as far as the neighborhood of Jaen, their ancient stronghold, when they were met and utterly routed by the lord of Biscay. In this battle the gallant young Guzman had the good fortune to take captive Aben Comat, a favorite courtier of the Moorish king, with whom he formed a close friendship, and through whom he was instrumental in bringing about a two years' truce, and afterwards establishing friendly relations between Castile and Morocco. In honor of

the victory over the Moors, a tournament was held at Seville, in which Guzman was proclaimed the foremost knight in gallantry, and at once rose high in favor at court; but owing to an unguarded expression used by his elder brother reflecting on his illegitimacy, he determined to quit the vassalage of Alfonso X.

Such was the relation existing between North Africa and Southern Europe at that time, that it was by no means unusual or unprofitable for a Christian knight to fight under the banner of the Moors. Guzman, mindful of his friendship with Aben Comat, resolved to place his sword at the service of Aben Jusef, King of Morocco, who was then at Algeciras, in the south of Spain. With a small retinue of trusty friends and kinsmen, he presented himself to the king, who received him with every token of respect, and immediately gave him command of all the Christians in the Moorish ranks.

At this time Aben Jusef's empire was distracted by wandering hordes of tributary Arabs, who were not only two years in arrear with their tribute money, but had become mutinous and threatened to drive the king from his throne. Under these circumstances Guzman was hailed as a welcome ally, and was at once placed at the head of an expedition to reduce these rebellious tribes to submission. With an army composed of all the Christians held prisoners by the Moors, and his own select retinue, he proceeded against the nomads, and so completely routed them that the priests quickly brought not only the two years' tribute money, but presents of immense value by way of a peace offering. When Guzman returned to Fez the king generously presented him with one-half of what he brought back, which he, with equal generosity, distributed among his followers.

In the meantime Alphonso of Castile had fallen upon evil days. He had attempted to alter the succession in such a way as to prejudice the prospects of his son Sancho, who rose in rebellion, and enlisting on his side the most powerful of the Castilian nobility, left his father utterly deserted, not only by his prelates and grandees, but by every member of his own family, while kinsmen and allies among the princes of Spain

looked on in apathetic silence. In his despair the king thought of Guzman, whose glorious deeds and wise counsels had raised him to the highest position in the Moorish court, and wrote a touching and humble letter beseeching his former vassal to entreat for him the good offices of his king, and sending his crown in pledge for money to enable him to take the field against his own son. The money was quickly furnished, and Guzman without delay crossed the strait, bearing for his former sovereign a sum of 60,000 gold doblas.

King Alphonso was deeply affected by this prompt response to his appeal, and after receiving his young friend and his retinue with courtly honors, bestowed on him the hand of the richest lady of noble birth in Andalusia, not less esteemed for her many virtues than she was renowned for surpassing grace and beauty. As a bridal present to the newly wedded pair, Alphonso added the ancient town of Alcala on the borders of Granada. After his marriage, Guzman took his wife to Africa and returned with Aben Jusef at the head of a large body of Moorish cavalry.

The allied armies proceeded at once to Cordova, where every effort was made to bring about a reconciliation between Sancho and his father; but conciliatory measures having failed, the African soldiers were ordered to take the field. Marching through Andalusia, they ravaged the whole province, and thinking the expedition ended, returned to Morocco, without having efficiently aided the Castilian monarch. The campaign might have ended differently; but Guzman was reluctant to fight against Sancho, who, although not the hereditary successor, had nevertheless saved the crown of Castile in times of danger, and had been confirmed by the Cortes in his title to the succession.

Returning to Fez, Guzman continued to render valuable service to Aben Jusef in defending his kingdom from the incessant attacks of the ever-restless Arab chiefs surrounding him. He had amassed a large fortune by honorable means, and fearing lest it might tempt the cupidity of the barbarians, he resolved to send his wife and children to Spain, under the pretext that they could not live together on amicable terms. His wife returned to Andalusia, taking with her the greater

part of her husband's riches. Subsequent events proved that this precautionary measure was not taken too soon.

On the death of Aben Jusef, his son Aben Jacob succeeded. Jealous of Guzman's power and popularity, he bore no good will towards either him or any of the Christians employed in the protection of his father's kingdom. In fact it soon appeared that Guzman's destruction was meditated. Aben Jacob commissioned him to collect the Arab tribute money as usual, assigning him only a small and altogether inadequate force of Christian troops, and at the same time secretly plotting that the Arabs should fall upon him with an army powerful enough to annihilate him and his Christian followers. Aben Comat, however, heard of the treachery, and immediately informed Guzman, who cleverly intercepted a messenger of Aben Jacob's, and sent on another to tell the Arabs that he was coming with an immense army. This news produced the effect desired. The Arab chiefs quickly held a consultation, and dispatched their alfaquins, or priests, with the full amount of tribute due and many valuable presents besides. Having thus successfully outwitted Aben Jacob and accomplished his campaign, Guzman informed his soldiers of what had happened and proposed that they should immediately make for Tangier, where he had already hired transports to convey them to Spain. Then distributing the treasures brought by the Arabs among his faithful followers, he published a report that he was proceeding, by Aben Jacob's orders, to meet a hostile force of Castilian invaders, and thus reached the Mediterranean coast in safety.

On arriving in Castile Guzman and his brave band were received with every demonstration of joy. Alphonso the Wise had died, and Sancho, who was now on the Castilian throne, gladly accepted the services of the new-comers and sent them to invest Tarifa, which was still in the hands of the Moors of Granada and afforded easy access to mercenary troops from Africa. The place was taken by main force after having been ineffectually besieged for six months. Sancho's first thought was to have the fortress dismantled on account of the cost and the difficulty of maintaining it; but the Grand Master of Calatrava undertook to hold it for twelve months. At the

end of that time no one was found bold enough to follow his example, till Guzman pledged himself to hold it indefinitely, at half of what it had hitherto cost to maintain it. Accordingly he had the place put in a proper state of defence, and sending for his family, shut himself up within the walls, little thinking of the sacrifice he would soon be called upon to make in order to redeem his pledge.

Sancho's brother, Don Juan, a turbulent and unprincipled warrior, had hired himself to Aben Jacob, and was sent by him to besiege Guzman in Tarifa. At first he tried to effect his object by bribery; but failing in that, he commenced a fierce bombardment with no better success. It so happened that some time previous to this, Guzman's eldest son had been entrusted to Don Juan's care, in order that he might take him to the King of Portugal, to whom his parents were related. But instead of taking him to the Portuguese court, Don Juan had detained the youth, and now, presenting him bound in front of the besieged walls, swore to have him butchered before his father's eyes if the garrison did not surrender immediately. The father's heart was rent, but he quickly replied: "I begat no son to be employed against my country. If you slay him, to me you will give glory; to my son everlasting life; to yourself eternal infamy in this world and condemnation in the world to come. Here, take my dagger, should a weapon be wanting to complete such an atrocious deed." No sooner had he retired within the fortification than the innocent victim's head was severed from his body. The besieged soldiers on the walls sent up a cry of horror and execration. Guzman returning, and knowing well what had taken place, quietly said, "It is all over, my friends; above all see to the safety of the place." The mother, on learning the fate of her beloved son, died of a broken heart a short time after.

Juan was obliged to raise the siege and fell in battle, fighting against his brother Sancho, execrated alike by foes and followers. Guzman's heroic action gained for him the name of the "Good," a title which he transmitted to his descendants, on whose escutcheon was emblazoned a figure representing a knight in the act of throwing his dagger with these words

inscribed: "The interests of the king supersede those of blood." This true hero of the best blood of Castile died in 1320, universally honored and lamented.

The Father's Sacrifice.

Alphonso the Wise had been gathered to his fathers; and his son Sancho now occupied the throne of Castile. Soon after his return to Seville, Guzman presented himself to the new monarch, and made him an offer of his services. These were as gladly accepted by Sancho, who said to him in terms of great courtesy, "that so great a cavalier as he would be far better employed in serving his own kings than in aiding the Moors." He was very minute in his inquiries with regard to the internal affairs of Morocco—the power of its chiefs, and the most advantageous way of making war upon them. And, as it was about this season that the Spanish squadron had obtained a signal victory over that of the barbarians, and taken three of their galleys, Don Sancho considered it a very favorable opportunity for investing Tarifa—an important place on the coast, and one of the inlets by which the Africans could at all times easily penetrate into Spain. He, however, lacked the money for the enterprise, until it was furnished him by Guzman; when an army being at length assembled, he vigorously attacked Tarifa both by sea and land. The siege lasted six months, in the whole duration of which Guzman was as much distinguished for his wisdom in the council as for his valor in the field. The Moors resisted with heroic bravery; but the place being ultimately entered by main force, its inhabitants were reduced to slavery. It was at first contemplated to dismantle it altogether—the retaining possession of it being deemed utterly impracticable on account of its situation. But the Grand Master of Calatrava offered, notwithstanding, to defend it for twelve months; and at the expiration of that period, no other person being found bold enough to follow his example, Guzman declared that he would undertake to hold it; and that, too, at only half the expense which it had hitherto cost.

In pursuance therefore of this arrangement, he caused the

walls to undergo a thorough repair; and having victualled and supplied the place with every necessary, he sent for his family, and shut himself up within its walls, without being able to foresee that the sacrifices of his person and property were to become as trifles in comparison with the great and fearful offering he was about to be called upon to make at the shrine of honor and his country.

Among the unprincipled and vicious individuals of the age (and it was productive of many, truly deserving of the terms), must be especially distinguished the Infant, Don Juan, one of the brothers of the king. Naturally restless and turbulent—devoid alike of loyalty and faith—he had abandoned his father for his brother, and again the latter for the former. In the reign of Sancho, he was at all times conspicuous as one of the chief promoters of discord; and it had been found as impracticable to reclaim him by measures of coercion as to conciliate him by kindness and forbearance. For the least shadow of hope, no matter how vague and futile, he would change his course and his party;—utterly regardless of the means he employed for effecting his purposes, however unjust or atrocious they might be. Ambitious without capacity, and factious without courage, he was uniformly and deservedly an object of hatred and contempt to all parties.

The king, his brother, had but lately emancipated him from the imprisonment to which he had condemned him at Alfaro, at the period of the violent death of the Señor of Biscay, whose accomplice he had been. But neither the oath which he then took to remain faithful to his allegiance, nor the authority and consideration that were awarded to him in the state, proved sufficient inducements to keep him in subjection. His restless spirit broke forth anew; but finding that he could not maintain himself in Castile, he fled to Portugal; whence, however, he was expelled by its king, out of respect to Don Sancho. From Portugal he proceeded to Tangier, and made an offer of his services to the then King of Morocco, Aben Jacob, who being on the eve of a war with the King of Castile, gladly accepted them, and received him with much courtesy and distinction; subsequently dispatching him, in company of his favorite Amir, at the head of a

body of five thousand horse, with which they crossed the straits and forthwith invested Tarifa.

Their first attempts were directed against the loyalty of the Alcalde; offering him a large reward provided he would put them in possession of the place. But their infamous proposal was met by an indignant refusal. They then commenced their attack with the aid of all the warlike manœuvres that art or animosity could devise—but with no better success; being most gallantly repulsed by the besieged. A few days later, the Moors, pointing out to Guzman the distress in which his people quitted him, as well as the succor and abundance which would certainly accrue to themselves, proposed to him that since he treated the riches which had been given him with so much contempt, provided he would consent to share his treasures with them, they would abandon the siege. "Brave cavaliers," replied Guzman, "neither buy nor sell victory." Furious at this answer, the Moors were preparing to return anew to the assault, when the iniquitous Infant had recourse to a more powerful means to assail the warrior's fidelity.

It unfortunately happened that he retained in his power Guzman's eldest son, who had been committed to his charge by his parents some time before, in order that he might accompany him to the Portuguese court, to the king of which country they were related. Instead, however, of leaving the boy there, he carried him with him into Africa, and from thence back again to Spain; and he now considered him as a sure instrument for the accomplishment of his villainous ends. Dragging his manacled victim from his tent, he so exhibited him to his parent; declaring, that if the latter did not immediately surrender the place, he would slay his child before his eyes. Nor was this the first occasion on which this dastardly miscreant had had recourse to an expedient so truly horrible and revolting. In the time of his father, when striving to wrest Zamora from his power, he had found means to secure the person of the son of the Alcaldesa of the fortress, to whom presenting him with a like intimation, he had compelled him to surrender the place. In the present instance, however, his conduct was by far more diabolical, inasmuch

as, in addition to the natural turpitude of the case, he not only violated the laws of humanity and justice, but also those of friendship, confidence and honor.

At sight of his boy in such a situation—upon hearing his piercing cries and the fierce threats of the assassin, tears of the most bitter anguish flowed fast down the fond father's cheeks. But his sworn faith to his king—the safety of his country—and the indignation naturally excited by so execrable a deed—struggled with his nature, and eventually triumphed:—thus constituting him a perfect hero against the iniquity of man and the severity of fortune. "I begat no son," exclaimed the heart-riven Guzman, "that he should be employed against my country. On the contrary, I begat a son for my country, in order that he might act against her enemies. If Don Juan give him death, to me will he give glory; to my child eternal life; and to himself eternal infamy in this world, and condemnation in that to come. And, further, that it may be seen how far it is from my intention to surrender the place, and falter in my duty—I herewith fling my steel, if perchance a weapon should be wanting to complete this most atrocious deed." He then drew the war-knife which he carried at his belt—hurled it in the midst of the enemy's camp, and retired within the walls of the castle.

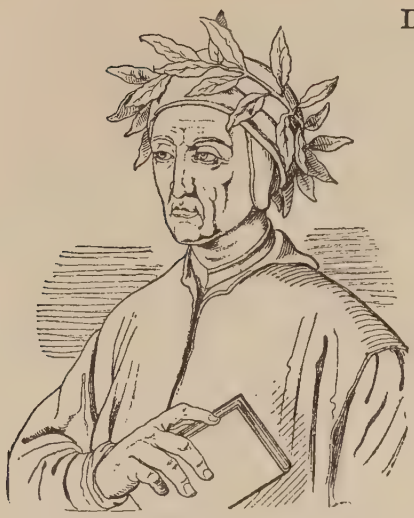
Seating himself as usual at dinner with his wife, he struggled violently to repress his feelings, in order that they might not be betrayed on his countenance. Meanwhile the Infant, foaming with rage and disappointment, had caused his innocent victim to be beheaded; when the soldiers on the walls, who had been witnesses of the inhuman sacrifice, burst into loud and fearful outcries. The unhappy Guzman went out at the noise, and being but too well aware of the cause whence it originated, returned forthwith to the table, saying with great composure, "I was fearful that the enemy had entered Tarifa." Shortly after this tragical event, the Moors, despairing of overcoming the constancy of which he had given such devoted proof, and not daring to await the succor that was on its road to him from Seville, raised the siege, which had already lasted six months, and set sail for the coast of Africa,

without partaking of any other reward than the ignominy and horror which their execrable conduct so well merited.

The fame of this heroic deed resounded throughout Spain, and reached the ears of the king at a time when he was lying sick at Alcalá de Henares. He immediately wrote to our hero from that place in demonstration of the gratitude he felt for his splendid defence of Tarifa. In this letter, he compares him to Abraham, and confirms the appellation of "*Bueno*," which had already been conferred upon him by the people for his virtues; and promising to reward him in proportion to his loyalty, invited him to come and see him: adding, that illness alone prevented him from setting out to meet him in person.

So soon as our hero had disengaged himself from the host of friends and relatives who arrived from all parts of the country to testify their admiration of his heroism, he entered Castile, attended by a numerous retinue. As he passed along the roads, the people followed him in crowds, pointing him out to their children as an object of veneration; while even the modest retiring maiden, banishing her fears, pressed forward to be gratified with a sight of this most noble warrior, who had given so great and signal a proof of his high virtue and integrity. Upon his arrival at Alcalá, the whole court went out to meet him by the king's desire—and Sancho, when he received him, turning to the courtiers and those by whom he was surrounded, said to them, "Learn, cavaliers, to perform good works; you here behold a model." To these and other gracious expressions of his favor, Sancho added some splendid gifts and privileges; and it was at this moment that he gave to him and his descendants, in perpetuity, the whole of the land bordering upon Andalusia, between the mouths of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete.—M. J. QUINTANA.

DANTE.



DANTE ALIGHIERI lives by and in his "Divine Comedy." That famous poem stands as his one great achievement, and in it and his *Vita Nuova* is revealed as much of the poet's inner life as we shall probably ever know. Even in these, fact and fiction are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. All that his numerous biographers —copying one from the other, in many cases— have been able to give us are a few incontestable facts, and a thick padding of conjectures.

The few really undoubtable facts of his life are soon recounted: born in Florence in 1265 (probably late in May or early in June), he enjoyed a good education (guided and influenced by Brunetto Latini), turned his attention early to poetry, and appears to have practiced painting and perhaps also music to some extent. He was married, about 1292, to Gemma Donati, who bore him four or more children. He took active part in the political affairs of Florence, and is described as an ardent, though rather doctrinaire politician. As that republican city obliged its nobles to be merchants before taking political office, he entered the guild of the Arte degli Speziali (Art of the Physicians), and in 1300 was

elected prior. To this election Dante afterward dated back all his ills and misfortunes. Dante also served the state as a soldier, being present at the battle of Campaldino, and at the taking of Caprona. It is said that he acted as ambassador at various times, and that while absent in Rome with three others on an embassy to the Pope, he was banished from Florence by the "Neri." At all events, banished he was (in January, 1302), in consequence of the party disturbances of the "Blacks" and "Whites" (*Neri* and *Bianchi*), and later sentences were also passed against him. After that he lived at various places, spending some time at the schools of Bologna and Paris, and writing his *Divina Commedia* and other works.

Being driven from the Guelf party, Dante, with large views concerning a liberated and united Italy, was, after some years of unrest, seized with disgust at his agitating fellow-exiles. Thus he abandoned the world of politics, and turned back to his literary pursuits. His own statements about his life in exile are general and indefinite; but his biographers have given free rein to their fancy in well-rounded accounts which name Lunigiana, Padua, Casentine on the Arno, Forli, Paris, the Convent of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana (where much of the "Divine Comedy" is supposed to have been written), Lucca, Verona, and finally Ravenna, as the various stages in the wanderings of this strange genius, whose pride and courage faltered not in all his tribulations. When Henry VIII., Count of Luxemburg, had succeeded Albert, in 1308, as Emperor of Germany, and in 1311 assumed the iron crown of Lombardy, Dante urged him by letter to advance on Florence, which city he attacked in terms of most furious vituperation. With Henry's death, in 1313, Dante's last hopes of returning to his natal city were shattered, and he retired to the mountains of Gubbio. Florence he never again entered, either in life or in death, although, like other exiles, he conspired to return. But when the Florentines, in 1311, recalled the banished Guelfs, Dante was among those excluded from the amnesty.

At his final refuge, Ravenna, marsh fever ended his life on the 14th of September, 1321. "There he rendered his

weary spirit to God," says Boccaccio, "not without great sorrow of Guido and generally of all the citizens. And there can be no doubt that he was received into the arms of his most noble Beatrice, with whom, in the presence of Him who is the chief good, leaving all miseries of the present life, they now most lightsomely live in that happiness to which there comes no end." But the glorious tomb projected for his grave by his patron at Ravenna, Count Guido da Polenta, was never raised. It remained for Bernardo Bembo to erect a sepulchre in 1483, with a bas-relief executed by Pietro Lombardo. The tomb underwent several restorations and renovations; so in 1672, 1780 and 1865. On the last named occasion, Dante's bones, which had been missing for some time, were rediscovered. It was not until centuries after his death, that Florence made tardy reparation by setting up an enormous catafalque in marble in Santa Croce. But the attempts to recover Dante's remains were unsuccessful: buried in Ravenna, he remains an exile even in death.

Beside the *Vita Nuova* and the *Divina Commedia*, Dante wrote also a number of minor works, among which are his treatise *De Monarchia* (a defence of imperialism) in Latin; an "Epistle to Can Grande"; a book *De Vulgari Eloquentia* (dealing with Italian as a literary language) and the *Convito* ("Banquet"), both of them incomplete; a treatise *De Aqua et Terra* (remarkable in its statements of scientific truths unknown at that time, and therefore believed by some commentators to be a forgery); and to him have been ascribed a large number of smaller poems, of which many are genuine and some spurious.

Such are the simple facts of the life and works of Dante. But the deeper inner life of this "Prince of Poets," this creator of the poetical language of the Italians, may be divided into two periods: that of the *Vita Nuova* and his youthful love for Beatrice, and that in which the "Divine Comedy" was composed, that grand, tremendous vision of "Hell," "Purgatory" and "Paradise," through which the poet passes to a contemplation of the Holy Trinity.

Dante, as the story runs, first met his Beatrice (commonly assumed to have been the daughter of Folco Portinari) at a

friendly gathering at her home to greet the coming of May, both being then eight years of age. "Dante," says Boccaccio, "though still a child, received her image into his heart with so much affection that from that day forward, as long as he lived, it never again departed from him." His love was not at all earthly,—an example of a most chaste and ideal affection. He worshiped the object of his adoration from a distance, and tells us himself that Beatrice first spoke to him after nine years. That day, when he received her salutation as he met her walking in the street between two ladies, was a memorable one, for we are told that it made him a poet. The world has hardly ever known of a love which has been the occasion of more questions and comments than that which thus began, and the story of which has been detailed by Dante himself in his *Vita Nuova*,—the "New Life," which arose in him through the ennobling influence of this love for Beatrice. The *Vita Nuova* is "the most wonderful picture of a young man's love and dreamy experience of youth which the world has ever seen," says Mrs. Oliphant: "Only youth could be at once so real and unreal, so occupied by the manner of expressing its emotions and yet so genuine in feeling the emotion itself." And J. A. Symonds: "The charm of the *Vita Nuova* is its almost infantine purity and freshness; it forms the idealization of a young and spiritual love." The chivalric love of Dante for Beatrice as a living woman—directed even during her life towards an idea rather than a reality—was after her death transformed, as has been well said, into "worship of her as the symbol of theology." For Beatrice in the "Divine Comedy" is "wholly symbolic." Beatrice died in 1290, leaving him desolate, and the "New Life" ends with the resolution to give himself up to the memory of Beatrice and to the "wondrous vision" in which he should speak of her as no woman had ever been spoken of before. This "vision" is his famous "Divine Comedy," which wonderful epic, thus conceived, was after a long period of preparation written in exile and finished at Ravenna, the last thirteen cantos being found after his death.

As to the designation "Comedy," Dante explains it himself in the words:—"A tragedy is in its beginning admirable

and tranquil; but in its end or event is fœtid and horrible. . . . But a comedy introduces the difficulty of some subject, while its matter ends happily. . . . So, too, they differ in their style—tragedy is exalted and sublime, comedy, careless and humble. . . . Hence it is clear that the present work is called Comedy, for if we consider the matter of it in the beginning it is horrible and foul, as Hell; in the end it is prosperous, desirable and pleasing, as Paradise. If we consider the style this is careless and humble, as being the vernacular tongue in which even women converse." Admiring posterity added the adjective "Divine."

A few words are needed in regard to the three divisions of the poem. The *Inferno*, or "Hell" (completed 1308), in which he covers his enemies with infamy, was dedicated to the firm friend of his exile, the illustrious Ghibelline leader, Uguccione della Fagginola, whose friendship he had won at Arezzo. It forms a harrowing, horrible picture of punishments meted out by a profoundly thought-out system of retribution; for Dante was nothing if not systematical. The "Purgatory" offered no opportunity for any display of such fecund imagination, lacking both the terrors of the *Inferno* and the splendors of the *Paradiso*. The author of the "Renaissance in Italy" defends the *Purgatorio* against the charge of dullness brought against it by Sismondi and others. "Dante," says he, "has adorned his *Purgatorio* with exquisite touches of natural description, with his finest similes and most elaborate allegories. He is aware that, lacking the stern tragedy of the *Inferno*, his *Purgatorio* must appeal to more delicate sensibilities and a subtler intelligence." His conclusions are: "We are what we imagine," and "what a man brings to Dante's poem he will find there." The "Paradise," dedicated to Can Grande, may well be regarded as the realization of Milton's "endless morn of light." It is a picture of strange regions such as had been revealed to none before Dante, a world resounding with joyous praise, a vision of increasing splendor culminating in the glimpse of the Trinity accorded to the poet, a radiant typification of the union of the human soul with God.

Dante began his great epic in Latin, but soon abandoned

that to use the vulgar tongue. By this choice of the common speech he entered upon what was to some extent virgin soil. Italian as a written language was young and undeveloped, and was not considered to have the requisite dignity for serious literary effort. "To Italy," says Symonds, "the *Divine Comedy* gave a voice and language. 'Dante,' to use the words of Shelley, 'was the first awakener of entranced Europe; he created a language, in itself music and persuasion, out of a chaos of inharmonious barbarism.'" Even before the invention of printing this "masterpiece of mediæval poetry," as Herzog calls it, had an extraordinary circulation (Scartazzini tells us that even yet we know of 500 early MSS.); it has been printed over 300 times in the original, and has been translated into all civilized languages—in some cases (Latin, English, French, German) by twenty-five or more different translators. Each year materially increases the output of Dante literature, and various volumes of Dante bibliography have been published.

The personal character of Dante was a rather composite quality, and the varying aspects of his individuality, as viewed in the light of different moods and conditions, have given rise to rather discrepant characterizations. Dante had not the nature of a courtier. Severe, sedate, austere, acrid, unconciliating, scornful, sarcastic, silent, savage, despotic, arrogant, all-observing, proud, self-conscious, autocratic, masterful, impatient,—all these adjectives have been applied to him (he himself was conscious of his chief sin, pride), and serve to show the impression he gave, at least to the superficial observer. Boccaccio describes the poet thus: "He was of middle stature; and when he reached manhood he stooped somewhat, walking with a grave and measured gait. He always wore the most dignified raiment suited to his age. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather large than small, his cheek-bones prominent, and his lower lip projected beyond the upper; his complexion was brown; his hair and beard thick, black and curling. His face was always full of serious and pensive thought. . . ." In considering his character, Boccaccio's panegyric phrase: "Sedate and courteous and urbane in the highest degree," must be contrasted with

Giovanni Villani's statement that "his knowledge made him somewhat arrogant, scornful, and haughty, and, like philosophers who are deficient in good grace, he had not the art of conversing suitably with laymen." But side by side with Dante's ambition and pride, his courage, his bitterness, his scornfulness, we must place the milder qualities of his nature, his ecstatic love, his liberality, his patience under affliction, his gentleness, his tranquil humility while a wanderer on the face of the earth, forced to live in dependence, his passionate longing for Florence.

More profitable than any vain attempts to create a true portrait or character-sketch of Dante from various conflicting sources is the contemplation of his spirit as it is revealed to us in his great epic: not only the stern and forbidding qualities of the man, but also the tender heart and deep feeling are laid bare before us. The poem depicts the mental and moral character, the nobility and dignity of its author, such as do few other such works of art. As Carrière said, he "infused himself into one great work, and therewith the political and religious life of his people, and compressed therein in a magnificent fashion every side of the feeling, the belief, and the sentiment of his country. Mediævalism was beginning to break up; but he immerses himself once more in its ideals, and presents them in poetic form. . . . He is wholly subjective, he displays to us the history of his own soul; he himself with his wrath and his love is the centre of his poem, that epic of the inner man. . . ." While thus intensely subjective, his great epic fairly bristles with characteristic portraits of personages who stand as representatives of the life of man in its various moral aspects, the very essence of human experience. So we have the pathetic and pitiful stories of Francesca da Rimini and of Count Ugolino; Ulysses is limned for us, and Manfredi, Delle Vigne and Alberigo, St. Francis and St. Dominic. The strings of our emotions are touched by a master hand.

Dante's creative imagination held a truthful mirror up to his time. The life of his age, the spirit of mediæval Christianity, were embodied in his verses, and the moral force of his poem, and the intense humanity in his descriptions of human pas-

sion and emotion are calculated to forcibly touch the hearts of men. The "Divine Comedy" has been well characterized as the work of "sublime and generous anger." The author is pre-eminent in satire,—stinging, bitter, galling, furious, monumental. Magnificent is he in his fierce denunciations, his wrathy invective against those whom he hated and despised, against his enemies, against the city of his birth, by which he felt himself to be cruelly wronged, an "exile without crime." To this "generous heat and intensity" of his temper were joined a liberality and an independence that spoke out boldly without respect for persons, hurling rebukes even at the seat of St. Peter when his reason led him to see wrong-doing there. Intense feeling and sincerity mark every sentence of the "Comedy."

Dante's work, though professedly inspired, is in no line the fruit of impulse, or rhapsody, or improvisation; it is the product of life-long meditation. He grew thin over the task, and his theme haunted and troubled him, for the poet was terribly in earnest about it. "I am," says he (*Purgatorio*, xxiv: 52) "one who, when love inspires, mark, and in such way as he dictates within, give outward sign." "Dante," wrote a famous critic, "first dug deep for the crude ore; then smelted it at central furnaces of ash-white heat; then forged it on the anvil of incessant toil; then welded its formed parts into imperishable symmetry." Dante, self-confessedly striving for the moral elevation of his readers, is determined that they shall see what he saw, and the remarkable range of his mental power is shown in his ability to present his visions so vividly before us. In his descriptive passages his exactness and definiteness give a semblance of reality to his pictures. There is nothing shadowy in his sublime creations: all is measured and described with quasi-scientific accuracy. But his realism, which halted at no expression or image however homely or coarse, so long as it illustrated the idea it was desired to convey, not infrequently led him into grotesque and clumsy conceits.

Dante's other great fault was obscurity in idea. Scrupulously accurate in his detailed descriptions of minutiæ, and yet singing of mysteries unseen by man, he employed circum-

locutions, inversions of words and thoughts, entanglements of language which bewilder the mind and produce obscurity where precision was intended. And this obscurity and difficulty of comprehension caused the work of commentation and exposition to be begun almost immediately after the publication of the poem, and it is now pursued with more zeal than ever, with the result that all manner of motives, thoughts, allegories and theories have been ascribed to the author. "Dante," says Symonds, "is so comprehensive, so mysterious, so full of contradictions and brusque alternations, so unsubmissive to accepted rules of art . . . that, like Proteus, when we seek to seize him, he assumes a thousand shapes, eluding and baffling analysis. . . ." In this connection it must, of course, be remembered that he was an innovator,—the creator of a new style and of a new language. The remarkable and most obvious qualities in the poem—the writer's trenchant directness and brevity, joined to forceful utterance and depth of thought—result naturally from his intense sincerity. He had a message for mankind, and he delivered it.

The "Divina Commedia" has often been compared to a mediæval cathedral; but this comparison has never been so fully and clearly set forth as in the words of James Russell Lowell:—"As the Gothic cathedral, then, is the type of the Christian idea, so is it also of Dante's poem. And as that, in its artistic unity, is but the completed thought of a single architect, which yet could never have been realized except out of the faith and by the contributions of an entire people, whose beliefs and superstition, whose imagination and fancy, find expression in its statues and its carvings, its calm saints and martyrs, now at rest forever in the seclusion of their canopied niches, and its wanton grotesques thrusting themselves forth from every pinnacle and gargoyle, so in Dante's poem, while it is as personal and peculiar as if it were his private journal and autobiography, we can yet read the diary and autobiography of the thirteenth century and of the Italian people. Complete and harmonious in design as his work is, it is yet no Pagan temple enshrining a type of the human made divine by triumph of corporeal beauty; it is not a private chapel housing a single saint and dedicate to one

chosen bloom of Christian piety or devotion; it is truly a cathedral, over whose high altar hangs the emblem of suffering, of the Divine made human to teach the beauty of adversity, the eternal presence of the spiritual, not overhanging and threatening, but informing and sustaining, the material. In this cathedral of Dante's there are side chapels, as is fit, with altars to all Christian virtues and perfections; but the great impression of its leading thought is that of aspiration forever and ever. In the three divisions of the poem we may trace something more than a fancied analogy with a Christian basilica. There is first the ethnic fore-court, then the purgatorial middle-space, and last, the Holy of Holies, dedicated to the eternal presence of the Mediatorial God."

Homer, Dante and Milton form a supreme triad of epic poets, and it is the deliberate opinion of not a few that Dante is the superior at least of the blind genins who gave "Paradise Lost" to the world. Shelley says: "Homer was the first and Dante the second epic poet; that is, the second poet, the series of whose creations bore a defined and intelligible relation to the knowledge and sentiment and religion of the age in which he lived, and of the ages which followed it." Symonds, hailing Dante as "the first singer of the modern world," is followed by the Italian's countryman, Scartazzini, with the emphatic statement, "That Dante holds the first place among the poets of modern times can admit of no contradiction."

Though Dante-literature is in our times truly extensive and ever increasing in Italy as well as other lands, Dante was not always a poet in his own country. True, not long after his death, Florence founded a public lectureship for the explanation of the "Divine Comedy"—Boccaccio being the first lecturer—and the example was followed by other cities. But in the course of time his name became neglected. Then, in the whirl of nobler ideas and purposes stirred up by the French Revolution, the study of Dante was taken up again with enthusiasm. And to-day he looms up before us greater than ever,—not for Italy only, but for us all: a heaven-sent poet with a message for all the world.

The Purpose of the Divina Commedia.

"After that it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most famous daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth from her most sweet bosom (wherein I had been nourished up to the maturity of my life, and in which, with all peace to her, I long with all my heart to rest my weary soul, and finish the time which is given me), I have passed through almost all the regions to which this language reaches, a wanderer, almost a beggar, displaying, against my will, the stroke of fortune, which is ofttimes unjustly wont to be imputed to the person stricken. Truly, I have been a ship without a sail or helm, carried to divers harbors and gulfs and shores by that parching wind which sad poverty breathes; and I have seemed vile in the eyes of many, who perchance, from some fame, had imagined of me in another form; in the sight of whom not only did my presence become nought, but every work of mine less prized, both what had been and what was to be wrought."—*Convito*, Tr. i., c. 3.

Thus proved, and thus furnished—thus independent and confident, daring to trust his instinct and genius in what was entirely untried and unusual, Dante entered on his great poem, to shadow forth, under the figure of his own conversion and purification, not merely how a single soul rises to its perfection, but how this visible, in all its phases of nature, life, and society, is one with the invisible, which borders on it, actuates, accomplishes, and explains it. It is this vast plan—to take into his scope, not the soul only in its struggles and triumph, but all that the soul finds itself engaged with in its course; the accidents of the hour, and of ages past; the real persons, great and small, apart from and without whom it cannot think or act; the material world, its theatre and home—it is this which gives so many various sides to the *Commedia*, which makes it so novel and strange. It is not a mere personal history, or a pouring forth of feeling, like the *Vita Nuova*, though he is himself the mysterious voyager, and he opens without reserve his actual life and his heart; he speaks, indeed, in the first person, yet he is but a character

of the drama, and in great part of it with not more of distinct personality than in that paraphrase of the penitential Psalms, in which he has preluded so much of the *Commedia*. Yet the *Commedia* is not a pure allegory; it admits and makes use of the allegorical, but the laws of allegory are too narrow for it; the real in it is too impatient of the veil, and breaks through, in all its hardness and detail, into what is most shadowy. History is indeed viewed not in its ephemeral look, but under the light of God's final judgments; in its completion, not in its provisional and fragmentary character; viewed therefore but in faith; but its issues, which in this confused scene we ordinarily contemplate in the gross, the poet brings down to detail and individuals; he faces and grasps the tremendous thought that the very men and women whom we see and speak to, are now the real representatives of sin and goodness, the true actors in that scene which is so familiar to us as a picture—unflinching and terrible heart, he endures to face it in its most harrowing forms. But he wrote not for sport, nor to give poetic pleasure; he wrote to warn; the seed of the *Commedia* was sown in tears, and reaped in misery; and the consolations which it offers are awful as they are real.

Thus, though he throws into symbol and image what can only be expressed by symbol and image, we can as little forget, in reading him, this real world in which we live, as we can in one of Shakespeare's plays. It is not merely that the poem is crowded with real personages, most of them having the single interest to us of being real. But all that is associated with man's history and existence is interwoven with the main course of thought—all that gives character to life, all that gives it form and feature, even to quaintness, all that occupies the mind, or employs the hand—speculation, science, arts, manufactures, monuments, scenes, customs, proverbs, ceremonies, games, punishments, attitudes of men, habits of living creatures. The wildest and most unearthly imaginations, the most abstruse thoughts take up into and incorporate with themselves the forcible and familiar impressions of our mother earth, and do not refuse the company and aid even of the homeliest.

This is not mere poetic ornament, peculiarly, profusely or extravagantly employed. It is one of the ways in which his dominant feeling expresses itself—spontaneous and instinctive in each several instance of it, but the kindling and effluence of deliberate thought, and attending on a clear purpose—the feeling of the real and intimate connection between the objects of sight and faith. It is not that he sees in one the simple counterpart and reverse of the other, or sets himself to trace out universally their mutual correspondence; he has too strong a sense of the reality of this familiar life to reduce it merely to a shadow and type of the unseen. What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is, that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one—parts, however different, of one whole. The world to come we know but in "a glass darkly"; man can only think and imagine of it in images, which he knows to be but broken and faint reflections: but this world we know, not in outline, and featureless idea, but by name, and face, and shape, by place and person, by the colors and forms which crowd over its surface, the men who people its habitations, the events which mark its moments. Detail fills the sense here, and is the mark of reality. And thus he seeks to keep alive the feeling of what that world is which he connects with heaven and hell; not by abstractions, not much by elaborate and highly-finished pictures, but by names, persons, local features, definite images. Widely and keenly has he ranged over and searched into the world—with a largeness of mind which disdained not to mark and treasure up, along with much unheeded beauty, many a characteristic feature of nature, unnoticed because so common. All his pursuits and interests contribute to the impression, which, often instinctively it may be, he strives to produce, of the manifold variety of our life. As a man of society, his memory is full of its usages, formalities, graces, follies, fashions—of expressive motions, postures, gestures, looks—of music, of handicrafts, of the conversation of friends or associates—of all that passes, so transient, yet so keenly pleasant or distasteful, between man and man. As a traveler, he recalls continually the names and scenes of the world; as a man of

speculation, the secrets of nature—the phenomena of light, the theory of the planets' motions, the idea and laws of physiology. As a man of learning, he is filled with the thoughts and recollections of ancient fable and history; as a politician, with the thoughts, prognostications, and hopes of the history of the day; as a moral philosopher he has watched himself, his external sensations and changes, his inward passions, his mental powers, his ideas, his conscience; he has far and wide noted character, discriminated motives, classed good and evil deeds. All that the man of society, of travel, of science, of learning, the politician, the moralist, could gather, is used at will in the great poetic structure; but all converges to the purpose, and is directed by the intense feeling of the theologian, who sees this wonderful and familiar scene melting into and ending in another yet more wonderful, but which will one day be as familiar—who sees the difficult but sure progress of the manifold remedies of the Divine government to their predestined issue; and, over all, God and His saints.

So comprehensive in interest is the *Commedia.* Any attempt to explain it, by narrowing that interest to politics, philosophy, the moral life, or theology itself, must prove inadequate. Theology strikes the key-note; but history, natural and metaphysical science, poetry, and art, each in their turn join in the harmony, independent, yet ministering to the whole. If from the poem itself we could be for a single moment in doubt of the reality and dominant place of religion in it, the plain-spoken prose of the *Convito* would show how he placed "the Divine Science, full of all peace, and allowing no strife of opinions and sophisms, for the excellent certainty of its subject, which is God," in single perfection above all other sciences, "which are, as Solomon speaks, but queens, or concubines, or maidens; but she is the 'Dove,' and the 'perfect one'—'Dove,' because without stain of strife—'perfect,' because perfectly she makes us behold the truth, in which our soul stills itself and is at rest." But the same passage shows likewise how he viewed all human knowledge and human interests, as holding their due place in the hierarchy of wisdom, and among the steps of man's

perfection. No account of the *Commedia* will prove sufficient, which does not keep in view, first of all, the high moral purpose and deep spirit of faith with which it was written, and then the wide liberty of materials and means which the poet allowed himself in working out his design.—R. W. CHURCH.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF DANTE.

Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, are a symbol, an emblematic representation of his Belief about this Universe. It is a sublime embodiment, or sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge world-wide architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ not by *preferability* of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell! Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with everlasting Pity,—all Christianism, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet with what entire truth of purpose; how unconscious of any embleming! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there in our Modern European Mind, any thought at all of their being emblems! Were they not indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practically true, all Nature everywhere confirming them? So is it always in these things. Paganism we recognized as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the Universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianism; one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the Operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world; Christianism emblemed the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature; a rude helpless utterance of the *first* Thought of men,—the chief recognized virtue, Courage, Superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only!—T. CARLYLE.

MICHAEL ANGELO ON DANTE.

Into the dark abyss he made his way;
  Both nether worlds he saw, and in the might
  Of his great soul beheld God's splendor bright,
And gave to us on earth true light of day:
Star of supremest worth with his clear ray,
  Heaven's secrets he revealed to our dim sight,
  And had for guerdon what the world's spite
Oft gives to souls that noblest grace display.
Full ill was Dante's life-work understood,
  His purpose high, by that ungrateful State,
That welcomed all with kindness but the good:
  Would I were such, to bear like evil fate,
To taste his exile, share his lofty mood!
  For this I'd gladly give all earth calls great.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love and the gentle heart are one same thing,
  Even as the wise man in his ditty saith:
  Each, of itself, would be such life in death
As rational soul bereft of reasoning.
'Tis Nature makes them when she loves: a king
  Love is, whose palace where he sojourneth
  Is called the Heart; there draws he quiet breath
At first, with brief or longer slumbering.
Then beauty seen in virtuous womankind
  Will make the eyes desire, and through the heart
    Send the desiring of the eyes again;
Where often it abides so long enshrin'd
  That Love at length out of his sleep will start.
    And women feel the same for worthy men.

—*Translated by* D. G. Rossetti.

THE LOVELINESS OF BEATRICE.

My lady carries love within her eyes;
  All that she looks on is made pleasanter;
  Upon her path men turn to gaze at her;
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,

And of his evil heart is then aware:
Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshiper.
O women, help to praise her in somewise.
Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,
By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
And who beholds is blessèd oftenwhiles,
The look she hath when she a little smiles
Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought;
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

—*Translated by* D. G. Rossetti.

THE EXILE'S MESSAGE TO FLORENCE.

Dear country, worthy of triumphal fame,
Mother of high-souled sons,
Thy sister's grief thine own is far above;
He, of thy children, feeleth grief and shame,—
Hearing what traitorous ones
Do in thee,—more, as he the more doth love.
Ah me! how prompt ill-doers are to move
In thee, forever, plotting treachery,
With squint and envious eye,
Showing thy people still the false for true.
Lift up the sinking hearts, and warm their blood!
Upon the traitor's brood
Let judgment fall, that so with praises due
That grace may dwell in thee, which now complains,
Wherein all good its source and home attains.

Thou reignedst happy in the fair past days,
When each that was thine heir
Sought that all virtues may thy pillars be;
Home of true peace and mother of all praise,
Thou in one faith sincere
Wert blest, and with the sisters four and three.*
And now these fair forms have abandoned thee,
In mourning clad, with vices all o'erdone,
Thy true Fabricii gone:
Haughty and vile, of true peace deadly foe;

* The four cardinal virtues of natural ethics, Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and the three supernatural graces, Faith, Hope, Charity.

Dishonored one, hot faction mirroring still,
Since Mars thy soul doth fill;
Thou doom'st true souls to Antenôra's woe,*
Who follow not the widowed lily's spear,
And those who love the most have most to fear.

Thin out that evil baleful root in thee
Nor pity thou thy sons,
Who have thy fair flowers made all foul and frail,
And will thou that the virtues victors be,
So that thy faithful ones,
Now hidden, rise with right, and sword in hand,
Follow where still Justinian's beacons stand,
And thine unrighteous and revengeful laws
Correct, as wisdom draws,
That they may gain the praise of heaven and earth.
Then with thy riches honor and endow
What sons best homage show,
Nor lavish them on those of little worth;
So that true Prudence and her sisters may
Dwell with thee still, nor thou disown their sway.

Serene and glorious, on the whirling sphere
Of every creature blest,
If thou dost this, thou shalt in honor reign,
And thy high name, which now with shame we hear,
On thee, Fiorenza, rest.
And soon as true affection thou shalt gain,
Blest shall the soul be, born in thy domain.
Thou wilt deserve all praise and majesty,
And the world's ensign be;
But if thy pilot thou refuse to change,
Then greater storms, and death predestinate
Expect thou as thy fate,
And through thy paths, all discords wild shall range.
Choose thou then now, if peace of brotherhood,
Or wolf-like raven make most for thy good.

Boldly and proudly now, my Canzon, so,
Since love thy steps doth guide;
Enter my land, for which I mourn and weep,
And thou wilt find some good men there, though low

* According to Dante, Antenôra was that part of Hell assigned to traitors.

Their light burns, nor spreads wide;
But they sink down, their virtues in the mire.
Cry to them, Rise, my trumpet bids aspire;
Take arms, and raise her to her place on high,
For she doth wasted lie.
For Capaneus and Crassus her devour.
Aglauros, Simon-Magus, the false Greek,
And Mahomet, the weak
Of sight, who wields Jugurtha's, Pharaoh's power:
Then turn to her, good citizens and true,
And pray that she a nobler life renew.

—*Translated by* E. H. PLUMPTRE.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(NOTE.—Francesca was the daughter of Guido Novello da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, and was married to Giovanni, a son of Malatesta da Verrucchio, lord of Rimini. Giovanni was a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed, and surnamed the Lame. His brother, Paolo, surnamed the Handsome, was a widower, and is said to have engaged Francesca's affections. Twelve years after her marriage, Francesca and Paolo were slain together by her husband and buried in one grave. The tragic event took place in Dante's twenty-fourth year. The poet ended his days in the house of Francesca's nephew, who bore the same name as her father.)

Scarce had I learned the names of all that press
Of knights and dames, than I beheld a sight
Night reft my wits for very tenderness.
"O guide!" I said, "fain would I, if I might,
Have speech with yonder pair, that hand in hand
Seem borne before the dreadful wind so light."
"Wait," said my guide, "until thou seest their band
Sweep round. Then beg them, by that love, to stay;
And they will come, and hover where we stand."
Anon the whirlwind flung them round that way;
And then I cried, "Oh, if I ask nought ill,
Poor weary souls, have speech with me, I pray."
As doves, that leave some bevy circling still,
Set firm their open wings, and through the air
Sweep homewards, wafted by their pure good-will;
So broke from Dido's flock that gentle pair,
Cleaving, to where we stood, the air malign;
Such strength to bring them had a loving prayer.

The female spoke. "O living soul benign!"
She said, "thus, in this lost air, visiting
Us who with blood stain'd the sweet earth divine;
Had we a friend in heaven's eternal King,
We would beseech him keep thy conscience clear,
Since to our anguish thou dost pity bring.
Of what it pleaseth thee to speak and hear,
To that we also, till this lull be o'er
That falleth now, will speak and will give ear.
The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.
Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart,
Seized him thou look'st on for the form and face.
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart.
Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place.
Love brought us to one grave. The hand that slew
Is doom'd to mourn us in the pit of Cain."
Such were the words that told me of those two.
Downcast I stood, looking so full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide ask'd what held me in that vein.
His voice aroused me; and I said, "Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass."
Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
"Francesca, see—these human cheeks are wet—
Truer and sadder tears were never shed.
But tell me. At the time when sighs were sweet,
What made thee strive no longer?—hurried thee
To the last step where bliss and sorrow meet?"
"There is no greater sorrow," answered she,
"And this thy teacher here knoweth full well,
Than calling to mind joy in misery.
But since thy wish be great to hear us tell
How we lost all but love, tell it I will,
As well as tears will let me. It befell,
One day, we read how Lancelot gazed his fill
At her he loved, and what his lady said.
We were alone, thinking of nothing ill.

Oft were our eyes suspended as we read,
And in our cheeks the color went and came;
Yet one sole passage struck resistance dead.
'Twas where the lover, moth-like in his flame,
Drawn by her sweet smile, kiss'd it. O then, he
Whose lot and mine are now for aye the same,
All in a tremble, on the mouth kiss'd *me*.
The book did all. Our hearts within us burn'd
Through that alone. That day no more read we."
While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourn'd
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died. I turned
Stone-stiff; and to the ground fell like a corse.

—*From Dante's Hell.—Translated by* LEIGH HUNT.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red,
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown, and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white; and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the Pilot,
He cried aloud—"Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
And then, as nearer and more near us came

The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence.
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face;
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them;
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

—*From Dante's Purgatory.—Translated by* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE ROMAN EAGLE.

[The Emperor Justinian, in Paradise, thus speaks to Dante.]

"When Constantine had turned against the Sun
The Eagle's course, which followed it before
Above the Ancient, who Lavinia won,
This bird of God's two hundred years and more
In the uttermost of Europe held his ground
Fast by the mountains, whence he sprang of yore;
And there, with sacred pinions wide around
Shadowing, he ruled the world for his domain,
Changing from hand to hand till mine he found.
Cæsar I was, Justinian I remain;
I took from Law, by all-first Love's consent,
(Therewith I burn,) the excessive and inane.
And ere I was upon this work intent,
I thought one nature dwelt in Christ, not two,
And under such a faith I lived content.
But me the blessed Agapetus, who
Was then chief Pastor of the Christian fold,
Unto right faith by his persuasion drew.
To whom I cleaved, and plain as you behold
That contradicting terms are right and wrong,
So now appears to me the truth he told.
When smooth I walked with Holy Church along,
To my great labor Heaven was pleased of grace

To prompt me, and I thereto made me strong,
And left my Belisarius in my place
The conduct of my wars, whom Heaven so well
Supported, that for rest I found good space.
Thus much it might suffice that I should tell
For thy first question; howbeit Circumstance
Upon this topic urges me to dwell:
That thou mayst know, what reasons countenance
To vex this hallowed-holy sign both those
Who call him theirs, and 'gainst him arms advance.
Behold, what glorious ancient deeds impose
Upon us reverence for him, from that hour
When Pallas died, on whom his rule arose!
Thou know'st, in Alba how he made his bower
Three hundred years or more, until the last,
When three fought three again to build his Power.
Thou know'st his works, as through the kings he passed,
From rape of Sabines to Lucretia's tears,
When o'er the nations round his yoke he cast.
Thou know'st, how he was borne by gallant spears
Of Rome against the Epeirot and the Gaul,
Against the princes' force and leagues of peers.
Whence Quintus, whom of locks untrimmed we call,
The Decii, and Torquatus, had that fame
I gladly blaze, and hence the Fabii all.
He did the Arabians' overweenings tame,
When down those Alpine rocks, from which thou, Po,
Descendest, after Hannibal they came.
In early age beneath him Scipio
Triumphed, and Pompey, proving to that hill,
Which thou wast born beneath, so dire a foe.
Then came that hour, when Heaven was pleased to fill
The world again with quiet like its own,
And Cæsar raised this bird by Rome her will.
Then what he wrought from Rhine to Var, Saône
Hath seen, Arar, Isère, and every glen,
Whose tribute swells the defluence of Rhone.
That which he wrought beyond Ravenna when
He passed and oversprang the Rubicon,
Was higher than all pitch of tongue and pen.
To Spain he turned his battle-power anon,
Thence on Dyrrachium and Pharsale arose,

Till Nile was hot with agony; thence upon
Simois he looked, the mountain whence he rose,
  Antandros, and where Hector sleeps his last,
And ill for Ptolemy shook off his repose.
To Juba, rapid as lightning, next he passed,
  Then turned, where you behold your sunset, where
Pompeius yet prolonged the clarion's blast.
Of what he made his next uplifter dare,
  Brutus with Cassius barks in hell-pit set,
And Modena and Perugia wailed whilere.
This wails the woful Cleopatra yet,
  Who, flying from his face, was of the snake
Enforced, a livid and eager death to get.
In that same hand he made the Red Sea shake;
  Therein such peace upon the World he brought
That men the shrine of Janus might forsake.
But that which by the lauded sign was wrought
  Till this, and which to follow yet was sure,
Through Earth his realm in his allegiance taught,
Grows in appearance trifling and obscure,
  If in third Cæsar's hand the effect you seek
With eyebeam single and intention pure.
For living Justice, that by whom I speak,
  Allowed him in the hands of whom I name,
The glory, upon her wrongs the wrath to wreak.
Attend now well, to what discourse I frame.
  Next this he scoured with Titus, and repaid
Vengeance for vengeance of the antique blame.
Next, when the Longobardian tooth had preyed
  On Holy Church, below that eagle's wing
Came Charles the Great, and triumphed in her aid.
Consider now, if wrong reproach I fling
  On whom I named above, and their bad zeal,
Which is the cause, whence your mishaps all spring.

—*From Dante's Paradise.—Translated by* C. B. Cayley.

THE ROSE OF HEAVEN.

O glory of our God, through which I saw
  The triumph high of that his kingdom true,
  Grant me the power to tell what then I saw!
A Light there is on high which brings to view

Him that creates to those that creatures are,
Who only in that vision peace ensue;
And then it spreads in figure circular
So far and wide, that its circumference
To gird the sun would be too wide by far.
All that it shows is one ray's effluence,
Reflected from the Primum Mobile,
Which all its life and power deriveth thence.
And as a cliff itself doth mirrored see
In lake that lies below, as if it found
Joy in its wealth of flowers and many a tree,
So, standing o'er that light, all round and round,
Thousands I mirrored saw of every grade,
All who from us their way have thither wound.
And if the lowest rank such glory made,
Think what must be the magnitude immense
Of that bright Rose in furthest petals rayed;
Nor in the height nor depth was visual sense
Astray, but took the whole wide circuit in,
The measure and the mode of joy intense.
There Far or Near doth neither lose nor win;
For where God rules in full immediate power,
The laws of nature find no place therein.
And in the gold of that eternal Flower,
Which spreads, dilates, and pours its rich perfume
To that Sun, ever in its springtide hour,
As one who fain would speak and yet is dumb,
Me Beatrice drew and said: "Behold
How all the white-robed host have here found room.
See what wide space our city doth enfold;
See how each seat is furnished with its guest,
That few are lacking now within our fold."
In fashion of a white rose glorified
Shone out on me that saintly chivalry,
Whom with his blood Christ won to be His Bride;
But the other host, which, as it soars on high,
Surveys, and sings, the glory of its love,
The goodness, too, that gave it majesty,—
As swarm of bees that deep in flowers move
One moment, and the next again return
To where their labor doth its sweetness prove,—
Dipped into that great flower which doth adorn

Itself with myriad leaves, then mounting, came
There where its love doth evermore sojourn.
Their faces had they all of living flame,
Their wings of gold, and all the rest was white,
That snow is none such purity could claim.
And to the flower from row to row their flight
They took, and bore to it the peace and glow,
Gained by them as they fanned their flanks aright.
Nor did the crowd then moving to and fro,
Between the flower and that which rose above,
Impede the sight or splendor of the show;
Seeing that the light of God doth freely move
Through the whole world, as merit makes it right,
So that nought there can hindrance to it prove.
This realm, secure and full of great delight,
Filled with the hosts of old or later time,
To one sole point turned love alike and sight.
O Trinal Light, that in one star sublime
Dost with thy rays their soul so satisfy,
Look down with pity on our storm-beat clime!

—*From Dante's Paradise.—Translated by* E. H. PLUMPTRE.

GIOTTO.

"A BOY showed signs of genius; a man fulfilled his early promise; a great painter was for once a prophet in his own country and in his own time; and all that history can tell us of him is that he made bad jokes and had six ugly children." Such is Harry Quilter's summary of the history of Giotto. A meagre biography in truth, and yet the most important part of his life still lives—the far-reaching influence which he exerted on art.

Giotto, or Ambrogiotto di Bondone, was born in Vespignano, near Florence, in 1266 according to some authorities, in 1276 according to others. When, as a boy of ten, tending the sheep on the hillside in Umbria, he was one day attempting to sketch one of his charges on a stone, the great Florentine artist Cimabue was passing through the valley. The evident talent of the boy attracted the attention of the master, who took him to his studio in Florence. It is probable that the associations of his early life in the fields implanted in him that sympathy with nature which marked his whole artistic career. The first information which we have regarding his art-work is one of those anecdotes which Vasari delights in

recounting. About 1296, Boniface VIII., desiring to add to the decorations of St. Peter's, sent a courtier to Tuscany. When the messenger, who had received designs from various artists in Siena, reached Giotto, the latter drew for him a perfectly accurate circle, with one sweep of his arm. And on seeing this, "the Pope . . . perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time." Soon after this, the artist went to Rome, but his works in that city have all been destroyed, excepting the famous mosaic of the *Navicella* (about 1298), and some small portions of the so-called Stefaneschi altar-piece in the sacristy of St. Peter's. About 1300–4 he was painting in the Bargetto, as the Palace of the Podesta in Florence is commonly called. (Here, in his painting of *Paradise*, the famous portrait of Dante in early manhood was discovered under a coating of whitewash which had concealed it for two centuries.) Following his marriage to one Ciuta di Lapo, came the production of the decorations of the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, these frescoes in their simplicity being altogether in harmony with the exceedingly plain architecture of the little building. After finishing this work, he appears to have gone to Florence to settle down. However, he still left the city occasionally to execute work in other places. His art-life, in fact, was spent in many parts of Italy: Rome, Florence, Padua, Rimini, Milan, Naples, and Assisi, in which latter place he executed a number of frescoes for the Church of St. Francis.

The striking characteristic in Giotto's paintings is its simplicity and truth to nature. When Giotto appeared upon the scene, painters were employing arbitrary forms of representation imposed by the traditions of Byzantine art. With Cimabue came perhaps the first visible sign of revolt against time-honored methods, while his pupil, Giotto, boldly and clearly expressed by practice the principle of the relation of art to life. These traditionary influences, having the support of the church, no doubt made it difficult for such tendencies towards a rational manner of painting to gain ground; but we are told that, notwithstanding, the change that Giotto wrought was so important that the artist lived to witness its adoption. In fact, the number of his followers and imitators

has been productive of much discussion over pictures painted in his style, but of doubtful authorship.

Imperfections there were many in his work, as is but natural, for he was a pioneer in reform, and his works must be studied in comparison with those that went before. But the principles which are exemplified in his paintings are such as have been enunciated again in later ages in renewed revolts against conventionality. The keynote of his style is simplicity; he turned from conventionalized and symbolical types to the truths of nature; moreover, he showed a certain dramatic quality, purity of feeling, and a simple faith, notably in pictures like his famous *Coronation of the Virgin* (in the Santa Croce at Florence).

Florence, the city in which he painted his earliest works of note,—the *Annunciation* and the *Madonna Enthroned*,—as well as those of his maturer years, was also the scene of his activity as sculptor and architect, in which capacities he is known to us only by his Campanile ("Giotto's Tower"). This square tower, adorned with bas-reliefs by Giotto, and with statues by Donatello and others, beautiful in its symmetry and unity of design, is one of the sights of the city. Giotto's appointment as "master of the works of the cathedral, and chief builder to the city of Florence," came to him in 1334, and he was still at work on his bell-tower and the façade of the cathedral, when death suddenly removed him on January 8, 1336.

So lived and worked this man in those stirring times, a plain, simple, matter-of-fact peasant's son, homely, characteristic, well-liked, well-patronized, though often very plain-spoken in his rough-and-ready wit. He was interred, we are told, in the church of Santa Maria de Fiore, where a marble monument was erected in his honor by Lorenzo de' Medici. But his Campanile stands as the noblest monument to his memory, the "last and greatest achievement," as one critic says, "of that great genius who joined to his skill of hand a heart tender enough to enter into every human weakness, and sympathies which extended to the animal and vegetable creation."

Giotto's Paintings.

By the time Giotto had attained his thirtieth year, he had reached such hitherto unknown excellence in art, and his celebrity was so universal, that every city and every petty sovereign in Italy contended for the honor of his presence and his pencil, and tempted him with the promise of rich rewards. For the lords of Arezzo, of Rimini, and Ravenna, and for the Duke of Milan, he executed many works, now almost wholly perished. Castruccio Castricani, the warlike tyrant of Lucca, also employed him; but how Giotto was induced to listen to the offers of this enemy of his country is not explained. Perhaps Castruccio, as the head of the Ghibelline party, in which Giotto had apparently enrolled himself, appeared in the light of a friend rather than an enemy. However this may be, a picture which Giotto painted for Castruccio, and in which he introduced the portrait of the tyrant, with a falcon on his fist, is still preserved in the Lyceum at Lucca.

For Guido da Polenta, the father of that hapless Francesca di Rimini, whose story is so beautifully told by Dante, he painted the interior of a church; and for Malatesta di Rimini (who was father of Francesca's husband) he painted the portrait of that prince in a bark, with his companions and a company of mariners; and among them Vasari tells us, was the figure of a sailor, who, turning round with his hand before his face, is in the act of spitting in the sea, so life-like as to strike the beholders with amazement. This has perished. But the figure of the thirsty man stooping to drink, in one of the frescoes at Assisi, still remains, to show the kind of excellence through which Giotto excited such admiration in his contemporaries,—a power of imitation, a truth in the expression of natural actions and feelings, to which painting had never yet ascended or descended.

About the year 1327 King Robert of Naples, the father of Queen Joanna, wrote to his son, the Duke of Calabria, then at Florence, to send to him, on any terms, the famous painter Giotto; who accordingly traveled to the Court of Naples, stopping on his way in several cities, where he left specimens of his skill. He also visited Orvieto for the purpose of view-

ing the sculpture with which the brothers Agostino and Agnolo were decorating the cathedral; and not only bestowed on it high commendation, but obtained for the artists the praise and patronage they merited.

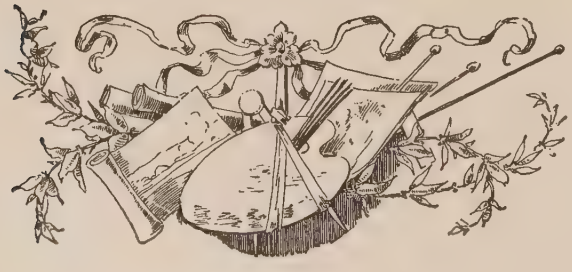
There is at Gaeta a Crucifixion painted by Giotto, either on his way to Naples or on his return, in which he introduced himself kneeling in an attitude of deep devotion and contrition at the foot of the cross. This introduction of portraiture into a subject so awful was another innovation, not so praiseworthy as some of his alterations. Giotto's feeling for truth and propriety of expression is particularly remarkable and commendable in the alteration of the dreadful but popular subject of the crucifix. In the Byzantine school, the sole aim seems to have been to represent physical agony, and to render it, by every species of distortion, and exaggeration, as terrible and repulsive as possible. Giotto was the first to soften this awful and painful figure by an expression of divine resignation, and by greater attention to beauty of form.

A Crucifixion painted by him became the model for his scholars, and was multiplied by imitation through all Italy; so that a famous painter of crucifixes after the Greek fashion, Margaritone, who had been a friend and contemporary of Cimabue, confounded by the introduction of this new method of art, which he partly disdained and partly despaired to imitate, and old enough to hate innovations of all kinds, took to his bed through vexation, and so died.

King Robert received Giotto with great honor and rejoicing, and being a monarch of singular accomplishments, and fond of the society of learned and distinguished men, he soon found that Giotto was not merely a painter, but a man of the world,—a man of various acquirements, whose general reputation for wit and vivacity was not unmerited. He would sometimes visit the painter at his work, and, while watching the rapid progress of his pencil, amused himself with the quaint good sense of his discourse. "If I were you, Giotto," said the king to him one very hot day, "I would leave off work and rest myself." "And so would I, sire," replied the painter, "if I were *you!*" The king, in a playful mood, desired him to paint his kingdom; on which Giotto imme-

diately sketched the figure of an ass, with a heavy pack-saddle on his back, smelling with an eager air at another pack-saddle lying on the ground, on which were a crown and sceptre. By this emblem the satirical painter expressed the servility and the fickleness of the Neapolitans, and the king at once understood the allusion.

While at Naples Giotto painted in the church of the Incoronati a series of frescoes representing the Seven Sacraments according to the Roman ritual. These still exist, and are among the most authentic and best preserved of his works. The Sacrament of Marriage contains many female figures, beautifully designed and grouped, with graceful heads and flowing draperies. This picture is traditionally said to represent the marriage of Joanna of Naples and Louis of Taranto; but Giotto died in 1336, and these famous espousals took place in 1347. A dry date will sometimes confound a very pretty theory. In the Sacrament of Ordination there is a group of chanting-boys, in which the various expressions of the act of singing are given with that truth of imitation which made Giotto the wonder of his day. His paintings from the Apocalypse, in the church of Santa Chiara, were white-washed over, about two centuries ago, by a certain prior of the convent, because, in the opinion of this barbarian, *they made the church look dark!*—A. JAMESON.



RICHARD II.

THE life and death of Richard II. of England have furnished the theme of one of Shakespeare's historical dramas, which has been highly esteemed by critics, though seldom presented on the stage. Richard II., the eldest son of Edward the Black Prince, and of Jane, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, was born at Bordeaux in 1366, and succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., July 13, 1377. The boy of eleven was called to govern in difficult times, when the nobles were turbulent and powerful, and the commons were just acquiring a knowledge of the power they might possibly exercise. His minority was also disturbed by the continuance of the French wars of his grandfather. The government was vested in the hands of his three uncles—the Dukes of York, Lancaster, and Gloucester. Their very opposite dispositions, it was thought, would counteract the designs of each other. Lancaster was neither popular nor enterprising; York was indolent and weak; and Gloucester was turbulent, popular and ambitions.

The common people were deeply stirred by the exactions required of them to support the foreign wars. In 1379 a

poll-tax was imposed on a graduated scale on every man in the kingdom from duke to peasant. In the next year the tax was extended to all persons over fifteen years of age. In 1381, when the king was only fifteen years of age, an itinerant preacher, named John Ball, gave voice to the complaints of the multitude; his favorite question was:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Wat Tyler, a poor man, whose daughter had been outraged by the indecent conduct of a poll-tax collector, became the leader of the peasants in arms. Tyler, starting from his home at Dartford, in Kent, collected a body of 100,000 insurgents, and having pitched his camp at Blackheath, made a disastrous descent on London. They sacked private dwellings, including Lancaster's palace of the Savoy, burned the prisons, and slew many of the Flemish clothiers. They beheaded Simon Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had proposed in Parliament the obnoxious taxes.

King Richard met the mob at Mile-end, and granted their demands, which were: 1. That slavery should be abolished; 2. That the rent of land should be fourpence an acre; 3. That all might have liberty to buy and sell in fairs or markets; 4. That all past offences should be pardoned. The solemn promises of the king caused the greater part of this force to disband, but some commenced the riots again. Next day the King held a conference in Smithfield with Tyler, who had with him 20,000 men. The rebel leader, happening to lay his hand on his dagger, was stabbed by Walworth, the Lord Mayor, and as he lay on the ground was killed by one of the King's esquires. This assassination might have provoked a dangerous outbreak, but Richard at this critical moment boldly rode up to the insurgents, declaring he would be their leader, and finally persuaded them to disperse to their homes. By similar means the insurrection, which had spread from county to county, was everywhere suppressed in detail; and when all was supposed to be over, the concessions were withdrawn by Parliament. The Lords and Commons stood up for the rich against the poor, and the boy-king was powerless to

resist them. Commissioners were sent to all parts, supported by a large army, and not less than 1,500 perished on the gibbet.

This was also the period of the labors of Wycliffe, the first English Reformer. In 1378 the Great Schism of the Roman Church took place, and two popes claimed rule, one from Rome, the other from Avignon. Wycliffe, disgusted with the dispute, compared them to two dogs snarling over a bone. He translated the Bible from Latin into English, and sent forth "poor priests" to preach to the people a pure gospel. Most of the nobles, alarmed by the risings of the peasants, opposed the new religious movement, but the Duke of Lancaster protected the bold innovator in his parsonage at Lutterworth, where he died in 1384. His followers, who belonged to the poorer classes, were called "Lollards," and henceforth that name is common in English history.

In 1385 France and Scotland in alliance attempted an invasion of England, but met with little success. Richard, in return, ravaged the northern kingdom and burnt Edinburgh. In 1388 the battle of Otterbourne, between the Douglases and the Percies, ended in the defeat of the English, though Douglas was slain. The battle, under the name of Chevy Chase, is celebrated in old English ballads.

During this period the chief nobles, under the lead of the Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, had gathered the power into their own hands. But in 1389 the king, at an extraordinary council of the nobility assembled after Easter, to the astonishment of all present, asked to know his age. When Gloucester told him that he was twenty-two, he alleged that it was then time for him to govern without help, as there was no reason why he should be deprived of those rights which the meanest of his subjects enjoyed. He then ordered Thomas Arundel, whom the commissioners had lately appointed chancellor, to give up the seals, which he next day delivered to William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. He next removed the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Warwick, and other lords of the opposition, from the council; and all the great officers of the household, as well as the judges, were changed. Gloucester was murdered mysteriously in the

prison of Calais. These and other acts raised a powerful party against the king, who, always excitable, now acted at times like a madman.

While Richard was absent in Ireland, Henry Bolingbroke, the Duke of Hereford, whom he had banished, embarked at Nantes and landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, with only twenty followers. The Earl of Northumberland, together with Henry Percy, his son—usually called Hotspur—immediately joined him with their forces. When he reached London 60,000 men marched under his banner. Richard was delayed for three weeks by contrary winds. He landed at Milford Haven without suspicion, attended by a body of 20,000 men, but immediately found himself opposed by a power which he could by no means resist. At Flint he became the prisoner of Hereford, who carried him to London, where he was confined temporarily in the Tower. On September the 30th, 1399, the two Houses met in Westminster Hall, and solemnly deposed Richard, who openly resigned the crown to his cousin. The same shouts which greeted his downfall hailed Hereford as King Henry IV. of England. Early in 1400 the dethroned monarch was either assassinated or starved to death in the dungeons of Pontefract Castle, whither he had been removed.

In their character, their policy, and their mysterious fate, the second Richard and the second Edward were much alike: Richard's ruling passion was the love of display. His promptness and courage were shown when he met the mob at Smithfield, and when he vindicated his royal authority from the restraint of his uncle. In the last two years of his reign he betrayed a spirit of reckless revenge and a thirst for absolute power, which cost him his life.

WAT TYLER'S DEATH.

Piers. So far triumphant are we. How these nobles,
These petty tyrants, who so long oppress'd us,
Shrink at the first resistance!
Hob. They were powerful
Only because we fondly thought them so.
Where is Jack Straw?

Tyler. Jack Straw is gone to the Tower
To seize the king, and so to end resistance.
John Ball. It was well judged; fain would I spare the shedding
Of human blood: gain we that royal puppet,
And all will follow fairly; deprived of him,
The nobles lose their pretext, nor will dare
Rebel against the people's majesty.

Enter HERALD.

Herald. Richard the Second, by the grace of God,
Of England, Ireland, France, and Scotland, king,
Would parley with Wat Tyler.
Tyler. Let him know
Wat Tyler is in Smithfield. [*Exit* HERALD.] I will parley
With this young monarch: as he comes to me,
Trusting my honor, on your lives, I charge you,
Let none attempt to harm him.
John Ball. The faith of courts
Is but a weak dependence. You are honest—
And better is it even to die the victim
Of credulous honesty, than live preserved
By the cold policy that still suspects.

Enter KING, WALWORTH, PHILPOT, *etc.*

King. I would speak to thee, Wat Tyler: bid the mob
Retire awhile.
Piers. Nay, do not go alone—
Let me attend you.
Tyler. Wherefore should I fear?
Am I not arm'd with a just cause? Retire,
And I will boldly plead the cause of freedom. [*Advances.*
King. Tyler, why have you killed my officer,
And led my honest subjects from their homes,
Thus to rebel against the Lord's anointed?
Tyler. Because they were oppress'd.
King. Was this the way
To remedy the ill? You should have tried
By milder means—petition'd at the throne—
The throne will always listen to petitions.
Tyler. King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
I kill'd your officer, for his lewd hand

Insulted a maid's modesty. Your subjects
I lead to rebel against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious;
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do we carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate,
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earn'd fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets—
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces!
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce shelter'd from the cold night wind;
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheer'd the wintry hour of age.
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes:
Where is the benefit, what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight, you profit at your ease.
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which nature offers. King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, king of England!

Walworth (*comes behind him, and stabs him*).

Insolent rebel, threatening the king!

Piers. Vengeance! Vengeance!
Hob. Seize the king.
King. I must be bold (*advancing*).
My friends and loving subjects,
I will grant you all you ask; you shall be free—
The tax shall be repeal'd—all, all you wish.
Your leader menaced me; he deserved his fate;
Quiet your angers; on my royal word,
Your grievances shall all be done away;
Your vassalage abolish'd. A free pardon
Allow'd to all: So help me God, it shall be.
John Ball. Revenge, my brethren, beseems not Christians;
Send us these terms, sign'd with your seal of state.
We will await in peace. Deceive us not—
Act justly, so to excuse your late foul deed.
King. The charter shall be drawn out; on mine honor
All shall be justly done.—R. SOUTHEY.

HENRY IV.

THE events of the reign of Henry IV., King of England, form the subject of two of the historical dramas of Shakespeare, who has in these closely followed the chronicles of Holinshed and others. Henry was surnamed Bolingbroke, and was the first sovereign of the House of Lancaster. He was born in 1367, and was the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of King Edward III. In the reign of Richard II., he was made Earl of Derby. After his marriage with Mary, the daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, the last Earl of Hereford, Henry, in 1397, was created Duke of Hereford.

In the Parliament of 1398 he preferred an accusation of high-treason against Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. The latter, denying the charge, offered to prove his innocence by combat with his accuser. The challenge was accepted, and the king appointed the lists at Coventry; but, on the appearance of the two champions, he would not suffer them to proceed. Both were banished the kingdom; Norfolk for life, Hereford for a term of ten years. But Hereford's exile was shortened by the king's favor to four years, and he was granted the further privilege of immediately entering upon any inheritance which might accrue to him in the meantime. The banished Hereford, going to Germany, served with distinction against the infidels in Lithuania, and by his excellent conduct as a knight obtained general esteem.

On the death of his father, in 1399, he succeeded to the dukedom of Lancaster, and laid claim, according to agreement, to the great estates belonging to it. Richard refused to give them up, and Bolingbroke, disregarding the unfinished term of his exile, embarked at Nantes with a small retinue, and landed, on the 4th of July, at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire. Henry was immediately joined by the two powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and carried everything before him. Finally the deposition of Richard was pronounced by the Parliament, and on the 30th of September Henry of Lancaster was solemnly acknowledged as king by the estates of the realm assembled at Westminster Hall. The commencement of his reign is reckoned from that day. A sort of right by conquest, and by delivering the nation from tyranny, was set up; but none of these pretences would bear discussion. Richard had been compelled to renounce his rights and was kept in confinement. His murder finally removed a rival who might soon again have become dangerous.

But a short time elapsed before the turbulence and selfishness of contending nobles broke out into conspiracy against Henry, the king of their own creation. The first plot, in 1400, was discovered in time to prevent its success, and was followed by the execution of several men of rank. In order to ingratiate himself with the clergy, Henry promoted a law for committing to the flames persons convicted of the heresy of the Lollards. The first victim was William Sawtre, chaplain of St. Oswith's in London, who had adopted the opinions of Wycliffe, and being convicted of heresy, was burned in public, A.D. 1401.

Throughout the entire reign Owen Glendower, a Welsh prince, maintained his independence among the hills of Wales. He had been educated in the law-schools of London, and had served as an esquire at the court of Richard II. Glendower got possession of Mortimer, the young Earl of March, true heir of the crown; and Henry's refusal to suffer his relation, the Earl of Northumberland, to treat with Glendower for the release of the prisoner, deeply offended that powerful nobleman. An incursion of the Scots, in 1401, was retaliated by Henry, who penetrated as far as Edinburgh.

In the ensuing year, the Earl of Douglas, renewing the incursion at the head of 12,000 men, was entirely defeated at Homildon by the Percy family, and taken prisoner with several Scotch nobles. Henry, wishing to detain them as hostages, sent peremptory orders to the Earl of Northumberland not to ransom them, and thus further alienated the Percies. The fiery spirit of Northumberland's son, Harry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, was especially roused by these indignities. He set free his prisoner, Douglas, and, making an alliance with him, summoned all the partisans of his house, and marched towards Wales in order to join Glendower, with whom he had corresponded. The Scots also joined the Percies. The king met the combined forces at Shrewsbury July 21, 1403, and a long and bloody battle was fought which was decided in favor of Henry by the death of Hotspur. Northumberland, who had been detained from the field through illness, submitted at once and was pardoned; but, revolting again, he led a wandering life for many years in Scotland and Wales, and was at last slain near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire.

A new insurrection, headed by the Earl of Nottingham and Scroop, Archbishop of York, broke out in 1405, but was suppressed by Henry's third son, John. By a pretended agreement he induced the leaders to disband their forces, and then apprehended them. The Archbishop afforded the first example in the kingdom of capital punishment inflicted upon a prelate. With France a dispute arose about the jewels and the dowry of the widowed Isabella; which, according to agreement, should have been returned on her husband's death. The English king met the demand by a counter-claim for the ransom of John, who was captured at Poictiers. For some time there was no open declaration of war; but the French nobles were allowed to hurl insulting challenges at Henry, and even to ravage his coasts in their privateers.

Two events, however, gave Henry the ascendency in Scotland and in France. James, the eldest surviving son of the Scottish king, when on his way to the schools of France, was driven by a storm on the English coast, and captured, and was imprisoned at Pevensey. The murder of the Duke of Orleans kindled in France a civil war beween the adherents

of the houses of Orleans and Burgundy, called respectively the Armagnacs and Bourguignons. Henry, becoming in turn the ally of each, regained the sovereignty of Aquitaine, Poitou and Angoulême.

The continual disquiets which had agitated his life brought Henry, while yet in his prime, into a declining state of health, and he became anxious about the transmission of his usurped crown. He was troubled by the licentious conduct of his eldest son, Prince Henry, or Prince Hal, as he is called in those scenes of Shakespeare's drama which have made his character familiar to the world. The king also, as his strength decayed, was tormented with the apprehension of losing his authority before his death. He had endeavored to soothe his conscience by a resolution of taking the cross and visiting the Holy Land; but repeated fits of epilepsy brought on death. He expired at Westminster on the 14th of March, 1413, and was buried at Canterbury. On the death of his first wife, who left four sons and two daughters, Henry had married Jane, daughter of the King of Navarre; she brought him no issue.

Henry IV. was of middle size, and of fine appearance; but in his last years his face was disfigured by an eruption, which the superstition of the time ascribed to the judgment of Heaven for the execution of the Archbishop of York. Though Henry's title to the throne was doubtful, his reign upon the whole was beneficial to the nation, and particularly favorable to the rights of the House of Commons.

THE TWO CAMPS AT SHREWSBURY.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S CAMP.

King Henry. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Worcester. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it! how comes it then?

Falstaff. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace,

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favor, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kissed your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;

What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,——
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

SCENE II.—THE REBEL CAMP.

Worcester. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Vernon. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen;
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hotspur. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arm this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,

But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Wor. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle:
Making you ever better than his praise,
But still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamored
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed.—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now—"Esperance!—Percy!"—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

—W. SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY V.

HENRY V. was one of the most gallant kings of England, and may be taken as a type of adventurous Englishmen. He was the eldest son of King Henry IV., being born in the year 1388, and was surnamed Monmouth, from the place of his birth. He received his education at Queen's College, Oxford, under the guidance of his half-uncle, Cardinal Henry Beaufort. His first military service was at the battle of Shrewsbury, in which engagement he was severely wounded. Immediately after this, having received command of the army in Wales, he evinced extraordinary military genius, defeating his adversary, Glendower, in a succession of engagements. The renown and popularity the prince acquired by these successes are said, as in the case of other brave princes, to have excited his father's jealousy, and occasioned his recall from the army. The energies of his ardent mind were then allowed to run to waste in intemperance and debaucheries, until he drew upon himself as much reprobation and odium by his wild and dissipated life as he had gained glory by his previous conduct. This part of his career has been made familiar by Shakespeare, who has shown him as the comrade of Sir John Falstaff and a riotous crew.

On his accession to the throne, however, on the 21st of April, 1413, the riotous Prince Hal was suddenly transformed

into the brave and spirited King Henry V. His earliest act was to discard his old companions, and to call around him the wisest of the land, conspicuous among whom was Sir William Gascoigne, the virtuous chief-justice. He set free the Earl of March and restored the Percy estates to the exiled son of Hotspur. Early in his reign the Lollards, by their efforts for religious reform, drew upon themselves the royal anger. Chief among them was Sir John Oldcastle, Lord of Cobham. He had been one of the prince's former intimates, and some have considered him the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff; but, repenting of his follies, he amended his life, and made his castle of Cowling the centre of Lollard missions. Hence he was borne to the dungeons of the Tower by the soldiers of Henry, on the charge of heresy. Cobham, escaping, called his followers together in St. Giles' Fields; but the vigilance of the king, who burst upon the meeting at the dead of night, scattered the Lollards. The leader fled, but many of those who were taken were doomed to death; and, three years afterwards, Oldcastle, who had left his hiding-place to join the invading Scots, was burned as a felon and a heretic.

Henry now turned his thoughts towards France, and his first step was to send over ambassadors offering peace and alliance, with the demand of the Princess Catherine with a great dowry, and the restitution of Normandy and all the other provinces which had been wrested from the English kings by Philip Augustus. The French court, sensible of its weakness, returned considerable offers, but Henry refused to accept them; and, delaying no longer, landed near Harfleur, on August 14, 1415. This strong fortress he took in five weeks; and then, with an army reduced to 15,000 by wounds and sickness, he formed the daring resolve of reaching Calais by the same route as that by which the troops of Edward III. had marched to victory. He found the bridges of the Somme broken down, and the fords defended by lines of sharp stakes; but, after a delay of some days, an unguarded point was discovered high up the stream. Crossing rapidly, he moved straight upon Calais, while D'Albert, Constable of France, awaited his approach before the village of Agincourt.

It was a dark and rainy night, when the wearied English saw before them the red glare of the French watch-fires. One hundred thousand French lay there. The odds were seven to one. Early in the morning of October 25, 1415, the attack was commenced by the English archers. With a cheer they rushed on, bearing with their usual weapons long sharp stakes. These they fixed obliquely before them, so that a wall of wooden pikes met the French charge; and, thus protected, they poured in their close and deadly arrows. Then slinging their bows behind them, they burst with the men-at-arms upon the breaking ranks; and the first, the second, and the third divisions gave way in succession. Henry fought in the thickest of the battle, but escaped unhurt. The confusion caused by the tactics of the English king, who had secretly sent a body of troops to set fire to the houses of Agincourt in the French rear, completed the rout. The glory of this victory was tarnished by the slaughter of the prisoners, ordered by Henry on a sudden alarm that a new force was approaching, The Constable, the flower of the French nobility, and 8,000 knights and esquires, fell on this fatal day; the English lost but 1,600 men.

Without following up this terrible blow, Henry crossed to Dover. No welcome seemed too warm for him. The people rushed into the sea to meet his ship; his journey to London was through shouting crowds and beneath waving banners. The parliament, unasked, voted him large sums, and granted him for life a tax on wool and leather. In August, 1417, Henry again invaded Normandy with 25,000 men; and having made himself master of all Lower Normandy, and received a re-inforcement from home, he laid siege to Rouen. To an application for peace, he made a reply which showed that he had now nothing less in view than the crown of France, long claimed by the English kings as their right. The negotiation terminated by his engaging to marry the Princess Catherine, and to leave Charles in possession of the crown of France, on condition that after his decease it should go to Henry and his heirs, and thenceforth be inseparably united to that of England.

Henry, after espousing Catherine, took possession of Paris,

and made himself master of some neighboring places. He returned to France in 1421, and pushed the Dauphin with so much vigor as to drive him beyond the Loire, and deprive him of almost all hold on the northern provinces. He carried with him James I., King of Scotland, who had remained from his youth a prisoner in England, unjustly detained from his throne. Henry's prosperity was crowned by the birth of a son, and all his great projects seemed in full progress to success, when he was laid low by sickness. It is probable that the debaucheries of his youth sowed the seeds of his early death. He expired at Bois-de-Vincennes, on the 31st of August, 1422, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. In gorgeous state his remains were borne to England, and were there laid in the vaults of Westminster.

Henry V. displayed admirable endowments—energy both of body and mind, which no fatigue could quell; heroic gallantry; patience and endurance, watchfulness and activity, steadiness of determination, policy, and other moral constituents of a great king and general. As the gallant and youthful conqueror of France, he has borne a favorite name in English history, and his earlier faults have been dismissed lightly by his biographers. He was the darling of his soldiers and the idol of his subjects.

The Battle of Agincourt.

The two armies were strangely contrasted. On the French side might be seen three enormous squadrons, like three forests of lances, which in this narrow plain followed one another in order, and extended to a vast depth; in their front stood the Constable, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, of Bar, and of Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, of Eu, of Richemont, of Vendôme, a crowd of nobles, a dazzling rainbow of enamelled armor, of coats of arms, of banners, of horses strangely masked in steel and gold. The French had their archers, too, men of the commons these; but where were they to be set? Every place was disposed of; no one would give up his post; people such as these archers would have been a blot on so noble a gathering. There were cannons, too, but it does not seem that they were used; probably no more room

could be found for them than for the bowmen. On the other side stood the English army. Its outer seeming was poor enough. The archers had no armor—often no shoes; they had wretched headpieces of boiled leather, or even of osier, guarded by a cross-piece of iron; the axes and hatchets hung at their belts gave them the look of carpenters. Many of these good workmen had loosed their belts to work the more easily, first to bend the bow, then to wield the axe, when time came for leaving behind them the line of sharpened stakes which protected their front and for hewing at the motionless masses which stood before them.

For strange, incredible as it may seem, it is certain that the French army could not move, either to fight or fly. In the after struggle the rear-guard alone made its escape. At the critical moment indeed of the battle, when old Thomas of Erpingham, after putting the English army in array, threw up his staff in the air, and cried, "Now strike!" while the English replied with a shout of ten thousand men, the French army, to their great surprise, remained immovable. Horses and horsemen all seemed enchanted or dead in their armor. In reality the great war-horses, under the weight of their heavy riders and of their huge caparisons of iron, had sunk deeply in the thick clay on which they stood; they were so firmly fixed that it was with difficulty that they disengaged themselves in an attempt to advance. But their advance was only step by step, The field was a mere swamp of tenacious mud. "The field was soft and cut up by the horses; it was almost impossible to draw one's feet out of the ground, so soft was it. Besides this," goes on the historian, Lefebvre, "the French were so loaded with harness that they could not go forward. In the first place, they were burdened with steel coats of mail long enough to reach below the knees, and very heavy, and below this mail they had harness on their legs, and above it harness of white, and helmets atop of all. Then they were so crowded together that none could lift their arms to strike the enemy, save those who were in the front rank." Another historian on the English side tells us that the French were arrayed thirty-two men deep, while the English stood but four men deep. This enormous depth of the French col-

umn was useless, for almost all who composed it were knights and horsemen, and the bulk of them were so far from being able to act that they never even saw what was going on in the front; while among the English every man had his share in the action. Of the fifty thousand Frenchmen in fact but two or three thousand had the power actively to engage with the eleven thousand Englishmen; or at least might have had the power, had their horses freed themselves from the mire.

To rouse these sluggish masses to action the English archers discharged thousands of arrows right at their faces. The iron-clad horsemen bowed their heads, or the arrows would have pierced the vizors of their helmets. Then, on either flank of the army, from Tramecourt and from Agincourt, two French squadrons, by dint of hard spurring, got clumsily into motion, and came on, headed by two famous men-at-arms, Messire Cliquet de Brabant and Messire Guillaume de Sausure. But the first squadron, which came from Tramecourt, was suddenly riddled by the fire from a body of archers hidden in the wood on its flank; and neither the one squadron nor the other ever reached the English line. In fact, of twelve hundred men who charged, but a hundred and twenty managed to dash themselves against the stakes on the English front. The bulk had fallen on the road, men and horses, as they floundered in the thick mud. And well had it been had all fallen, for those whose horses were wounded could no longer govern the maddened beasts, and they turned back to rush on the French ranks. Far from being able to open to let them pass, the advance-guard was, as has been seen, so thickly massed together that not a man could move; and one may conceive the fearful confusion that fell on the serried mass, the frightened horses plunging and backing through it, flinging down their riders, or crushing them into a mass of clashing iron. It was in the midst of this turmoil that the Englishmen fell on them. Quitting their front of stakes, throwing down bow and arrow, they came on at their ease, hatchet and axe, sword or loaded club in hand, to hew at the vast confused heap of men and horses. When, all in good time, they had finally made a clearance of the advance-guard, they advanced, with King Henry at their head, on the

second line of battle behind it. It was perhaps at this moment that eighteen French gentlemen fell upon the English king. They had vowed, it is said, to die or to dash his crown from his head; one of them tore from it a fleur-de-lys; but all perished on the spot. It was now at any rate that the Duke of Brabant hurried up to the fight. He threw himself upon the English, who slew him in an instant. Only the rear-guard now remained, and this soon melted away. A crowd of French knights, dismounted, but lifted from the ground by their serving men, had withdrawn from the battle and given themselves up to the English. At this moment word was brought to King Henry that a body of Frenchmen were pillaging his baggage, while he saw in the French rear-guard some Bretons or Gascons, who seemed about to turn back upon him. Fear seized him for a moment, especially when he saw his followers embarrassed with so great a number of captives; and on the instant he gave orders that every man should kill his prisoner. Not a man obeyed. These soldiers without hose or shoes saw in their hands the greatest lords of France, and thought their fortunes already made. They were ordered in fact to ruin themselves. Then the king told off two hundred men to serve as butchers. It was an awful sight, says the historian, to see these poor disarmed folk, to whom quarter had just been given, and who now in cold blood were killed, beheaded, cut in pieces! . . . . After all, the alarm was a false one. It was but some pillagers of the neighborhood, people of Agincourt, who in spite of their master, the Duke of Burgundy, had profited by the occasion. He punished them severely, although they had drawn from the spoil a rich sword for his son.—J. MICHELET.

HENRY VI.

HENRY VI., one of the ill-fated kings of England, was surnamed Windsor, from his birth in that borough on the 6th of December, 1421. He was the only issue of the gallant Henry V., by his queen, the Princess Catherine of France. The historian Hume has called this reign "a perpetual minority" on account of the prince's total incapacity for government. He was but nine months old when his father died, on the 1st of September, 1422. The Duke of Bedford was made Regent of France, while Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, bore the title, "Protector of the Realm of England."

The infant Henry was solemnly invested with the crown of France by ambassadors sent for that purpose, and the vigor and abilities of the regent Bedford for some time foiled the attempts of the Dauphin Charles to recover his inheritance. But a change of fortune began when the heroic Joan of Arc sought the presence of Charles and declared that she had a mission from Heaven to drive the English from Orleans and to lead the Dauphin to Rheims. Clad in armor, she rode on a gray steed to the rescue of Orleans. She entered the city, stormed the fortress before the gate, and drove the English from before the walls; thus winning her name, "The Maid

of Orleans." In two months more Charles was crowned at Rheims, and her mission was fulfilled. But soon began a reaction. The brave and innocent Maid was captured and sold to the English regent; and, after twelve months' imprisonment, was burned as a witch in the market-place of Rouen, May 31st, 1431.

Young Henry was crowned at Westminster and also at Paris, a step considered necessary after the coronation of Charles at Rheims. But the crowning at Paris was an empty form. Two heavy blows shook the power of England in France: The great Bedford died, and the Duke of Burgundy made peace and alliance with France. The loss of Paris speedily followed; and in 1444 the English were glad to make a truce for two years. In the following year, Henry married Margaret of Anjou, the daughter of René, titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, but actully without a single province. Instead of obtaining a dowry with this princess, Henry, or rather his negotiator, the Earl of Suffolk, engaged to cede the province of Maine to Charles of Anjou, uncle to Margaret and prime minister to the French king. A renewal of hostilities with France deprived the English of Normandy, and everything else they held in that country, excepting Calais.

In England discontent at the state of affairs daily increased. In the unpopularity of the court, men now began to look to the claim of Richard, Duke of York, whose mother, heiress of the house of Mortimer, had transmitted to him the best title to the crown by inheritance. Cardinal Beaufort, the great pillar of the House of Lancaster, being dead, the storm of public odium first broke on the Duke of Suffolk, who was impeached by the House of Commons. He was sentenced to banishment, but was murdered on his passage to France. This was a severe blow to Henry. The rumor of preparations for a terrible revenge reached the men of Kent, who had furnished the ships to seize Suffolk. They rose in arms under Jack Cade, who took the name of Mortimer, a cousin of York. The rising itself was thought to be fomented by the Duke of York, and it was not suppressed without great difficulty. A son had been born to Henry amid general rejoicings; but the anger of the people had been excited by the bestowal of the king's

favor on Somerset, whom they blamed for the loss of Normandy, and for the miserable failure of an attempt to recover Guienne.

At this critical point Henry was seized with a fit of insanity, and the reins of government were thrown into the hands of York with the title of Protector. This, however, did not last long, for the recovery of Henry deprived York of his office. But the Duke having tasted the sweets of power, took up arms. A civil conflict—the famous Wars of the Roses—began. They were so called from the badges of the rival houses, the ensign of the House of York being a white, that of the House of Lancaster a red rose. The chief supporters of York were the Earl of Salisbury and his son the Earl of Warwick. All England was divided into two great parties. The first blood in these destructive wars was shed at St. Albans in May 1455, where York obtained a victory, with the slaughter of several Lancastrian nobles. Henry was made prisoner; but a sort of compromise between the parties followed this first action, and the king nominally resumed his sovereignty. The war being renewed, the Yorkists were again victorious, at Bloreheath, in Staffordshire (1459). Henry was a second time made captive, at Northampton, by the Yorkists under Warwick, in 1460. Now for the first time York publicly laid claim to the throne as the representative of the eldest surviving branch of the royal family. Parliament decided that Henry should reignd uring his life, and that the crown should then pass to York and his heirs.

Brave Margaret of Anjou, burning with anger that her son Edward, Prince of Wales, should be shut out from the throne, called the Lancastrians again to arms, and routed the Yorkists at Wakefield Green in Yorkshire, 1460. This was the first success of the Red Rose, and in this battle the Duke of York was slain. This loss, instead of dispiriting, roused the Yorkists to fury. Edward, Earl of March, succeeded his father as Duke of York, and at Mortimer's Cross swept the royalists before him, 1461. A few days later, Margaret defeated Warwick in the second battle of St. Albans, 1461, and released the king from confinement. But when Edward marched to London, he was received by the citizens with shouts of joy. A great council declared that Henry had forfeited the crown when he joined the army of the queen, and the young Duke

of York was at once proclaimed king, with the title of Edward IV. The north of England, however, still remained faithful to Henry; London and the south had declared for Edward. But a decisive victory, won at Towton, in March, 1461, established the predominance of the House of York. Edward was crowned at Westminster in June. Again the shattered ranks of the Lancastrians were arrayed; but at Hedgeley Moor and Hexham, 1464, they were again broken.

Poor Henry fled to the wilds of Lancashire, where for more than a year he eluded pursuit; but at last was betrayed by a monk and consigned to the Tower of London. Here he was kept until October, 1470, when a revolution again restored him, for a few months, to both his liberty and his crown. At the battle of Barnet, 14th April, 1471, Henry again fell into the hands of Edward and was re-committed to the Tower. In the same battle Warwick was slain. Queen Margaret soon after landed with a fresh army, but was surprised and defeated at Tewkesbury. Her son Edward, Prince of Wales, was killed after the fight was over. It was generally believed that Henry was murdered in his prison cell by the king's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; but his death is involved in mystery. All that is known is that on Wednesday, the 22d of May, 1471, the dead body of the Lancastrian monarch was exposed to public view in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Henry VI. was gentle, pious, and perhaps fond of learning, but one of the weakest kings that ever sat upon a throne. His long minority formed in him the habit of trusting too much to his counsellors; and, like a shuttlecock, he was kept flying between the two parties. His wife displayed high courage, and was far better fitted for the throne than the feeble king. She maintained his cause in the field, while he passed from one captivity to another.

Margaret of Anjou.

From Shakespeare and the chroniclers we receive a very harsh impression of the character of Margaret of Anjou, for they present her in repulsive, if not hideous, colors. She is portrayed unfeminine, arbitrary, revengeful, licentious; and

even her energy and fortitude are distorted into unnatural ferocity and obduracy. I greatly distrust this representation, not because I am able to find historical authority for a different and better character, but because there was so much that would almost irresistibly render the English judgment on her memory prejudicial and unjust. The marriage contract between her and Henry the Sixth, stipulated for the cession of territory to her father, René of Anjou, that amiable but, perhaps, somewhat fantastic person, who was happy in the pompous possession of three regal titles, without a rood of land in either of his kingdoms, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and who spent his days in a sort of pleasant dream of the innocent play of chivalry and the songs of troubadours.

Margaret came to England a Frenchwoman, to be the Queen of England, just at the time when English pride was exasperated by French victories; and, moreover, she was soon placed in the unnatural attitude of supplying, by her character, the feebleness of her husband's rule. The almost feminine gentleness of Henry's disposition gives an offensively masculine character to Margaret's life. She could not but see that the throne was environed with dangers, the perils of false friends and open enemies. She could not but see the helplessness of her royal husband; and she ought not to be judged too severely, when we consider that, if her natural temper led to it, so also did the necessity of the case constrain her to do one of the worst things a woman can do—make a man of herself. And this was done, not, as by her illustrious country-woman, the Maid of Orleans, under religious influences, but for the purposes of worldly policy. Still these purposes were the defense of her king and husband, the possession of the throne, and the maintenance of the hereditary rights of her son. She may have been all that the English chroniclers and the English dramatist represent; but I do distrust it because she was in the very position—the relation to a divided and misgoverned people—that would inevitably cause a great deal to be attributed to her, for which she may not have been rightfully responsible. Consider how natural, and yet how unjust would it be for the adverse party to trace every obnoxious measure of the government, and many an

atrocity in the war, to the Frenchwoman on the throne, the strong and determined wife of an irresolute and unregarded king. I dare say that, in her way of life, there may have been much that is revolting to our sense of female character; indeed, it could not be otherwise; for a woman can hardly play a man's part in the work of the world without grievous detriment to her own nature. But one is still entitled to contemplate Queen Margaret, not as a vulgar and hideous Amazon, but as a woman under the dire necessity of mingling in scenes of war.

After the parliamentary compromise, in which the succession of her son was sacrificed, we can behold her as an heroic matron warring for the rights of her child, when the father's feeble hand could not defend them. She gathers an army, which the Duke of York, contemptuously encountering, pays a bloody penalty for the folly of rashly despising an enemy. He was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and in as short a time as two months after he had walked in procession to St. Paul's, as the newly-declared heir-apparent, his gory head, insulted with a paper crown, was set upon the gates of York. After such a catastrophe, the reader of history naturally looks for the establishment of Lancastrian supremacy; but no—the rights of the Duke of York, and the feudal inheritance of vengeance for his death, pass to his son, the Earl of March, a youth of nineteen years of age; and from this time the war becomes more ferocious than ever, and with a deeper thirst for revenge. The warlike queen pursues her success by the rescue of her husband from captivity; but the young Duke of York enters London, and is proclaimed King Edward the Fourth.

The coronation of the new monarch was postponed until further hostilities should give him stronger possession of the throne. There were now two kings in the land, Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth; and the battle that soon followed between the two royal armies, shows, more impressively, perhaps, than any other in the war, to what fearful issues of carnage and bloodshed the passions of faction and civil war can drive men of the same kindred and the same homes. No foreigner shared in the strife; there were none

but Englishmen present, and of them more than one hundred thousand were drawn up, in no very unequal divisions, in hostile array on the field of Towton. Both sovereigns were present, King Edward and King Henry, or, perhaps we had better say, Queen Margaret. Proclamation had been made that no quarter should be given; and faithfully and fiercely was the order obeyed, so that it proved probably the bloodiest battle in British history. The desperate conflict lasted more than a day; and some idea may be formed of the slaughter, when it is said the number of the Englishmen slain exceeded the sum of those who fell at Vimiera, Talavera, Albuera, Salamanca, Vittoria—five great battles of the Peninsular War—and at Waterloo, combined. This enormous shedding of English blood was by English hands. The battle ended in the total rout of the Lancastrians, and the crown was firmly placed on the brow of Edward the Fourth.

So decided a victory, one would imagine, must have closed the contest; but no—for ten perilous years was the struggle continued, chiefly by the indomitable energy of Queen Margaret. Poor King Henry took refuge in the secluded regions of the north of England, but was betrayed and committed prisoner in the Tower of London; while his queen, eluding her enemies, is with difficulty followed in her rapid and unwearied movements, at one time rallying her English partisans and risking battle, again seeking alliance and help from the King of France. Perils by land and perils by sea making up the wild story of her adventures, we hear of her at one time shipwrecked, and, at another, falling into the hands of a band of roving banditti. She struggled to the last—as long as she had a husband or a child whose rights were to be contended for.

The later years of the war are no less perplexed than the beginning; and there is nothing especially characteristic of the age or expressive of the spirit of the times, except the conduct of that great feudal lord, the Earl of Warwick. It was chiefly by him that Edward the Fourth had been helped to the throne; and, when the King-maker found cause of quarrel with the monarch, he turned his allegiance away, and the greatest of the Yorkist chieftains was afterward an adherent of the Lancastrians. King Edward became the prisoner of

the proud nobleman, and one of the extraordinary spectacles which England exhibited in this war, was that of two rival kings, each confined in prison and at the same time. The King-maker was strong enough to lift up the prostrate Lancaster. Edward the Fourth fled from the palace and the kingdom; and his imprisoned rival was led forth from the Tower to hear the streets of London resounding once more with the name of King Henry. This surprising restoration gave, however, but a brief respite to the Lancastrian family before its final overthrow. The fugitive Edward returned to recover the crown, and, as it proved, to extinguish the opposing dynasty.

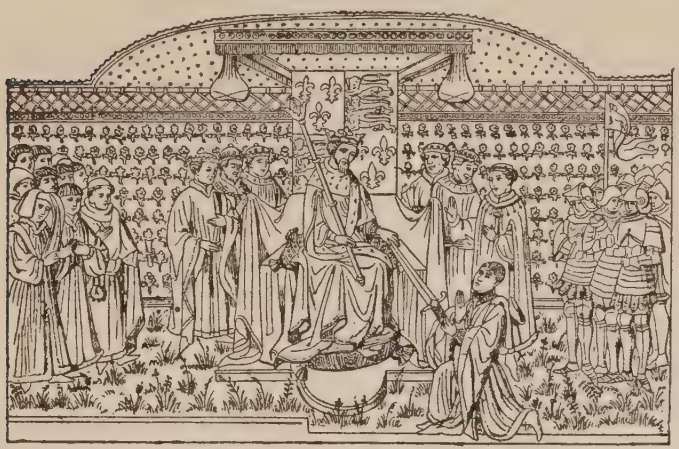
He landed at Ravenspur, the very place where Bolingbroke, the Lancastrian progenitor, landed, when he came to deprive Richard the Second of the crown and to usurp it for himself; so fatal was that spot for the Plantagenets, first of the one and then of the other line. The landing of Edward at Ravenspur has been compared to the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he came to shake the Bourbons again from the throne so lately restored to them. The comparison holds good as to the boldness and rapidity of the exploits; for, in about forty days, the counter-revolution of Edward was completed. In regard to the first reception and the first results, the parallel fails. When Edward landed, he found that none durst speak in his favor for dread of Warwick; and he could advance into the country only, as Bolingbroke had done, under the crafty plea that he came to claim no more than his duchy. The disguise was, ere long, thrown off; he fought and gained a battle in which his chief adversary, the King-maker Warwick, was left dead on the field. He entered London in triumph, was king again, and poor King Henry, of whom we never hear anything, except when something is done to him, was remanded to the Tower, never again to leave it alive.

The last convulsive effort of Queen Margaret was made at Tewkesbury, where the Lancastrian party met with its final defeat. The misery of the hapless queen was completed by the barbarous murder of her only child, the young Prince of Wales, who was stabbed to death, it is supposed, by King Edward's brothers, Clarence and Gloster—the horrid deed

which Shakspeare has fitly made one of the phantoms that haunted the death-dream of Clarence:

> "Then came wandering by,
> A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
> Dabbled in blood;—and he shriek'd out aloud,
> 'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
> That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury!—
> Seize on him, furies,—take him to your torments.'"

The murder of the old king, the harmless Henry, soon followed, the bloody release to his grieved spirit being given by the dagger of the Duke of Gloster—if popular belief has rightly rested on that, one of the dark deeds which belong to the history of the Tower of London. The Lancastrian king and the Lancastrian heir having been destroyed, their great champion, the queen, Margaret of Anjou, is left alone; and, so far as the story of her life is connected with the annals of England, the last image which we have of her is, as she stands in the tragic sublimity of woe, discrowned, widowed, childless, captive and desolate.—H. REED.



RICHARD III.

RICHARD III. of England has been execrated by poets, dramatists and historians. Popular opinion regards him as deformed in body and unprincipled in spirit. He was the youngest son of Richard, Duke of York, and was born at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire in 1452. He was created Duke of Gloucester in 1461, on the accession of his brother, Edward IV., who claimed the throne as a descendant of Philippa, only daughter of the Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward III. It is charged that his career of bloody crimes began when he joined his brother Clarence in the murder of the Prince of Wales after the battle of Tewkesbury. In 1472 Richard married Anne, widow of the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, and daughter of the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker; her sister having previously married his brother Clarence. The latter prince stood in the way of Richard's ambition, who fomented the intrigues which proved fatal to him. On the death of Edward IV. in 1483, Richard became the natural guardian of his nephews, and assumed the title of "Protector of the Realm." The elder of the boys was immediately proclaimed king, as Edward V., the other was Duke of York. Richard met the young king

on his way from Ludlow Castle, where the late soveregin had resided during the latter part of his reign, and pretending the purest loyalty towards his royal nephew, offered to conduct him to London. Having thus secured the person of the king, he next got possession of his brother. The Queen had retired with this son to Westminster Abbey; but she delivered him up at the intercession of the Primate and Archbishop of York. In a few days after, Gloucester had the two princes closely confined in the Tower, under the pretence of guarding them from danger.

Gloucester's next step was to remove those nobles who were faithful to the cause of the young Edward. Lord Hastings was arrested on a charge of sorcery, and at once beheaded in the chapel-yard of the Tower. On the same day Lord Rivers, maternal uncle of the king, was executed with three others at Pontefract Castle. When these murders had been committed, the Duke of Buckingham, in a bold speech to the citizens of London at Guildhall, declared Richard of Gloucester the true heir to the throne; and on the next day he presented a petition entreating Gloucester to wear the crown. With feigned reluctance the Protector consented, and Edward's reign of eleven weeks was at an end.

The tradition of the murder of the two young princes in the Tower by order of Richard, is in all human probability substantially true. Sir Thomas More relates that James Tyrrel, Richard's master of the horse, was sent from Warwick to London with a royal letter charging Brackenbury, the governor of the Tower, to give up the keys of that fortress for twenty-four hours. Tyrrel, choosing three associates, went in the night to the door of the chamber where the helpless boys were lodged, and sending in the assassins, bid them execute their commission. They found the young princes in bed and sound asleep, and with bolster and pillows smothered them. They then showed the bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the staircase. There their bodies were found in Charles I.'s time.

Richard and Anne were crowned at Westminster, and then making a progress through the country were again crowned at York. Having secured himself on the throne,

the new king attempted to strengthen his interests by foreign alliances, and he procured the favor of the clergy at home by great indulgences. A strong party against Richard, however, had always existed, and now that the sons of Edward IV. had disappeared, they proposed a union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry, Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth of York. This union was dreaded by the king, and, to avert it, he sought to bring about a marriage between the princess and his own son; but the scheme was thwarted by the sudden death of the destined bridegroom.

Richard now found his power threatened from a quarter where he least expected an attack. The Duke of Buckingham, who had been instrumental in raising him to the throne, did not think himself properly rewarded. He made a demand of some confiscated lands in Herefordshire, to which his family had an ancient claim. Richard either reluctantly complied with his request, or only granted it in part; so that a coolness soon ensued between them, and in a little time Buckingham came to a resolution of dethroning the monarch whom he had just raised. He declared for Henry, Earl of Richmond, who was at that time in exile in Brittany. Buckingham being suspected, fled to Wales; but was betrayed by a retainer, and beheaded, without delay, in the market-place of Salisbury.

On the death of his son, Richard had some idea of marrying his niece Elizabeth himself; and incurred the suspicion of having poisoned his wife Anne for this purpose. But his chief counsellors dissuaded him from that unnatural union. Meanwhile dangers grew thick around the usurper; the fidelity of his adherents began to fail. Lord Stanley, whose estates were the richest in Lancashire and Cheshire, was the object of his greatest suspicion. Henry, Earl of Richmond, now hastened the preparations for his intended return to deliver England from Richard's tyranny, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th of August, 1485. Richard took his station at Nottingham, as the centre of the kingdom. Horsemen were in the saddle on all the chief roads, to bring the earliest tidings of his rival's approach.

The armies met at Bosworth, near Leicester, and here was

fought the last battle of the famous Wars of the Roses. Richard was at the head of 15,000 men, and met Richmond at the head of 10,000, with the assurance, however, of aid from Lord Stanley, who commanded another body of 7,000. The fight began on the 21st of August, and Stanley keeping his promise, at the critical moment secured the victory to Richmond. As the action grew desperate, Richard fought with the courage of a hero. He is said to have killed Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard-bearer; he dismounted Sir John Cheyney; and was within reach of Richmond, when Stanley, breaking in with his troops, surrounded Richard and overwhelmed him by numbers. His body, which was found on the field, was thrown carelessly across a horse, carried into Leicester amidst the shouts of insulting spectators, and buried in the church of the Greyfriars. The crown which he had worn on the battle field, was found in a hawthorn bush close by, and was placed by Stanley on the victor's head.

Richard III. was of meagre and stunted body, with a withered arm and a deformity of the shoulders, from which he took his name of Crook-back. He was brave, but cruel and politic. His unbridled ambition led him to commit crimes most terrible and unnatural. He is the most execrated of all English kings, yet we must remember that the picture of Richard III. rendered familiar by Shakespeare's drama, was drawn under the Tudor sovereigns, and allowance should be made for the rancor of a lingering hostile feeling.

The Battle of Bosworth.

Richard had ridden out of Leicester in the same state and splendor in which he had entered it, wearing his crown on the helmet of a rich suit of steel armor that he had first worn at Tewkesbury; and passing on to Mirwall Abbey, encamped upon a hill called Anbeam, overlooking a broad extent of open ground, called Redmoor, not far from the town of Market-Bosworth. It was about two miles long and one mile broad, intersected by a thick wood, and bounded on the south by a little stream, on the north by rising ground, and by a swamp called Amyon Lays. Richard was to the west, Henry to the east. Restless and distrustful, Richard rose at midnight,

wandered alone through his outposts, found a sentinel slumbering, and stabbed him to the heart as he lay, then returned to endeavor to recruit himself by sleep for the next day; but he was awake again, long before the chaplains were ready to say Mass, or the attendants to bring breakfast; and he told his servants of the sentry's fate, grimly saying, "I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him." No thought of mercy was in the mind of the man bold in civil war, whose early recollections were of Wakefield and Towton, and whose maiden sword had been fleshed at Barnet. He only said that, go the battle as it might, England would suffer; "from Lancaster to Shrewsbury he would leave none alive, knight or squire; and from Holyhead to St. David's, where were castles and towers should all be parks and fields. All should repent that ever they rose against their king; and if Richmond triumphed, the Lancastrians would of course take a bloody vengeance."

One strange episode is said to have occupied Richard on that morning of doom. He had acknowledged two illegitimate children, John and Katharine, whom he had brought up with the young Prince of Wales; he had knighted the one and given the other in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon; but he had yet another, named Richard. This young boy was brought to the royal tent at that moment, and heard for the first time that the pale, haggard, agitated man, small, slight, and deformed, yet whose dark eyes flashed with indomitable fierceness and pride as he donned the helmet with its regal crown, was his father! He was too young for the battle, and Richard bade him remain on the hill, and watch, so as to escape if he saw the white boar (Richard's badge) and the white rose give way.

Anxious tidings kept on coming in. The Duke of Norfolk brought in a paper he had found pinned to his tent in the morning, bearing the lines—

> "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is bought and sold;"

and when, thus rendered even more anxious, Richard sent to command the personal attendance of Lord Stanley and his brother William, they flatly refused to come. Thereupon he

gave instant orders to strike off the head of young Stanley, whom he held as a hostage; but the opposite army already showed signs of movement, and the execution was deferred.

Richard then arrayed his men. His army seems to have numbered about 16,000, and he decided on extending the vanguard to the utmost, so as if possible to outflank and enwrap the enemy. In their centre he placed a dense body of archers, and amongst them seven score guns called sargents, chained and locked in a row, behind a trench, with the men who knew how to use harquebuses and morris-pikes also stationed round them, all guarded by a trench. This was under the command of Norfolk; the second line under that of Northumberland; and Richard himself took charge of a body of troops formed into a dense square, with wings of horsemen. Henry, meantime, was almost as uneasy about the Stanleys as Richard himself, for neither did they obey his summons; and without their 8,000, his force was no more than 5,000. He formed this little troop into three lines, spreading them as far as possible, giving the centre to the experienced Earl of Oxford, the right wing to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the left to Sir John Savage. He rode through the army, giving them comfortable words—entirely armed, all save his helmet; and the long golden hair that witnessed to his Plantagenet ancestry, flowing down to his shoulders. The soldiers closed their helmets and shook their bills; the archers strung their bows and "frushed" their arrows. Each side stood ready for the last of the hundred battles of the Plantagenets.

Richmond moved first, so as to bring the right flank of his army alongside of the swamp, and prevent Richard's long line from closing upon that side, and besides so as to bring the August sun on the backs instead of the faces of his men. They seem to have waited for a charge from the enemy; but as none was made, Oxford resolved to make a sudden and furious dash at the centre, where Norfolk was in command. The fighting was hot and vehement, and the small band of Lancastrians must have been beaten off, but that the Earl of Northumberland, in the second line, never stirred to the aid of Norfolk. The duke went down, his son, the Earl of Surrey, surrendered; and the Mowbray banner was down.

Richard, maddened at the sight, and seeing half his army standing inactive, determined to make a desperate charge down the hill upon Henry himself; but fevered with the thirst of the agitation of this desperate crisis, he flung himself down and took a long draught from a spring that still goes by the name of Dick's Well. Then he put his lance in the rest, and together with his most attached adherents—Lovell, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Brackenbury, Lord Ferrers, and Sir Gervoise Clifton, and their nearest followers, putting their lances in rest, rode headlong upon Richmond, as indeed the last hope now lay in the destruction of the individual rival. Small and slender as Richard was, he did wonders; he drove his lance through the armpit of Sir William Brandon, the standard-bearer; and as Sir John Cheyney, a man of gigantic frame, threw himself in front of Henry, he unhorsed him at the first shock. But others had closed in between the two rivals; and at that moment a knight—Catesby, as it is said—pointed out to the king that Sir William Stanley, hitherto inactive, was moving with his 3,000 men to crush him completely, and tendering him a swift and fresh horse, advised him to save himself by flight, saying, "I hold it time for ye to fly. Yonder Stanley, his dints be so sore, against them no man may stand. Here is my horse; another day ye may worship again." "Never!" cried Richard. "Not one foot will I fly so long as breath bides within my breast. Here will I end all my battles or my life. I will die King of England."

Down came cautious Stanley, and the fray thickened. The charge had been but just in time to save Henry, but when it came it was overpowering. "Treason! treason! treason!" cried Richard at every blow; but his followers fell around him, his standard-bearer clinging to his standard and waving it even till his legs were cut from under him, and then he still grasped and waved it till his last gasp. Sir Gervoise Clifton and Sir John Byron, near neighbors, had, ere parting to take opposite sides, agreed that whichever was on the winning party should protect the family and estates of the other. As Clifton fell, Byron ran to support him on his shield; but Clifton could only murmur, "All is over—remember your pledge;" and Byron did faithfully remember it.

Richard, after fighting like a lion, and hewing down whatever came within the sweep of his sword, was falling under the weight of numbers, and loud shouts proclaimed his fall. His party turned and fled, and were pursued closely for about fifty minutes, during which towards a thousand men were slain, and tradition declares that the mounds along the track are their graves. Drayton sings—

"O Redmore Heath! then it seemed thy name was not in vain.
When with a thousand's blood the earth was colored red."

At last a steep rising ground, after about two miles, slackened the pursuit, for Henry had no desire to fulfill Richard's bloody prophecy. His uncle, Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, victorious at last after their many piteous defeats, and Lord Stanley, halted with him; and Sir Reginald Bray came up with the crown that Richard had so proudly worn, and which he had found hanging on a hawthorn bush, dinted and battered; but such as it was the Lord Stanley set it on Henry's head, and shouts of "God save King Harry!" rang throughout the field. Crown Hill became the name of the eminence, and Henry adopted as his badge the Crown in the May-bush. He knelt down and returned thanks for his victory.—C. M. YONGE.

HENRY VII.

THE first sovereign of the Tudor dynasty of England was Henry VII., born at Pembroke Castle on the 21st of January, 1456. He was the son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor and of Catherine of France, the widow of Henry V. His mother, Margaret, was the only child of John, Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt. After the battle of Tewkesbury he was carried by his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, for refuge, to France. His kindred to the crown, and the hatred which prevailed of Richard III., gave him hopes of wresting the sceptre from that tyrant. At length, on the 1st of August, 1485, Henry sailed with his fleet from Harfleur, and on the 7th landed at Milford-Haven, in Wales. The two rivals encountered at Bosworth on the 22d, when the result was that Henry obtained a complete victory, which, with the death of Richard in the battle, at once placed the crown on his head.

The king's public entry into London and his coronation were delayed until October 30th by a plague, called, from its strongest symptoms, "The sweating sickness." When the ceremonies were over he called a Parliament to confirm his title. He claimed the throne by right of inheritance and of conquest; but to secure his seat, and at the same time to lull forever the hostility of the rival Roses, he married Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV. He obtained, besides,

from Pope Innocent VIII., a bull threatening with excommunication all who should disturb him or his heirs in the possession of the throne. His chief confidence was given to John Morton and Richard Fox, two priests who had been faithful to him in his exile. He made Morton Archbishop of Canterbury, and Fox Bishop of Winchester. Tranquillity, however, was not altogether restored; and, besides less alarming insurrections, a serious disturbance was soon after excited by a priest, named Simon, who procured Lambert Simnel, a youth of fifteen, son of a baker, to personate the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, whom Henry had confined in the Tower. Simnel was sent to act his part in Ireland, where, remote from detection, he was able to interest the whole island in his favor, and was proclaimed king at Dublin. He then ventured to go to England, where he expected to be joined by all the discontented Yorkists; but as Henry had caused the true Earl of Warwick to be publicly shown in the streets of London, few were disposed to join the impostor. The king collected an army and moved towards Newark. He came upon the rebels at Stoke and totally defeated them in June, 1487. With politic magnanimity he spared young Simnel, and displayed his insignificance by making him a scullion in the royal kitchen, and afterwards raised him to the post of falconer.

The projects of France for annexing the Duchy of Brittany to the crown induced Henry to declare war; but his active measures were so tardy and parsimonious that the annexation was effected. Pretending, however, that a war with France was unavoidable, he levied a "benevolence" on his subjects, and landed with a large army at Calais in 1492; but as his views were really pecuniary, he accepted proposals of peace from the King of France, on his agreeing to pay a large sum of money and an annual pension. The enmity of the Duchess-dowager of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV., never ceased to pursue Henry. Her court was the asylum of pretenders to the English throne. She had encouraged the imposture of Simnel, and soon brought a new adventurer upon the stage. Having propagated a rumor that Richard, the younger of the sons of Edward IV., supposed to have been

murdered in the Tower, had escaped that fate and since lived in concealment, she procured one Perkin Warbeck, a native of Tournay, who called himself Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. He was first sent over to Ireland, where his story obtained credit; and the account reaching Paris, he received an invitation from Charles VIII., then at war with Henry, to repair to his court, where he was treated with all the honors due to his supposed birth. At the peace Charles generously refused to deliver him to Henry; and Perkin retired to the Duchess of Burgundy. She gave him a body-guard and all honors of a prince, and named him the "White Rose of England." This affair occupied Henry for the next five or six years; for it was not till the end of 1497 that the adventurer was finally put down. Another pretended Earl of Warwick next arose—one Ralph Wilford, the son of a shoemaker—whose attempt, however, was immediately nipped in the bud by his arrest and execution, in March, 1499. The restless succession of these conspiracies seems at last to have convinced Henry that his throne would never be secure nor the kingdom at peace, until the persons who were made rallying points by his enemies were put out of existence. The same year in which Wilford was put to death witnessed the executions of both Perkin Warbeck and the Earl of Warwick.

Henry was now well-settled on his throne, and had shown so much vigor and prudence in defeating the attacks made upon him that he obtained a high reputation, and other monarchs sought his alliance. He was the most flattered by the friendship of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, a prince resembling himself in cautious and crafty policy. After a long negotiation he brought about, in 1501, a marriage between his eldest son, Prince Arthur, and the Infanta Katharine, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Arthur dying a few months after, the king, in order to retain the large dowry paid with her, obliged his remaining son, Henry, to marry his brother's widow, and obtained a dispensation from the Pope for their union. Later this arrangement produced the most serious consequences to the Pope's authority in England. Henry's eldest daughter was married to James, King of Scot-

land; this marriage was the source of the union of the English and the Scottish crowns in 1603.

Henry VII. never remitted his favorite pursuit of filling his coffers at the expense of his subjects; and as assistants in this business he employed two lawyers, Empson and Dudley, who, by their hardness of heart and skill in all the mazes of penal law, were exceedingly qualified for the work of extortion. It was merely through accident that the discoveries of Columbus were not made to the advantage of Henry; for he had paid attention to an application from that navigator through his brother, and had sent him an invitation to his court, which the capture of the brother by pirates prevented from arriving in time. Henry afterwards employed Sebastian Cabot, the Venetian, who, under his auspices, discovered Newfoundland and part of the North American continent. By Henry's order the "Great Harry," a war-ship of two decks, was built. It was of 1,000 tons burthen, and cost £14,000.

In this reign, a court, known as the "Star Chamber," from the decorations of the room in which it sat, received the authority of Parliament. The principal work it had to do was the abolition of "maintenance," a system by which the nobles retained around them a band of lawless men wearing their livery and bound by oath to fight in their quarrels. Its subsequent employment in oppression of the people has rendered its name odious.

Henry's health gave way under repeated attacks of gout, and consumption at length set in. In his dying hours he ordered that those whom he had injured should be recompensed. He expired on the 22d of April, 1509. Henry VII. was one of the few masters of kingcraft that figure in English history. Lord Bacon, who wrote his life, compares him to Louis XI. of France and Ferdinand of Spain, designating the three as "the tres magi of kings of those ages." Henry's master-passion was the love of money, and he stooped to the most infamous extortions to gratify his rapacity. Yet his reign was one of prosperity and growth for the kingdom, which then recovered from the extreme exhaustion of the Wars of the Roses.

PERKIN WARBECK.

Henry. So this is Beaulieu Sanctury. Set it here.
[*They place a chair.*

I'll see the very opening of the door,
Now that old Marden's tale has tam'd his pride, [*Sits.*
How say you, deep Divines, that in our hearts
A natural instinct bids us spare our kin?
Why, here is our sweet cousin, this young York,—
This son of our sweet other cousin, cousin Edward,—
Brother of our sweet other cousin, our dear wife,
And yet we love him not.

Urswick. Your grace forgets
That a king's heart has higher claims than love
To his own kindred.

Hen. True,—I had forgot.
A crown and cowl do equally sear up
The natural issues of affection.
Is't so?

Urs. Aye, truly.

Hen. But although I climb
Mountingly o'er the body of this youth,
A round is out of the ladder, and I stop
Midway; so high, 'twere giddy to look down.

Urs. A round,—I scarce conceive—

Hen. Dull, froward priest!
What boots that Perkin fill a grave as deep
As the earth's centre, if survive that other,
That Warwick, son of malmsey-drinking Clarence,
Heir of the throne, if York were moved from his path?
Urswick, why all the labors I've gone through,
And this the happiest labor of them all,
Were but to lift the crown from Richard's head,
To place it upon Edward's; while our own,
Bent reverent and bare! A game's half lost
When but half won. How say you?

Urs. He's a youth
Tender and timid, the young Earl of Warwick.
And if this Richard— [*He stops confused.*

Hen. Pause not for a name.

Urs. Who is of manlier thews, were safely sped,
That other might be moved to turn his mind

From earthly things, to scorn the pomp and toys
Of this vain world, and don the peaceful gown
Of our meek church.
Hen. A priest? Nay, Heav'n forefend!
Ambition may be quelled in a lay heart,
But when it fires a Churchman's,—never, never!
When will this Perkin forth?
Urs. Ere sound of twelve,
The Abbot says.
Hen. What says the minster clock?
Urs. It wants two minutes.
Hen. (*to himself*) If Elizabeth
Our wife, were but to see him, natural blood
Would warm to him. White roses grow in groups.
She shall not see him, for the sound of his voice,
They say, is like his father's, and his eyes
Have the same look.

The clock strikes—the doors open—the procession begins.

I would not change this hour
Of vengeance on the hated Yorks, the foes
Of me and mine, for all that earth can give!

YORK (*Perkin Warbeck*) *and the* DUCHESS *advance from the gate.*

Here comes the villain Edward's son. Thank heaven,
The fools are blind!
(*Aloud*) Bring me this Warbeck forward!
Urs. (*to* YORK) His grace will see.

YORK *advances.*

Hen. So, Sir; so—you're come!
You set a price upon our head. We thank you,
You valued it so high. What value, Sir,
Place you upon your own?
York. The life of others.
Grant me their lives; they were misled, deceived;
Pardon them, Sir! and take this worthless head
Bent at your feet.
Hen. (*aside*). His father's second self!
(*Aloud*) You bargain well. Have you forgotten, Sir,
Your head is ours already, yours and theirs.
York. I might have kept my sanctuary, Sir,
And wandered from this land untouched, unscathed,

Carrying where'er I went, for forty days,
The Church's holy helm upon my head.
I lift the Church's helm, my head is bare;
Take it,—but spare these men.
Hen. What are you, Sir?
We thought you were our royal cousin of York,
King Edward's son, true brother of our wife,
True prince, true king. What! Have you changed your note?
Are you our rightful lord?
York. I thought so, Sir.
Hen. But you confess you now?—Listen, my lords;
Listen, good gentlemen, followers of this man.
Now, Sir; say on. Are you of royal blood?
York. No.
Hen. Then who was your father?
York. Warbeck.
Hen. How dare you, Sir!—base, recreant, renegade,
Traitor! How dare you come into our realm,
You, that confess,—that now the game is lost,
Tell your poor dupes—you're but a cozening knave;
And now make bargain for your life.
York. Not so.
My life I give—as freely give it, Sir,
As heaven gives light. These, my companions,
Are still within the safeguard of the shrine.
Hen. Are they? Ha! who's that woman? Bring her hither, Sir.
Who are you, Mistress?
Duch. This man's wife.
Hen. His wife—
Oh! Thus I vail to you; you bear true blood.
But for this insolent—
Duch. My husband, Sir,
Were he indeed what once he thought he was—
Were he a king, with nations at his feet,
He'd have no higher name.
Hen. Psha! Sunder them.
Duch. Dear Warbeck! Oh! I love the name, since yours,—
Better than York, since it is yours no longer;
They shall not part us! He's no traitor, Sir!
Hen. Then he is worse—our prisoner—our sworn foe—
Vanquished.

York. Ah! Catherine, plead for me no more,
My friends, lift up the banners once again,
And wend you forth.
Hen. Not so! We take your head
Ransom for theirs. You're pardoned, gentlemen;
Depart in peace. [*To* URSWICK.] If they get thro' the forest,
Your life shall answer.

The procession exit. URSWICK *follows and returns.*

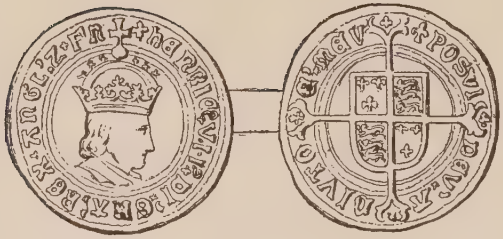
York. For me, Sir, here I stand,
Willing to die: and if 'twill speed your purpose,
Know that I own that it is just I die;
I, that have caused so many nobler deaths,
So many broken hopes! Give but the word,
I'm ready.
Duch. Husband!
York. Look around you, Kate;
Eyes are upon us—cold and cruel eyes.
Let us part nobly. Bear a proud heart, wife!
Let me not hear one tremble in your voice,
It might give triumph.
Duch. (*to Hen.*) Sir, you owned my rank,
Grant me one favor, let us die together!
Hen. No.
Duch. Let not death come like an envious blight,
That nips but half the blossom. Let us die
Thus, linked together.
York. No, my Catherine, no!
Live to be guardian of your husband's name;
Live to live down the baseless calumnies,
That power and hatred will conjoin to fling
On the poor heart that only beat for you,
For you and honor.
Duch. I will live for these.
York. Then let us part. No tear! I thank you, Sir,
That you preserve this life. Here, with this hand,
I give you from me, Catherine! Say farewell,
Calmly as I do.
Duch. Farewell, Sir! more loved
In your defeat, than 'mid the brightest hopes
That gilt our fortunes in the years gone by!
York. Lead to the scaffold!

Hen. No! To the Tower—to the Tower
Lead him—quick—hence! And you, fair Catherine,
You shall to Westminster. Nay, answer not.
Lead off that man! and take the lady away.
[*Exeunt* YORK, DUCHESS, *etc.*

Hen. Urswick, come near. How like a York he looked!
Place him beside his cousin in the Tower,
Lord Warwick. 'Tis but one of the Hydra heads.
Let them be close companions. If one lives,
The other may live as well—both—,

Urswick. Lord Warwick,
Tho' eighteen years, is but a child in thought,
Playmate of Digby's pretty daughter, Mabel;
And 'tis a pleasant sight to see the twain;
For he is innocent as she. He has been
Prison'd so long, he's lost all sense and manhood.

Hen. He has enough of both to sit on a throne,
And give his name to a shilling. Let them meet,
They will hatch treason soon. And now for London. [*Exeunt.*
—J. WHITE.



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J. L. G. FERRIS, PINX.

HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN.

HENRY VIII.

HENRY VIII. in early life was in many respects an excellent type of English character, and long enjoyed a marked popularity. But his obstinate pride, selfishness and sensuality led to domestic scandals which were blazoned to the world and culminated in wanton bloodshed, so that he stands in history as the English Bluebeard. The historian Froude has endeavored with only partial success to recall the better side of his character, picturing him as "bluff King Hal," the English counterpart of Henry IV. of France. He was the second son of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV. He was born in 1491, and ascended the throne on the death of his father in 1509. In him were united the claims of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. He inherited the handsome presence and love of pleasure which distinguished his mother's father, as well as the strong will of his own father.

In 1510 the chivalric young king, longing to engage in grand warfare, entered into a league with Pope Julius II., and Ferdinand, King of Spain, against Louis XII., of France. The Pope was desirous of wresting from Louis some valuable provinces which he possessed in Italy, and Ferdinand was desirous of sharing the spoil. Henry's first parliament readily granted supplies, as he stated that his design was to conquer the kingdom of France, and annex it to the Crown of England. An English army was sent into Spain to invade France on the south. But Ferdinand having used the troops in his

private schemes against Navarre, their leader in disgust brought them back to England without attempting the invasion of Guienne. The Parliament of 1513 having granted a poll-tax and other supplies, Henry sailed with his troops to Calais. He was there joined by the Emperor Maximilian, who came to serve with the English. Terouenne, a town of Picardy, being invested, the garrison held out for two months. In the meantime, on the 18th of August, 1513, Henry gained the battle of Guinegaste, known as the "Battle of Spurs," from the rapid flight of the French cavalry. Tournay was then taken and Henry returned in triumph to England. During his absence the Scotch invaded the north of England, but were defeated by the Earl of Surrey in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field, in which James IV. and the greatest part of the Scotch nobility were cut off. This calamity to Scotland forms the historic basis of Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Marmion."

Henry, elated with his successes, continued to lead a life of wasteful extravagance. The old ministers who had been appointed by his parsimonious father were now disregarded, and the king's confidence was entirely placed in Thomas Wolsey, afterwards Cardinal, who seconded him in all his favorite pursuits. Wolsey, from very humble beginnings, had gradually raised himself to the first employments of the State. His excessive pride rendered him very unpopular with the nobility; but the great share he possessed in the favor of such an absolute prince as Henry VIII. put him quite out of the reach of his enemies. Both Francis I. and Charles V., as rivals for the imperial dignity, courted the friendship of England. Henry was invited by the French king to a meeting near Calais. The two kings met between Guisnes and Ardres May 30, 1520. This interview has been called, from the splendor of the monarchs and their retinues, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Three weeks were spent in visits of state, tournaments and feasts; but nothing of importance was done. At Gravelines, a town on the shore a little north from Calais, Henry and Charles met immediately afterwards; and any feeling in favor of Francis which had grown up in Henry's mind was completely swept away.

The execution of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, son of the Buckingham who had been beheaded by Richard III., took place upon Henry's return to England. Misled by astrology and the pride of his royal blood, he had let fall unguarded words, hinting that, if the king should die without children, he would seek the throne. But Henry was already determined to regulate the succession, and woe to the man who would stand in his way.

The Reformation begun by Luther was now in progress on the Continent of Europe, and Henry was as yet a strict Roman Catholic, zealous in behalf of the pope. In 1521 he wrote a book defending the Seven Sacraments of the Church against Luther's attacks, and sent a copy of it to His Holiness. Leo X., glad to receive aid so illustrious, conferred on him the title of "Defender of the Faith." The letters F. D., for *Fidei Defensor*, may still be seen on all English coins. Neither pope nor king suspected that the royal champion would ere long wrest the English Church from its allegiance and give it virtually a new faith.

After nearly twenty years of married life the king pretended to have doubts about the legality of his marriage with Queen Katharine, who had previously been his brother's wife. She was a dignified and virtuous woman, but six years older than the king, and all her children had died in infancy except one daughter, the Princess Mary. Henry professed to be struck with this, as being like the curse of being childless, pronounced in the Mosaic law against evil-doers. But in fact pleasure-loving Henry was tired of her, and had taken a violent fancy for one of her maids of honor, Anne Boleyn, granddaughter of the first Duke of Norfolk. A divorce then became the great object of Henry's life. There were many difficulties in the way. Katharine was the aunt of Charles V., now emperor; she was, besides, a zealous Catholic, and in high favor with the Pope. But a divorce Henry would have, and so he told Wolsey, who is said to have knelt at his feet, seeking vainly to change his purpose.

The Pope, perceiving the king's eagerness, at last sent Cardinal Campeggio, his legate, to London, who, with Wolsey, opened a court for trying the legitimacy of the king's mar-

riage with Katharine. The trial commenced on the 31st of May, 1529. On the first day a touching scene took place. When the queen's name was called, instead of answering, she flung herself with tears at her husband's feet, pleading for mercy as a stranger in England and his faithful wife of twenty years. Then, refusing to submit to the court, she left the hall. The trial came to nothing, and the case was transferred to Rome. Henry was furious and poured out his wrath on Wolsey. He stripped him of one honor after another till death put an end to the proud Cardinal's humiliation.

From political, not religious, causes, the king's mind gradually turned to look favorably on the Reformers who had in Germany assumed the name of Protestants. Thomas Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell were now his chief advisers. Cranmer had, some time before Wolsey's death, suggested that the divorce case should be referred to the universities. Henry, hearing of this, exclaimed, in his rough style, that Cranmer had got the right sow by the ear, and acted on the hint. The case was laid before all the universities of Europe, and a decision was given in Henry's favor. Cromwell, too, gained the royal favor by a single suggestion. By his advice the king resolved to deny the supremacy of the pope, and to make himself head of the English Church. The Parliament of 1531 owned Henry as head of the Church, and next year forbade the payment of first-fruits to the pope. In 1533 all appeals to Rome were forbidden and Henry married Anne Boleyn.

The Pope laid Henry under a terrible curse, unless Katharine was restored; but nothing could bend the stubborn king. Most of the clergy submitted, but some distinguished men denied the king's supremacy in the Church, and thus became the victims of Henry's wrath. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," were beheaded in 1535. As the monks had all shown the greatest resistance to Henry's ecclesiastical authority, he resolved at once to deprive them of the power of injuring him. In 1536 the smaller monasteries, 376 in number, were abolished, and their revenues, amounting to £32,000 per annum, confiscated to the king's use; in addition to a large

quantity of plate and other valuable property, computed at more than £100,000. In 1538, the great monasteries shared the same fate; and to lessen the general odium, scandalous tales were circulated relative to the life of the friars. An attack on sacred relics and images soon followed, and the shrines enclosing them were despoiled of gold and jewels. Among those thus pillaged was that of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which had long been a popular resort for pilgrimages. The most splendid jewel which had adorned this famous shrine, the gift of King Louis VII. of France, was henceforth worn in a ring on Henry's thumb.

While Henry's divorce remained unsettled, his passion for Anne Boleyn had been violent; when his wish was granted, he grew careless, then cold. A new face, that of the lovely Jane Seymour, caught his changeful fancy. Anne's enemies plied him with evil stories; of her friends, Cranmer alone dared to raise his voice in her favor. Her unpardonable crime was probably that her only living child was a daughter (afterwards Queen Elizabeth) and not a son. She was tried on a charge of unfaithfulness to her royal husband, and on the weakest possible testimony was convicted and condemned to die. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, 1536, and the next day Jane Seymour became Queen. The birth of a son, on October 13th, 1537, who was baptized Edward, caused Henry great joy, but the queen died two days after the prince was born. The king's grief, which is said to have been very violent, did not hinder him from entering very soon afterwards into a new matrimonial scheme.

Henry's fourth wife was Anne of Cleves, daughter of a German prince. Cromwell, desiring to strengthen the Protestant cause in England, had proposed the union. A picture of the princess was shown to Henry; he was pleased with the face, and she was invited to England. But when he came to see her, he lost all patience, swearing that she was "a great Flanders mare." Notwithstanding, he determined to complete the marriage; telling Cromwell, that as he had gone so far, he must now put his neck in the yoke. The king never forgave Cromwell, however. Three designs filled his mind: revenge on the vicegerent, a divorce from Anne,

and the elevation of a new queen, Catherine Howard, a Catholic, and a niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

Henry still retained the doctrines of the Roman Church, especially that of transubstantiation; and he enacted that all should, on pain of death, declare belief of this. Many suffered death. Cromwell was accused of heresy and brought to the block, July 28th, 1540. Queen Anne, much to her own content, was separated from her husband, and lived in England upon an annual pension of £3,000. Catherine Howard was raised to the throne amid the rejoicings of the Catholics. Henry imagined himself so happy in this new marriage, that he publicly returned thanks for his conjugal felicity. But his joy was of short duration, for, shortly after, shocking information was given to Cranmer by a discarded servant named Lascelles. This wretched fellow not only charged her with licentious amours before marriage, but affirmed that she had continued the same practices ever since. Two of her paramours were arrested and confessed their crime. She herself confessed that she had been unchaste before her marriage, but denied having ever been false to the king's bed. Nothing but blood could quench Henry's rage, and she was beheaded on Tower Hill. With her died an accomplice of her guilt, Lady Rochfort, who had been chief witness against Anne Boleyn. The court appears to have been a veritable sty.

In 1544 Henry, having formed an alliance with Charles V., invaded France and took Boulogne after a long siege. Charles, less successful, soon withdrew. Henry sent Lord Hertford, Jane Seymour's brother, to invade Scotland, which was in alliance with France. Hertford captured and burnt Edinburgh. In 1545 peace was restored, as the war had exhausted the treasury, even after Henry had resorted to the desperate remedy of debasing the coinage.

Henry's sixth wife was Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, who favored the cause of the Reformers, but with great prudence. She survived her husband. The last who suffered from this tyrant's wrath was the young Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, famed as the writer of the earliest English blank verse. He was a cousin of Catherine Howard, and was beheaded on suspicion of aiming at the crown. The

cruelties and violence of this monarch were terminated by his death, on the next day, the 28th of January, 1546.

Henry VIII. at eighteen was a gay and handsome prince, skilled in music, and ready with his pen ; at sixty-five he was an unwieldy mass of corrupted flesh and evil passions. It is in vain that Froude labors to present him as the broad-minded, sagacious, and just, though arbitary, ruler of England. While he had considerable intellectual ability, his vanity was great, his manners coarse, and he stopped at nothing to satisfy his brutal and vicious desires. Few English monarchs were more absolute or more sensual. In his religious changes he displayed the selfish, fickle nature so evident in his marriages. Not satisfied with the "Six Articles," as the creed prescribed for England, he published in succession two books, each giving a different creed to the nation.

Great as were the subsequent changes, the impress of Henry VIII. is still seen in Church and State. It is from his reign that we must date the wonderful growth and expansion of England.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The place of meeting was to be between Ardres and Guisnes, within the English pale. Hundreds of skillful workmen were employed in erecting the pavilions that were to lodge the two courts ; barons and gentlemen flocked in from all parts—many of whom, it was said, had spent a whole year's income in fitting themselves for the display ; and councillors and heralds rode backwards and forwards incessantly, arranging the precautions and the etiquettes of the meeting. The two kings might, so ruled the statesmen, meet in open field ; but neither might trust himself in the camp of the other unless on principles of exchange. They might mutually visit the Queens, but neither might be at home when his brother king visited him. Each must be a hostage for the other.

François's chief tent before Ardres was a magnificent dome, sustained by one mighty mast, and covered without with cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top, outside, a

hollow golden figure of St. Michael. The cords were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus; but the chronicler of the French display is obliged to confess that the King of England's lodgings were "far more beautiful." They were certainly more solid, for eleven hundred workmen, mostly from Holland and Flanders, had been employed on them for weeks, chiefly about the hangings, for the framework was of English timber, and made at home. Bacchus presided over a fountain of wine in the court, with several subordinate fountains of red, white, and claret wines, and the motto, "*Let who will make good cheer*," a politer one than that which labelled the savage man with a bow and arrows who stood before the door,—"*He prevails to whom I adhere.*" The outside of the castle was canvas painted to resemble stone work, the inside hung with the richest arras, and all divided into halls, chambers, and galleries, like any palace at home, with a chapel of the utmost splendor. It had the great advantage of superior stability, for a high wind levelled François's blue dome with the dust, and forced him to take shelter in the old castle of Ardres.

On the first day, Wolsey had a conference with François, Duprat with Henry, the upshot of which was that their children should be married. One hundred thousand crowns a year were to be paid to Henry, nominally with a view to this hypothetical marriage, but really to secure his neutrality; and the affairs of Scotland were to be settled by the arbitration of Louise of Savoy and Cardinal Wolsey.

This settled, each king got on horseback, himself and steed both wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as could possibly be put on them, and met in the valley of Ardres. They saluted and embraced on horseback, and then dismounting at the same moment, walked arm-in-arm into the tent prepared for them, where a splendid feast was spread, with two trees in the midst, the English hawthorn and French raspberry lovingly entwined. Lists had been prepared, and invitations to a tournament issued long before; and on the 11th of June, Queen Catharine and Queen Claude sat side by side, with their feet on a foot-cloth broidered with seed-pearls, to admire the jousting, in which both their hus-

bands took a part. Armor had come to such a state of cumbrous perfection by this time, that it was not very easy to be killed in a real battle (barring fire-arms), and tilting matches were very safe amusements. Six days were given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broad-sword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers. On the last day there was some wrestling at the barriers, and Henry, who was fond of the sport, and never had tried it with an equal, put his hand on his good brother's collar and challenged him to try a fall. Both were in the prime of life, stately, well-made men ; but François was the younger, lighter, and more agile, and Henry, to his amazement, found himself on his back. He rose and demanded another turn ; but the noblemen interfered, thinking it a game that might leave animosities.

François was heartily weary of the formalities of their intercourse, and early one morning called a page and two gentlemen, mounted his horse and rode up to the English canvas castle, where he found Henry still in bed, and merrily offered himself to him as captive, to which Henry responded in the same tone, by leaping up and throwing a rich collar round his neck by way of chain. François then undertook to help him to dress, warming his shirt, spreading out his hose, and trussing his points—namely, tying the innumerable little strings that connected the doublet with the hose or breeches, rendering it nearly impossible to dress without assistance. After having had his frolic François rode home again, meeting a lecture on the way from the Sieur de Fleuranges, who took him to task thus : " Sire, I am glad to see you back ; but allow me to tell you, my master, that you were a fool for what you have done, and ill-luck betide those who advised you to it."

" That was no one—the thought was my own," replied the king.

And the king was altogether the more reasonable, for Englishmen had never been in the habit of murdering or imprisoning their guests, and never in his life did Henry VIII. show a taste for assassination. Yet when he beheld the arrogant manners and extraordinary display of the Con-

stable of France, Charles de Bourbon, he could not help observing, mindful of what Warwick had been, "If I had such a subject as that, his head should not stay long on his shoulders."

The next day, which was the last of this gorgeous fortnight—Midsummer Day—King Henry apparelled himself like Hercules. That is to say, he had a shirt of silver damask with the discourteous motto, "*En femes et infauntes cy petit assurance*" ("Little trust can be in women and children"), on his head a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves, in his hand a club covered with "green damask full of pricks;" the Nemean lion's skull was of cloth of gold, "wrought and frizzed with flat gold of damask" for the mane, and buskins of gold. His sister Mary, in white and crimson satin, accompanied him; also the nine worthies, nineteen ladies, and a good many more, mounted on horses trapped with yellow and white velvet. Thus they set out to visit Queen Claude at Guisnes, meeting halfway a fantastic chariot, containing King François and all his masquers, on their way to make a like call upon Queen Catharine. The two parties took no notice of each other, but passed on; but when returning after supper they met again, the kings embraced, exchanged presents, and bade farewell, when verily the scene must have been stranger than any other ever enacted under the open sky—a true midsummer night's dream.—C. M. YONGE.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON, the first wife of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Aragon. She was born in 1483, in Alcada de Henares, and at the age of fifteen was betrothed to Prince Arthur, of England, the eldest son of Henry VII., to whom she was married November 14, 1501. This prince was only fourteen years of age, and died within a few months. Henry VII., unwilling to break his connection with Spain, or return the dowry received, welcomed the proposal of Katharine's parents that his remaining son, Henry, then only twelve years of age, should be contracted to his brother's widow, six years older. For this purpose the Pope's dispensation was procured in 1503; but two years later, when the time of the betrothal arrived, young Henry, no doubt at his father's instigation, protested that he would go no further. Nevertheless, the marriage was completed on the accession of Henry VIII. to the crown in 1509.

Katharine deserved the esteem of her husband by her virtues and her pure affection; but the inequality of their ages, her own Spanish gravity, and the king's sensual and

capricious disposition, were adverse to the durability of their union. The pleasure-seeking Henry soon showed more fondness for the society of other ladies of the court, while Katharine meekly submitted to her husband's will. In 1516, having already been twice the mother of princes who did not long survive their birth, Katharine bore a girl, who afterwards became the first queen regent of England. Scruples, either real or pretended, at length arose in the mind of Henry concerning the legality of his marriage; and it is hinted that in his book against Luther, published in 1521, he exalted the power of the Pope, partly with a view to enlisting that power to declare the marriage void. His desire for divorce was powerfully strengthened by his growing passion for Anne Boleyn, a sprightly flirt. In 1527 Henry declared his resolution to obtain a divorce from Katharine, on the ground of the nullity of a marriage with a brother's widow. Pope Clement VII. seemed at first disposed to listen to his application; but the power of the Emperor Charles V., Katharine's nephew, overawed him.

In this trying emergency Katharine conducted herself with gentleness, but yet with firmness. Being cited before the papal legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, in May, 1529, she refused to submit her cause to the judgment of that court, but appealed to Rome, and was thereupon declared contumacious. The slow progress of the cause is one of the most conspicuous facts in history, and was particularly irritating to the passionate, self-willed Henry VIII. The Pope's reluctance to act led Henry first to consult the Universities of Europe on the question of lawfulness of marriage with a brother's widow. The majority gave replies satisfactory to the king, and he decided the matter for himself.

His resentment at the delays of the court of Rome on the occasion provoked him to throw off his submission entirely, and declare himself the head of the English Church. The clergy quietly submitted. The matters so long delayed now moved with headlong speed. On the 20th of May, 1533, Katharine was cited to appear at Dunstable, the town nearest to her abode; and having refused to obey the summons, a sentence was pronounced by Archbishop Cranmer, of Canter-

bury, on the 23d, declaring her marriage with Henry null and void, as being contrary to the divine law.

In the same year the Pope gave sentence in favor of Katharine. She did not quit England, but first took up her residence at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, and afterwards at Kimbleton Castle, in Huntingdonshire. She passed her life here "in much prayer, great alms, and abstinence. And when she was not in this way occupied, then she and her gentlewomen were working with their own hands something wrought in needlework, costly and artificially, which she intended to the honor of God to bestow upon some churches. There was in the house a chamber with a window that had a prospect into the chapel, out of which she might hear divine service. In this chapel she enclosed herself, sequestered from all other company, a great part of the day and night, and upon her knees used to pray at the said window leaning upon the stones of the same."

About the beginning of December, 1535, she became seriously unwell; and she expired on the 18th of January, 1536. A tender letter she wrote to the king on her death-bed is said to have drawn tears from the cruel husband, who was never backward in acknowledging the conjugal and personal virtues of this injured consort.

Katharine of Aragon was of a fair complexion, and, to judge by her portrait, painted by Holbein, somewhat plump. Her constitution must have been naturally strong, her tastes were purely domestic. From her mother, Isabella the Catholic, she inherited a genuine piety, which was nursed by misfortune and neglect from her earliest years, and was conspicuous to the end of her troubled life.

The Divorce of Henry VIII.

In 1527 the divorce was the talk of every one. The king and Wolsey now employed underhand expedients to prevent the friendless queen's messengers from informing her relatives of the predicament in which she found herself; for she made no mystery of her resolution to appeal to legal means of defending her cause. Placing it before Bishop Fisher, she

retained him as her counsel, in case the ecclesiastical inquiry should take place.

Long delays, however, took place before the divorce court was held at Blackfriars, and the king and queen summoned to attend in person, 18th of June, 1529. When the crier called, "Henry, King of England, come into court," he answered, "Here," in a loud voice from under his canopy, and proceeded to make an oration on the excellence of his wife, and his extreme unwillingness to part from her, excepting to soothe the pains and pangs inflicted on him by his conscience. Then "Katharine, Queen of England," was cited. She answered by protesting against the legality of the court. Her name was again called: she rose a second time. She took no notice of the legates, but, attended by her ladies, made the circuit of the court to where the king sat, and knelt down before him, saying, "Sir, I beseech you, for all the love there hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have some justice; take of me some pity, for I am a poor stranger, born out of your dominions; I have here no counsellor, and I flee to you as to the head of justice within your realm. Alas! alas! I take God to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife. I have been pleased with all things wherein you had delight; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake. This twenty years I have been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. If you have found any dishonor in my conduct, then am I content to depart; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowly, to let me remain in my proper state."

The queen rose up in tears, made a low obeisance to the king and walked out of court. "Madam," said Griffiths, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leaned, "you are called back;" for the crier made the hall ring with the summons, "Katharine, Queen of England, come again into court." The queen replied to Griffiths, "I hear it well enough; but on —on, go you on." When the crier was tired of calling Queen Katharine back into court, Henry, who saw the deep impression her pathetic appeal had made on all present, commenced one of his orations, lamenting "that his conscience should

urge the divorce of such a queen, who had ever been a devoted wife, full of all gentleness and virtue."

Katharine was again summoned before the court. She refused to appear, and was declared contumacious. The rage and threats of Henry VIII. forced Wolsey and the other legate to a private interview with her. They arrived at Bridgewell Palace quite unexpectedly. She was at work with her maids, and she came to them with a skein of red silk about her neck. "You see," said the queen, showing the silk, "my employment; in this way I pass my time with my maids, who are, indeed, none of the ablest counsellors; yet have I no other in England; and Spain, where there are those on whom I could rely, is, God knoweth, far off." "If it please your grace," replied Wolsey, "to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming." "My lord," said the queen, "if you have anything to say, speak it openly before these folk; I would all the world should see and hear it." Then began Wolsey to address her in Latin. "Pray, good my lord," replied the queen, "speak to me in English, for I can, thank God, understand English, though I *do* know some Latin."

Then Wolsey offered, in the king's name, to place the Princess Mary next in order of succession to the issue by the second marriage, if she would consent to the divorce. "My lord," returned the queen, "I can not answer you, for I was set among my maids at work, little dreaming of such a visit, and I need counsel; but as for any in England, their counsel is not for my profit. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer persons of wisdom as ye be. Therefore, I pray you, be good unto me, and your advice I would be glad to hear." The queen then went to her withdrawing-room with the legates, and remained there some time. It must be observed that from this interview the queen gained over both legates to her cause; indeed, they never would pronounce against her; and Wolsey now found that all the pains he had taken to injure Katharine, his once beneficent mistress and friend, were but to exalt Anne Boleyn, his active enemy.

As the king still remained Katharine's malcontent husband, for the divorce seemed far off as ever, the royal pair

went on a progress together; and there was no apparent diminution of affection between them, although they were accompanied by Anne Boleyn, the queen showing no marks of jealousy or anger against her. The royal progress first tarried at the More, a manor in Hertfordshire, and then bent its course to Grafton in Northamptonshire. Here Campeggio went to bid farewell to the king. Wolsey accompanied him; they were almost driven from the royal abode by the king's attendants. Queen Katharine fell ill; Thomas Boleyn and his daughter ruled all events; they were working the ruin of Wolsey, whom the queen pitied, although in the earlier stages of the divorce he had been ranked among her enemies.

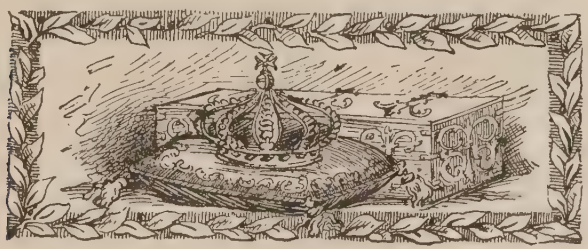
The divorce excited the greatest interest among all sorts and conditions of persons in England. The women, from high to low, took the part of the queen; while unmarried men, or those on whom the marriage-yoke sat heavily, were partisans of Henry. The queen was residing at Greenwich Palace, Whitsuntide, 1531, when the king sent to her, announcing that he had, by the advice of Dr. Cranmer, obtained the opinions of the universities of Europe concerning the divorce, and found several which considered it expedient; he therefore entreated her, for the quieting of his conscience, that she would refer the matter to arbitration. The queen replied: "God grant my husband a quiet conscience; but I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome."

The king heard her determination with gloom and fury. He accompanied her to Windsor after Trinity, 1531; but on June 14 he left the royal castle, and sent to Katharine imperious orders to depart from thence before his return. "Go where I may," was the reply of the forsaken queen, "I am his wife, and for him will I pray!" She immediately retired from Windsor Castle, and never again beheld her husband nor child. Her first abiding place was the manor of the More, in Hertfordshire; she then settled at Ampthill, whence she wrote to Pope Clement, informing him of her expulsion from her husband's court. Some time later the Pope addressed a private letter of exhortation to Henry, advising him to take home Queen Katharine, and put away "one Anna," whom he kept about him.

Cromwell offered his advice at that critical moment to separate the English Church from the supremacy of Rome, and at the same time to enrich the king's exhausted finances by the seizure of church property. The death of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1532, and the appointment of the king's esteemed theologian, Dr. Cranmer, in his place, gave a prospect of the conclusion of the long-agitated question of the divorce. The king dissolved his wedlock by a decision pronounced under his own supremacy. He married Anne Boleyn in the commencement of the following year. Cranmer held the divorce court near the queen's residence at Ampthill, where she was cited to appear, but she ignored it. Finally, she was declared contumacious; and the sentence that her marriage was null and void, and never had been good, was read at Dunstable, May 23, 1533.

Sorrow had made cruel havoc in the health of the hapless queen while these slow drops of bitterness were distilling. When Lord Mountjoy, her former page, was deputed to inform her that she was degraded from the rank of Queen of England to that of a dowager-princess of Wales, she was on a sick-bed; it was some days before she could permit the interview. "Her grace," he wrote, July 3, "was then lying upon her pallet, because she had pricked her foot with a pin, so that she might not well stand or go, and also sore annoyed with a cough." Nevertheless, she commanded the instrument to be brought to her, and drew her pen through the words "princess-dowager" wherever they occurred. The paper still remains in our national archives with the alterations made by her agitated hand; and the scene concluded with her protestations that she would "never relinquish the name of queen."

—A. STRICKLAND.



ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN (whose name is pronounced and sometimes spelled Bullen) was born in the year 1507. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, afterwards created Viscount Rockford and Earl of Wiltshire. Anne's mother was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. In her childhood Anne accompanied Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., to France, where she remained at the court of that Queen and her successor, the wife of Francis I., for many years. She returned to England about 1527, and became a maid of honor to Queen Katharine, the wife of Henry VIII.

The pleasure-loving king, already tired of his rather austere wife, six years older than himself, soon gave marks of his favor to the young and beautiful maid of honor, and openly paid addresses to her before he sought a divorce from Katharine. Anne had been engaged to Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland; but this match was broken off on her receiving, in 1528, a letter from the king, wherein he alludes to his having been one whole year struck with the dart of love. Anne retired to the country during the early part of Henry's process for the divorce; but they kept up correspondence by letters. In 1529 she returned to court, and was known to be intended by Henry for his future queen. In January, 1533, Anne was secretly married to Henry in the presence of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and of her father and mother. Dr. Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Litchfield, performed the ceremony, though it was

not until the 23d of May following that the nullity of the King's previous marriage was declared by Cranmer. On the 1st of June Anne was crowned queen with great pomp. On the 13th of the following September she presented her husband with a daughter, afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

Of the events of Queen Anne's life during the two subsequent years little is known; but she favored the Reformation and promoted the translation of the Bible. In January, 1536, she was delivered of a still-born child, and it was soon evident that her fickle and lustful husband was alienated from her, and had transferred his affections to Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour, and one of her maids of honor. Whether Henry VIII. believed the reports which Lady Rochfort spread concerning Anne it is needless to inquire. The Queen was accused of infidelity and infamous crimes with several persons. She was speedily tried and condemned by the unanimous verdict of a large council, including twenty-seven peers. The sentence pronounced against her was that she should be burned or beheaded at the king's pleasure.

On hearing this dreadful sentence Anne exclaimed: "O Father! O Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life! Thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate." To her aunt, the Lady Boleyn, she confessed that she had allowed somewhat too familiar approaches by her courtiers, but she never varied in her denial of any criminal act. A letter, addressed by her to the King, is written in such a strain of conscious innocence and of indignant reproof, that it sets her immeasurably above the oppressor. She tells him: "Neither did I at any time so forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient I know to draw that fancy to some other subject. . . . . Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame."

On the 19th of May she was executed on the green before the Tower by the executioner of Calais, who was considered

more expert than any in England. To the last she denied her guilt, speaking charitably of the King, probably with a view to protect her daughter from his vengeance.

Anne Boleyn was the victim of the lust, the caprice, and the heartless selfishness of Henry VIII. Her name is made remarkable by her connection with the Reformation and the rejection of papal supremacy in England, of which she was a prominent factor, if not the prime cause. The poet Gray has expressed this thought in a witty couplet:

"When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes."

The Coronation of Anne Boleyn.

No bridal ceremonial had been possible; the marriage had been huddled over like a stolen love-match, and the marriage feast had been eaten in vexation and disappointment. These past mortifications were to be atoned for by a coronation pageant which the art and the wealth of the richest city in Europe should be poured out in the most lavish profusion to adorn.

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Grace-church street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet.

The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long

column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings.

After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone, Audeley, lord-chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn, with stole and crozier. Next, the lord-mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat-of-arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The officers of the queen's household succeeded the marshal, in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand.

It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—these streets which now we know so black and grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color—gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices. Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask, which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells; and in the chariot

sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of an hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it. There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet—

> "Kept death his court, and there the antick sate,
> Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp.
> Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
> To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
> Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
> As if the flesh which wall'd about her life
> Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
> Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen."

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought; and nations are in the throes of revolution—when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor, silly soul into an image of the same confusion—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of corona-

tion, but a poor, wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well, for all of us, and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styll Yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky"—"and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold on the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen, of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy meets her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine;

the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand, by Charing Cross, to Westminster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to the "king's manor house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the hall, where the lord-mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high daïs at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates; and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds. On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Katharine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre and Saint Edward's crown.

Did any tinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad mourn-

ing figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later, she was able to exult over Katharine's death; she was not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

These scenes concluded, in the usual English style, with a banquet in the great hall, and with all outward signs of enjoyment and pleasure. There must have been but few persons persent, however, who did not feel that the sunshine of such a day might not last forever, and that over so dubious a marriage no Englishman could exult with more than half a heart. It is foolish to blame lightly actions which arise in the midst of circumstances which are and can be but imperfectly known; and there may have been political reasons which made so much pomp desirable. Anne Boleyn had been the subject of public conversation for seven years, and Henry, no doubt, desired to present his jewel to the people of England in the rarest and choicest setting.—J. A. FROUDE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY is the most prominent English example of vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side. His words of bitter penitence have been, by the aid of Shakespeare's genius, deeply impressed on the mind of all who speak his native tongue.

Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich in the year 1471. His parentage was obscure; but it has not been proved that his father followed the occupation of a butcher, as the Cardinal's enemies in after years asserted. Wolsey obtained an excellent education, and had a brilliant reputation as a student at Magdalen College, Oxford University, from which seat of learning he graduated when only fifteen years of age. From this fact he was called the "Boy Bachelor." Though he must have worked hard during his college career, he seems to have had some share in the dissipation of the day, and it is said that for some petty fault he was once subjected to the penal discipline of the stocks.

His first preferment, after he had taken orders, was that of Limington, a living in the gift of the Marquis of Dorset, whose two sons had been Wolsey's pupils. The turning point in his career appears to have been his appointment as one of the chaplains of Henry VII. His abilities were thus brought to the royal notice, and on his successful accomplishment of a delicate diplomatic mission to the Emperor Maximilian in Flanders, he obtained, as a reward for his zeal, the rich Deanery of Lincoln in 1508. Yet it is not easy to determine the reason of the extraordinary influence which he

exercised over Henry VIII. in the early years of his reign. His scholarship aided in the composition of the king's celebrated Latin "Defence of the Seven Sacraments," against Luther; but he appears to have been a favorite long before this service. He was placed in the influential position of the king's almoner through the recommendation of Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who is said to have advanced Wolsey for the purpose of counteracting his rival Surrey.

When once the gay young Henry VIII. had learned to seek counsel of Wolsey, it is easy to believe that his magnificent notions, his scholarship, his knowledge of life, and his accommodating morality, would please such a monarch. Preferment flowed in upon him. In 1514 he was made Bishop of Lincoln, and was then in possession of lucrative livings in both England and France. Afterwards he was created Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. In 1515, by the influence of Queen Katharine, he was made Cardinal, and next year legate "a latere," a commission which virtually made him Pope in England. With his cardinalate he received the "honor of the hat," or right to wear his hat in the king's presence, a privilege usually conferred only on members of royal families.

The splendor of the prelate now rivalled that of the king. His train numbered eight hundred; his silken robes sparkled with gold; he permitted his Cardinal's hat to be laid nowhere in the royal chapel but on the high altar; and when he became Papal Legate, he caused the first nobles of England to serve him on feast-days with towel and water. His fostering care of learning and literature gained, however, for him the applause of the wise.

The vast influence which he exercised at the powerful court of England made his friendship an object not only to private seekers of preferment, but to the principal European powers. Wolsey aspired to the Popedom when Charles V. and Francis I. were competing with each other to succeed Maximilian as Emperor of Germany. Hence each of them sought to secure the aid of Wolsey, by outbidding his rival in prospects of assistance towards the cardinal's great object, while he, on his part, had the too difficult part of making up

his mind where to throw his influence, and of acting for one party with as little prejudice as possible to his influence with the other. Much to his mortification he lost the great object which would have given him a securer foundation for power than he had in England, and he ever treated the Emperor Charles V. as one who had deceived him. His enmity to the emperor inclined him to sanction the divorce of Henry VIII. from Katharine of Aragon; but his duty to the Church prevented him from being the king's champion through the whole transaction. Wolsey did not know what to do. The Pope, awed by the Emperor, dared not grant Henry's demand; and Wolsey dared not oppose the Pope. To his own ruin the Cardinal acted a double part. Openly he seemed to urge on the divorce; secretly he delayed it in obedience to the Pope. At length a court was opened in London to try the case. Wolsey and the Italian Cardinal, Campeggio, sat as judges. No decision was made; and after the court had sat for almost two months, an order from the Pope transferred it to Rome.

This delay raised Henry's anger against Wolsey. The great seal, the badge of the Chancellor's office, was taken from him and given to Sir Thomas More. His palace—York Place, afterwards Whitehall—was seized with all its rich plate and furniture. Compelled to retire to Yorkshire, he survived his disgrace about a year. Then, being arrested by the Earl of Northumberland for high treason, he was on his way probably to a scaffold in London, when he was attacked with dysentery. He sought refuge in the Abbey of Leicester with the mournful words, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He died there on the 28th of November, 1530. Almost his last words were, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

The Cardinal's Last Journey.

On Sunday, after dinner, as it drew toward night, he was conducted to Pomfret with five of his attendants only. At his departure, which had now got wind, a multitude of the

country people assembled to testify their grief at his arrest, praying that "the foul fiend might catch" all those who had taken the cardinal from them. From the Abbey of Pomfret he proceeded next day to Doncaster, where he lodged with the Black Friars; the day after, to Sheffield Park, where he was received by the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury with great affability. There he remained for eighteen days, and was treated by his host with great consideration and generosity. Once every day he was visited by the earl, who sought to comfort his unfortunate prisoner. But he resolutely repelled all the efforts that were made to console him, applying himself wholly to devotion, and renouncing all earthly pleasure. Though he was not more than fifty-nine years of age, his health and strength had been completely broken down by his long and laborious occupations, and the incessant vexations to which he had been exposed since his disgrace.

The final and heaviest blow was reserved for his last moments. The reasons for his arrest had been studiously kept from him; but as upon all occasions when the king had resolved to strike he struck once and never wavered, so it was now. When Henry had abandoned himself to his resentment, he was borne along its current with the blind impetuosity of fate. No doubt was allowed to enter his mind. No question of the wisdom or justice of his own determination, no feeling of pity, no sense of past services, however great, were allowed to arrest his hand. He had ordered Sir William Kingston, the keeper of the Tower, to proceed to Sheffield to receive the earl's prisoner, and bring him to the Tower. It required the greatest delicacy to break the dreadful news to the unhappy cardinal. For this purpose, the earl, who seems to have been unusually humane and considerate, hit upon the following expedient. During his conversations with Wolsey, when the latter expressed his apprehensions lest he should be condemned unheard, the earl either took, or pretended to take, an opportunity of writing to the king in Wolsey's behalf. Then, calling Cavendish to him, he said:

"My lord, your master, has often desired me to write to the king, that he might answer his accusers in the king's presence. Even so have I done; and this day I have received

letters from his grace, by Sir William Kingston, by which I perceive that the king holds the cardinal in very good estimation, and has sent for him by Sir William, who is now here, to come up and make his answer. But do you play the part of a wise man, and break the matter unto him warily; for he is always so full of sorrow when he is in my company that I am afraid he will not take it quietly."

Cavendish proceeded to break the news. "I found him," he says, "sitting at the upper end of the gallery upon a trussing chest of his own, with his beads and staff in hand."

"What news?" said he, seeing Cavendish come from the earl.

"Forsooth, sir," he replied, assuming the best appearance of cheerfulness he could muster, though his voice sadly belied his words, "I bring you the best news that ever came to you in your life."

"I pray God it be so," said Wolsey. "What is it?"

"Forsooth, sir," replied Cavendish, "my lord of Shrewsbury, perceiving how desirous you were to come before the king, has so exerted himself that the king has sent Master Kingston with twenty-four of his guard to bring you into his presence."

"Master Kingston! Master Kingston!" exclaimed the unhappy cardinal, musing for a time, as if to recollect himself, and then, clapping his hand on his thigh, he gave a deep sigh. Cavendish endeavored to cheer him. He urged the old argument that the king had no other intention by this act than to bring Wolsey into his presence, and had sent the constable with a guard of honor out of consideration for Wolsey's high estate, and he had no reason, therefore, to mistrust his master's kindness. All his efforts were useless. The cardinal knew too well the king's temper to be deceived. He had not served him so long without being fully aware how implacable and immovable were his resentments.

"I perceive," he said, with very significant words, "more than you can imagine or can know. *Experience of old has taught me.*"

It was the sentence of death, and he knew it full well; but his despondency and waning health anticipated the sword of

the executioner, and disappointed the malice of his enemies. That night his disease increased rapidly; he became very weak and was scarce able to move.

The next day he commenced his journey, and lodged at night, still very sick, at Hardwick Hall. The day after he rode to Nottinghim, his sickness and infirmity increasing at every stage. On Saturday, November 26th, he rode his last stage to Leicester Abbey, "and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule."

As the journey was necessarily impeded by these delays, Sir William and his prisoner did not reach Leicester until late at night; where, on his entering the gates, the abbot with all his convent went out to meet him, with the light of many torches, and received him with great demonstrations of respect. "To whom my lord said: 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you.'"

They then brought him on his mule to the stairs foot of his chamber, where Kingston took him by the arm and led him up. Immediately he went to his bed. On the Monday morning, "as I stood by his bedside," says Cavendish, "about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there; and inquiring what was the clock, 'Sir,' said Cavendish, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock, eight of the clock,' slowly repeated the dying man; 'nay, that cannot be, for by eight of the clock you must lose your master. My time draweth nigh.'"

But even in these last faltering moments he was not allowed to remain unmolested. The king had received information from Northumberland that by an account found in Cawood the cardinal had in his possession £1,500, of which no portion could be found. Anxious to obtain the money, the king's impatience could brook no delay, although the cardinal was now on his way to the Tower. He sent a special messenger to Kingston, commanding him to examine the cardinal, and discover where this money was deposited. The commission would have been immediately executed, but the weakness

of the cardinal was so great, and increased so rapidly, that Kingston was obliged to put off the examination till the next day. The same night Wolsey was very sick, and swooned often, but rallied a little at four the next morning. About seven Kingston entered the room, intending to fulfill the king's command respecting the money. But seeing the feeble condition of the patient, he endeavored to encourage him with the usual topic, telling the cardinal he was sad and pensive from dread of that which he had no occasion to apprehend.

"Well, well, Master Kingston," replied Wolsey, "I see the matter against me, how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, *He* would not have given me over in my gray hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service. Commend me to his majesty, beseeching him to call to his remembrance all that has passed between him and me to the present day, and most chiefly in his great matter; then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want part of his appetite he will hazard the loss of one half of his kingdom. I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him." Then his words and his voice failed him. His eyes grew fixed and glazed. Incontinently the clock struck eight, and he breathed his last. "And calling to our remembrance," says Cavendish, "his words the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, we stood looking upon each other, supposing he had prophesied of his departure."

As the lieutenant of the Tower had now no further charge, and was anxious to be gone, the burial was fixed for the next day. The body was placed in a rude coffin of wood, with miter, cross and ring, and other archiepiscopal ornaments. He lay in state until five o'clock in the afternoon, when he was carried down into the church, with great solemnity, by the abbot and convent, with many torches. Here the body rested all night in the Lady Chapel, watched by four men

holding lights in their hands, while the convent chanted the old and solemn office for the dead. About four in the morning, while it was yet dark, they sang a mass. By six they had laid him in his grave, on that cold and dreary November morning, unwept and unlamented by all, except by the very few who, for the glory of human nature, amid so much of baseness, greed, ingratitude and cruelty, remained loving and faithful to the last.—E. C. BREWER.

THE VANITY OF AMBITION.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod, the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

—DR. S. JOHNSON.

QUEEN MARIE DE MEDICI AND HER COURTIERS.

On the other hand, she was ruled by the Italian Concini, whose wife, Leonora Galigai, had been her foster sister. They were heartily disliked by the king and the French people.

There had been no dauphin of France for over fifty years, and there was some hope that the birth of the king's son, who afterwards became Louis XIII., might tend to preserve at least appearance of harmony. Henry often threatened to send the queen and her Italian favorites back to their native land. These quarrels delayed the ceremony of the queen's coronation, which did not take place till the 13th of May, 1610. On the next day the king, while on his way to visit the Duke of Sully, was assassinated by the fanatic Ravaillac.

Louis XIII. was but nine years old, and by custom the regency devolved on his mother. The queen, knowing that as a foreigner she was unpopular, asked the sanction of the Parliament of Paris, which was readily given; and the fact became a precedent in later instances. For a short time the policy of Henry IV. continued to be carried out; but the queen soon sought an alliance with Spain; she proposed that her son should marry the Infanta, and the Prince of Spain her daughter. Sully's opposition to this movement caused his removal from office. The Italian favorites and the great nobles who supported the queen, freed from the patriotic Sully's restraint, were allowed to plunder the people and fill their coffers. The nobles took advantage of the weakness of the government, and sought each, in his own domain, to establish an independent rule. The Prince of Condé took up arms, and many of the lords ranged themselves under his banner for the rights of the nobility. The queen finally bought off these turbulent leaders by a treaty in May, 1614.

The public disorder led to the assembly of the States-General at Paris in October of the same year. The three Estates were unable to agree, and the ministers caused the building to be closed. This was the last meeting of the States-General until the approach of the French Revolution in 1789. The queen, or Concini acting for her, reorganized the administration, and called Richelieu, the young Bishop of Luçon into her council, where he soon became the lead-

ing spirit. But when the young King Louis XIII. reached the age of sixteen, a plot was formed in his behalf by which, as it developed, Concini was assassinated, Leonora Galigai was accused of sorcery and finally beheaded, Richelieu was exiled to his bishopric, and even the queen compelled to leave the court. She went to Blois, but was soon freed from imprisonment by Épernon. By the efforts of Richelieu a reconciliation was effected between Marie de' Medici and her ambitious son. From the weakness of the royal power and disorder of the kingdom it became necessary to place Richelieu in control of affairs, and his vigorous administration soon gave tokens of the glory which awaited his career. Marie de' Medici procured for him the cardinal's hat, but in a few years she found that he refused to be subservient to her wishes, when they were opposed to the interests of the State. She therefore extorted from the king a promise to degrade him. Richelieu left the court, and for a single day, known in history as "The Day of Dupes," the queen-mother's power appeared stronger than ever. But necessity compelled the king to restore the great statesman, and Marie de' Medici was banished to Compiègne, whence she fled to Brussels.

The exiled queen remained in the Netherlands for some years, and was concerned in many intrigues against the government of Richelieu. Her daughter, Henrietta Maria, had been married to Charles I. of England, and in 1638 the mother sought refuge there. Charles endeavored to induce the French Government to allow her to return to France, but her capacity for intrigue was too well known and too much feared. In England she became so unpopular that the Long Parliament requested her to leave the country. When she departed in August, 1641, they presented her with £3,000 and promised more.

Retiring to Antwerp, Marie de' Medici lived for a few weeks in the house of the celebrated painter Rubens, whose patron she had been. But the authorities found her a troublesome inmate and ordered her to leave the city. She went to Cologne in October, and there she died in a squalid chamber, on the 3d of July, 1642. Such was the wretched end of a brilliant woman, connected by the closest ties with the most

powerful persons in Church and State in her times. Her restless intriguing spirit and complete subordination to unworthy favorites brought constant disaster on herself, and made her in every place an unwelcome guest.

The Queen's Foster-Sister.

The wife of the Maréchal d'Ancre was Elenora Galagai. She was the foster-sister of Marie de Médicis, and accompanied her to France on her marriage with Henry. If writers of the time may be relied upon, Elenora was a most repulsively ugly woman; but it is more likely that her repulsiveness was in her character, and that she was intriguing, artful and haughty, though possessed of powers of mind that gave her great influence over the queen. Marie had great affection for her, and married her to her secretary, Concini, the more effectually to promote the interests of both favorites. Warned by the increasing dissatisfaction of the nobles, and the loud complaints of the suffering people at the constant imposition of new and burdensome taxes, Elenora and her husband were secretly taking steps for transferring their immense wealth to Italy.

Concini possessed several fine châteaux in the provinces, and two or more in Paris, as well as marquisates with large estates, extensive and productive farms, and flourishing vineyards. All this property he proposed stealthily to turn into specie, and through the agency of some Italian Jews, who were invited by him to settle for a time in Paris, he looked forward to speedily doing so. "During the seven years of the government of the queen-regent," says a French writer, "Concini had amassed not less than fifteen hundred thousand escudi de Rome, from the sale of public offices and from oppressive taxation."

But the Jews! The pious were filled with horror, and crossed themselves devoutly at the mention of the word Jew, and the enlightened populace, generally, trembled lest the wrath of Heaven should be wreaked upon them when they learned that the "accursed Jews" were actually among them. An ancient law had banished them from France. The Italian

Concini, the oppressor of the people, had brought them back; that vile race that had denied Jesus Christ! Outcasts from their country; wanderers on the face of the earth, condemned for their crime to be a "by-word among the nations," and every man's hand to be against them, "a race leagued with the devil and the powers of darkness, who, in exchange for their souls, had taught them the secret of making gold." Some terrible calamity was looked for. The reliques, the Virgin, the saints, all were appealed to, to exorcise the land and deliver France from the malignant influence and presence of the Jews.

It was at this juncture that the favorite of the king saw the desired opportunity of overthrowing the favorite of the queen-regent. It was difficult to make Louis take a resolution, but when taken, it was as difficult to move him either to change or to modify it. He would never enter into discussion; the impediment in his speech may in a great degree account for that. By persistence, however, the favorite Charles d'Albert prevailed on the king, in 1617, to sign a warrant for the arrest of the Maréchal d'Ancre. His scruples had arisen from filial respect—that feeling so strong in French families of all classes, even where, as in Louis' case, no great affection appears to exist. It was not easy to efface it, or to overcome his boyish fears of exciting the anger of his violent mother by an act of authority that deposed her favorite and took from her the government of the kingdom. But the warrant was signed, and Charles d'Albert was to succeed the maréchal as minister. When arrested, Concini resisted and drew his sword to defend himself. This had been foreseen, and provided for. Five or six daggers were immediately unsheathed, and soon his body, bleeding and mangled, was thrown out to the populace, given up to the barbarities of a mob, more cruel, more revoltingly savage than beasts of prey.

Concini's wife, La Maréchale d'Ancre as she was called, was put on her trial as a sorceress, and for having, with the aid of necromancers and demons, cast a spell over the mind of the queen, and enriched herself and her husband by taking advantage of the infatuated imagination of her royal mistress. La Maréchale seems to have behaved with some dignity when

arraigned before the enlightened tribunal commissioned to condemn her and to confiscate the property.

"Is it not true," said the learned judge—"is it not true, wicked woman, that your influence over the queen-mother was gained by your spells and incantations?"

"It was gained," she replied, "by that power which strong minds naturally possess over the weak."

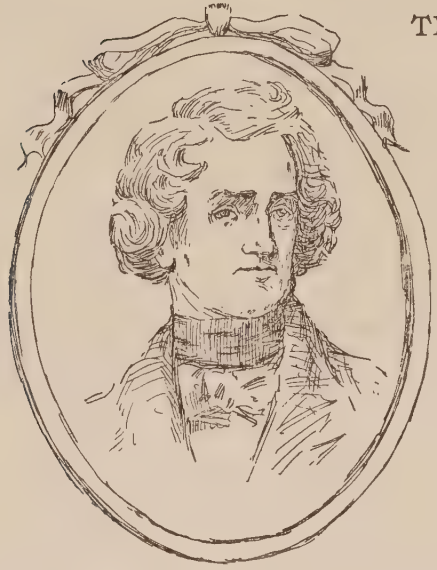
She was, however, condemned. She had been seen to ascend Catharine de Médicis' tower in the Hôtel de Soissons. This was accepted as proof positive of her guilt, and, accordingly, as a sorceress she was beheaded and burnt on the Place de Grève; that famous Place, which for centuries was by turns the scene of the public rejoicings and public executions of Paris—a crowd as great assembling to witness the horrors and sufferings of the latter, as to gaze on the illuminations and fireworks and to join in the dances of the former. The Hôtel de Ville figured no less prominently for upwards of three hundred years in the various commotions and outbreaks of popular fury in Paris; but it was left to the fanatics of the dark days of the Commune to destroy that fine edifice and ornament of their city.

The death of the Concini closed the reign of Marie de Médicis. "I have reigned," she said, "for seven years over France; I now look only for a heavenly crown."

On the 4th of May, 1617, she left Paris for the Château de Blois, the place of exile assigned her. She wept bitterly when she found that Barbini, her intendant du palais, was not allowed to accompany her as she had requested. Louis, on the contrary, had never looked so radiant, so happy, so full of good-humor, as on the day of her departure. He was then sixteen.

"At last," he exclaimed, "I am king!"—C. C. JACKSON.

DUKE OF SULLY.



THE DUKE OF SULLY is noted as the efficient minister of finance under Henry IV., of France, and as the author of Memoirs which, in spite of many oddities of manner and expression, rank high in that class of writing. He was the first great administrator of revenue among the French, the predecessor of Colbert, Necker and Thiers.

Maximilian de Béthune, the second son of the Baron de Rosny, was born at the chateau of Rosny, on the 13th of December, 1560. The family had been illustrious for centuries, and Maximilian seemed marked for distinction even before the early death of his elder brother. His father was a Huguenot, and the son, who had gone to Paris in 1572 in the train of the Queen of Navarre, narrowly escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew. At the early age of sixteen he served in the army of Henry of Navarre, with enthusiastic devotion to his gallant leader. At the age of twenty-three he married Anne de Courtenay, and for six years he lived as a country gentleman at Rosny, when his services were not required by Henry in the civil war. In his zeal for the king he cut down the forests of Rosmy and used the money thus obtained to pay

Henry's troops. At the famous battle of Ivry, in 1590, he was wounded, yet was able to capture Mayenne's standard.

Rosny, as he was usually called, was one of those Huguenots who advised Henry IV. to accept Catholicism, in order to secure the city of Paris and give relief to the distracted country. He himself still adhered to the Reformed faith after the submission of the king, and continued active in the king's service. On his behalf Rosny visited England, and secured from Queen Elizabeth promise of assistance to his master in his grand schemes. As some of the members of the League, with the help of Spain, held out against the king, Rosny was still employed in besieging their towns and conducting negotiations, which finally proved successful. The whole of France now accepted Henry as the lawful sovereign.

In 1597 Rosny was appointed superintendent of finance, and was thus practically prime minister. He has been called "the personified genius of order," and as such his services were absolutely necessary to bring order out of the chaos existing in France. The royal treasury had been exhausted, and the Assembly of Notables at Rouen was unable to devise any practicable scheme of taxation. Rosny assumed the task, earnestly endeavored to stop waste, to punish embezzlers and peculators, and secure to the crown the full amount of the taxes levied; he cancelled public debts, amounting to 332,000,000 livres, lightened the annual taxes, and accumulated a reserve in the Bastile. In compliance with the king's wishes a large army and plentiful artillery were secured. His good government brought tranquility, and tranquility ensured abundance, and France was in every respect greatly improved. Roads, canals, and other means of communication were opened; draining, agriculture, and mining encouraged, and many restrictions removed from trade. Rosny did not hesitate, however, to follow the custom of the times in using his opportunities to increase his own wealth, though not in any illegal way. In 1601 he was made Marquis of Rosny, and in 1606 he was created Duke of Sully. After the tragic death of Henry, four years later, Sully remained as prime minister until his rigid principles in regard to public expenditure and his repugnance to the Spanish alliance which was sought

by Marie de' Medici, brought upon him the disfavor of the queen and her court.

Sully then resigned his office and dignities and retired to his château at Rosny, where he occupied himself in composing his "Mémoires des Sages et Royales Economies d'Estat . . . de Henry le Grand." In the title he called his master not only "Henry the Great," but also "The model of Kings, the Prince of Virtues, Arms and Laws, the Father of the French People." He described himself as "one of the most intimate, familiar and useful soldiers of the great Mars of the French." The book was dedicated "to France, to all good soldiers, and to all French peoples." One of the strangest peculiarities of its style was, that it appeared as if written by his secretaries in the form of an address to himself. Some autobiographers, or rehearsers of their own achievements, as the great Cæsar, have used their own names in the third person in their narratives; but Sully is probably the only one who has used, in regard to himself, the pronoun of the second person: "You did this;" "You spoke as follows." The book first appeared in 1634 in two folio volumes, which bore the imprint Amsterdam, but were really printed at his own residence; two more volumes appeared twenty years after his death. Some attacks have been made upon the truthfulness of its statements; but, while it gives the most favorable view of the wisdom and success of the counsels and actions of both king and minister, it is probably as free from wilful errors as such works in general. The Memoirs have also been edited and recast so as to conform to the customary style, and the revised version is the one commonly known.

Sully lived until the administration of his great successor, Richelieu, by whom he was, in 1634, made Marshal of France. He died at Villebon, near Chartres, on the 22d of December, 1641, soon after completing his eighty-first year.

The Duke of Sully was an excellent type of the French noble of the old régime. He displayed great ability, both as a warrior and a statesman; in neither department was he of the first class, yet his services were valuable to his king and country. His measures were generally devoted to accomplishing the desired end in the easiest way. Hence, in reducing

the Leaguers to submission, he used money liberally as well as arms. In time of peace he sought to restrain the extravagance of the court, yet was entirely free from parsimoniousness. The haughty pride and grandiose tone of his Memoirs are a faithful reflex of his character in all things.

Queen Elizabeth and Sully.

The Queen of England hearing the king was at Calais, thought it a favorable opportunity to satisfy her impatience of seeing and embracing her best friend. Henry was not less desirous of this interview, that he might confer with the queen upon the affairs of Europe in general, as well as on their own in particular, especially those which had been hinted to him by the English and the Dutch ambassadors when he was at Nantz. Elizabeth first wrote him a letter equally polite and full of offers of service; she afterwards made the usual compliments, and repeated those assurances by the Lord Edmondes, whom she despatched to Calais, till she herself could arrive at Dover, from whence she sent M. de Stafford, Lord Sidney, with other letters.

Henry, resolving not to be outdone in complaisance, answered these advances in a manner that showed at once his respect for Elizabeth, and his esteem and admiration of her character. This intercourse continued a long time, to the great mortification of the Spaniards, whose jealousy was strongly excited by the proximity and close correspondence of the two sovereigns. Of all the letters written by them on this occasion, I possess only one of those which Elizabeth wrote to the King; this, because it was the occasion of the voyage I made to this princess, I have kept in my hands; it was as follows:—

"My very dear and well-beloved Brother—I had always considered the conditions of sovereigns to be the most happy, and that they were the least subject to meet with obstacles in the way of their just and legitimate desires; but our residence in two places so near each other makes me begin to think, that those of high as well as of middle rank often meet with thorns and difficulties, since, from certain causes and considerations, rather to satisfy others than ourselves, we are both prevented from crossing the

sea; for I had promised myself the happiness of embracing you, as being your very loyal sister and faithful ally, and you my very dear brother whom I love and honor above everything in this world, whose incomparable virtues (to tell you my real sentiments) I admire, and particularly your valor in arms, and politeness and gallantry amongst the fair sex. I have something of consequence to communicate to you, which I can neither write nor confide to any of your ministers, nor my own at present, so that, in expectation of a more convenient opportunity, I shall return to London in a few days. That God may continue to you, my very dear and well-beloved brother, His holy favors and blessings, is the prayer of your most affectionate sister and loyal ally, ELIZABETH."

When the king received this letter, he read it over two or three times with great satisfaction, and took particular notice of the latter part of it; but being at a loss how to interpret it, he sent Secretary Feret for me, and as soon as I went to him, he said to me, "I have just received a letter from my good sister, the Queen of England, whom you esteem so highly, more full of cajoleries than ever; pray see if, from your knowledge of her character, you can comprehend better than I what she means by the conclusion of this letter;" having read it over several times, but being obliged to confess I could not comprehend it, "Well, my friend," said his Majesty, "I will not conceal from you, that I am very anxious to know what this princess has in view by these expressions; for, in my opinion, she has not employed them without very particular reasons. I have, therefore, thought of an expedient by which, perhaps, we may come to a knowledge of her meaning, without doing anything that can give offence to either party: this is, for you to set out to-morrow morning for Dover, as if by your own inclination, and on your arrival there to make a show of not wishing to stop, but of passing on to London, for the purpose of seeing the country; so that should you meet with any person of your acquaintance, the queen may be informed that you are in Dover, to watch what she will do; and should she send for you, it is probable you may discover some part of her sentiments in the course of your conversation together."

I accordingly embarked early next morning, in a small

boat with very few attendants, without mentioning my journey to any one, and reached Dover about ten o'clock, where I saw a great number of people, some embarking, others landing, and many walking upon the beach ; six or seven of the latter advanced towards me, one of whom was Lord Sidney, who, having five or six days before seen me at Calais, immediately recognized me, and ran to embrace me ; with him were Cobham, Raleigh, and Griffin, and they were soon after joined by the Earls of Devonshire and Pembroke, who, after mutual civilities and compliments, asked me if I were come to see the qeeen on the part of my master. I told them I was not, and even assured them that the king knew nothing of my voyage ; I likewise entreated them not to mention it to the queen, for not having had any intention of paying my respects to her I had no letter to present, my design being only to make a short tour *incognito* to London. These gentlemen replied smiling, that I had taken a useless precaution, for that probably the guard-ship had already given a signal of my arrival, and that I might quickly expect to see a messenger from the queen, who would not suffer me to pass in this manner, she having but three days ago spoken of me publicly and in very obliging terms. I affected to be extremely concerned at this unlucky accident, but to hope, nevertheless, that I might still pass undiscovered, provided that these gentlemen would be secret as to the place where I was to lodge ; from whence, I assured them, I would immediately depart as soon as I had taken a little refreshment

Saying this I left them abruptly, and had but just entered my apartment, and spoken a few words to one of my secretaries, when I heard some one behind me tell me that he arrested me as prisoner to the queen. This was the captain of her Majesty's guards, whom I embraced, and answered smiling, that I should esteem such imprisonment a great honor. He had orders to conduct me directly to the queen ; I therefore followed him. As soon as Elizabeth perceived me, she exclaimed, "Well, Monsieur de Rosny, and do you thus break our fences: and pass on without coming to see me? I am greatly surprised at it, for I thought you bore me more affection than any of my own servants, and I am persuaded

that I have given you no cause to change those sentiments." I replied that her Majesty had always so highly honored me, and testified so much good-will towards me, that I loved and honored her for her excellent virtues, and would always serve her most humbly, not merely from my own inclination, but also from knowing that, in doing so, I was rendering an acceptable service to my king. After many more expressions of this sort, the queen replied, "Well, Monsieur de Rosny, to give you a proof that I believe all you have told me of the good-will of the king, my brother, and of your own, I will speak with you on the subject of the last letter I wrote to him, though perhaps you have seen it, for Stafford and Edmondes tell me, that the king conceals few of his secrets from you." On telling her I was not ignorant of the letter, she immediately answered that she was glad of it, and also that I had crossed the sea, because she had no difficulty to tell me freely what she had hinted at in the conclusion of her letter.

She then drew me aside, and conversed with me a long time on the greater part of the events which had happened since the peace of Vervins (too long to be repeated here), and concluded with asking if her good brother the king's affairs were now in a better state than in 1598, and if he were in a condition to begin, in good earnest, the great design which she had proposed from that time? To this I replied, that although, since that period, the king had had many weighty affairs to settle, as well in relation to the war in Savoy, as to several plots in the heart of the kingdom, which were not yet entirely destroyed, all which had occasioned very heavy expenses, yet I had nevertheless so managed the revenue, and other departments of the state, that a numerous artillery had been provided, as well as abundance of stores and provisions and even of money; but that all this, however, was not sufficient to advise him to bear alone the burden of an open war against the whole house of Austria, who was so powerful, that it would be in vain to attack her partially: that it even appeared to me, that the assistance of England and the States (the Netherlands) only was by no means sufficient for the commencement of so great a work, but that it was absolutely

necessary to endeavor to form a coalition of all the other kings, princes, republics, and people who dreaded the tyranny of that house, or would profit by its humiliation.

The queen here told me she was very happy she had heard my sentiments on this subject, and the more so as she believed that I had not said so much without knowing something of the intentions of the king, her brother, with which in this case hers would perfectly agree, by only adding certain conditions which she considered as absolutely necessary to prevent misunderstanding and distrust among the coalesced Powers; these in her opinion would be, to proportion so well the desires of each that none might be entertained either prejudicial or disagreeable to any of the rest, which would inevitably happen if the more powerful wished to take the greatest share of the conquests and the distribution of them; and that, above all things, it was necessary that neither her brother, the King of France, nor the King of Scotland, who would certainly inherit her crown, nor those of Denmark and Sweden, who might become very powerful both by land and sea, nor herself, consequently, should pretend to claim any portion of the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, nor any place in their neighborhood. "For, to conceal nothing from you," continued the queen, "if my brother the King of France should think of making himself proprietor, or even only feudal Lord of the United Provinces, I should never consent to it, but entertain a most violent jealousy of him; nor should I blame him, if, giving him the same occasion, he should have the same fears of me; and so of all the other States and dignities of which the ambitious house of Austria may be deprived."

These were not the only reflections made by the Queen of England; she said many other things which appeared to me so wise and sensible, that I was filled with astonishment and admiration.

The queen observing my eyes attentively fixed on her without speaking, imagined she had expressed herself so confusedly in something she had said, that I was unable to comprehend her meaning. But when I ingenuously confessed to her the true cause of my silence and surprise, she then, with-

out scruple, entered into the most minute parts of the design. But I shall in this place just show the five principal points to which her Majesty reduced so extensive a scheme. The first was, to restore Germany to its ancient liberty, in respect to the election of the emperors, and the nomination of a King of the Romans. The second, to render the United Provinces absolutely independent of Spain; and to form them into a republic, by annexing to them, if necessary, some province dismembered from Germany. The third, to do the same in regard to Switzerland, by incorporating with it some of the adjacent provinces, particularly Alsace and Franche Comté. The fourth, to divide all Christendom into a certain number of Powers, as equal as might be. The fifth, to reduce all the various religions in it under those three which should appear to be most numerous and considerable in Europe.

Our conference was very long; I cannot bestow praises upon the Queen of England that would be equal to the merit which I discovered in her in this short time, both as to the qualities of the heart and the understanding. I gave an exact relation of everything that passed between us to the king, who very highly approved of all she had said to me. Their majesties corresponded by letters during the rest of the time they stayed at Dover and Calais. All preliminaries were agreed on; measures were taken even on the grand object of the design, but with such secrecy, that the whole of this affair remained to the death of the king, and even much longer, among the number of those on which only various and uncertain conjectures are formed.—*From Sully's Memoirs, translated by* MRS. LENNOX.

M.Q DE LATOUR, PINX.

MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

LOUIS XV., who succeeded to the throne of France at the age of five, was a feeble imitation of the Grand Monarch, his predecessor. Yet Voltaire, and other historians less partial than he, celebrated the glories of this reign. Under the regency the court regained some of the splendor of the early days of Louis XIV. The boy-king was at the age of fifteen betrothed to the Infanta of Spain, who was but seven; but symptoms of ill-health and the necessity of having an heir to the throne induced his councillors to break off this match and marry him to Marie Leczinski, daughter of the exiled King Stanislaus of Poland, who was then living in retirement in Alsace. She had been trained austerely, and was remarkable only for her piety and devotion to her family. She was seven years older than the king; she was agreeable without being beautiful, while Louis XV. is said to have been the most beautiful youth in the kingdom. They were married in August, 1725.

For several years the king, naturally timid and with a sensitive conscience, remained faithful to his wife. But she did little to entertain him, and he sought amusement at first with men. Then the traditions of the court and the example of the nobility impelled him to select a favorite among the beauties gathered around him. The Countess de Mailly, lady of the palace to the queen, was his first choice, and afterwards her sisters succeeded to the same position. For a time the connection had been carefully concealed, but at last the scandal became public. Then it was no longer considered

a scandal; it was the etiquette of the court. The time came when a new mistress was really to reign as neither queen nor king had aspired to do.

Jeanne Antoinette Poisson was born in Paris on December 29, 1721. Her mother was a pretty woman, whose husband was a clerk, a few years later condemned to be hanged, though he escaped. But the child's father is supposed to have been a farmer-general, who spent much money on her education, in which she was taught everything except virtue. When she was nine years old a fortune-teller predicted that she would become the king's mistress. Yet in 1741 she became the wife of M. Lenormand d'Etioles, a deputy farmer-general, a wealthy young man and the nephew of her patron. She soon became the rage in society of the newly rich, and gathered around her literary men as well as leaders of fashion.

Ere long the gay and accomplished woman attracted the attention of the king, when he was with a hunting party in the forest of Senart. After the death of the Duchess de Châteauroux, in 1744, she became openly the object of the king's addresses. Her husband, on learning the fact, did not try to contend with his sovereign, but repaired to the south of France on public business. Madame d'Étioles accompanied the king in the campaign of 1745, and on her return was presented to the court as Marquise de Pompadour. The glorious victory of Fontenoy, won by the military genius of Marshal de Saxe, had sent a thrill of joy throughout France. The Parliament of Paris, and similar bodies throughout the kingdom, hastened to felicitate the king; but the shrewd Voltaire, who afterwards wrote a poem on the victory, promptly addressed the new favorite with this exquisite bit of flattery, set off with the charms of verse:

"When Cæsar, that charming hero, whom Rome idolized, gained some brilliant combat, people complimented on it the divine Cleopatra.

"When Louis, that charming hero, whom Paris makes her idol, gains a brilliant combat, we must compliment on it the divine D'Étioles."

The old courtiers and grand dames of noble birth could

not at first believe that a woman of the lower class could retain the affection of the king or be fit to lead the gayeties of a palace. But the new marquise, already a favorite with literary men by her wit, good humor, sprightliness and wisdom, displayed an equal capacity for entertaining royalty, not so quickly responsive. The marquise, who had completely thrown into the background the quiet, reserved queen, used her increasing power discreetly to foster learning and the fine arts. She did much for the embellishment of Paris. With the assistance of Voltaire and Bernis she organized brilliant fêtes, which by their splendor captivated and reconciled the proud nobility. But the people of Paris grumbled at the extravagance, and, according to their wont, gave vent to their feelings in many songs, squibs and epigrams.

But the Pompadour went on undisturbed in her chosen path. Finding the king little inclined to the public duties of his position, and easily bored with the details of office, she undertook to relieve him of the fatigues of government. She appointed and removed ministers, and with their help interfered with the finances in a way that brought some present relief, but increased the burden imposed in the future. This was the era of Frederic the Great of Prussia, whose ambitious schemes involved the whole continent in war. The haughty and pious Empress, Maria Theresa, was compelled to acknowledge the power of the French king's mistress, and sent her an autograph letter requesting her aid. On the other hand, the rude Frederic gave vent to various sarcasms on "petticoat government." Through the influence of Marquise de Pompadour, France joined her forces with Austria against Prussia in the Seven Years' War. Unfortunately, the genius of Frederic enabled him to maintain the struggle against desperate odds, and to overcome his enemies. The ill-success of the French was directly attributed to the influence of the marquise upon the military appointments. She recalled capable generals and retained in command those who had shown their want of qualification.

In 1757, after the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis, the agitation of the king's conscience compelled him to dismiss the Marquise de Pompadour, but she was soon recalled

when the king felt the necessity of her company for passing the time agreeably. She revenged herself by causing the disgrace of the ministers D'Argenson and Machault, who had advised her dismissal. She also procured the removal of the minister, Bernis, who had advised peace with Prussia, and caused him to be replaced by Choiseul, who had been ambassador at Vienna. The latter, however, a truly patriotic man, soon proved superior to her power. They had both united for the suppression of the Jesuits, but their further projects diverged. He sought to bring together all the branches of the House of Bourbon, and for this purpose succeeded in negotiating, in 1761, what was called the Family Compact. It led immediately to a war with England, and ended in a treaty by which that power gained large territories in the New World as well as the Old. The Marquise de Pompadour remained at Versailles until her death, on April 15, 1764. She was but little regretted by the king, but Voltaire, who was twice her age, testified his grief. The philosopher Diderot wrote of her as "the woman who exhausted France of men and money, deprived her country of honor aud energy, and upset the political system of Europe."

The Diversions of Louis XV.

Madame de Pompadour soon perceived that a king like Louis XV., who had to interest him neither dreams of ambition, nor an elevated taste for the fine arts and literature, must have, if not tales such as were told to the sultan of the Arabian Nights, at least a variety of *tableaux-vivants*. She commenced by making an actress of herself. The king was a spectator wearied with life; she knew that it was necessary to change her character often, and the spirit of that character, in order to succeed in amusing the king. Twenty times a day she changed her dress, her enticements, her manners, passing from gayety to melancholy, accompanying a sally of wit with a tender expression; as sweet a songster as a siren, and as light as a bird, she contrived a thousand graceful child-like delights. Her beauty, the brilliancy of which was marvelous, was a great aid to her in all her changes of character. She dressed with exquisite art. Among the twenty different

costumes that she was the first to conceive, the négligés à la Pompadour are the most frequently alluded to; dresses in the form of a Turkish vest, which show with perfect grace all the lines of the female bust. She frequently passed a whole morning over her toilet, in company with Louis XV., who gave her advice in order to prolong this fairy occupation. Notwithstanding, the king got tired of having only one actress. In vain she disguised herself as a farmer's wife, as a peasant-girl, as a shepherdess, in order to take him by surprise, or rather to let herself be taken by surprise, in the turns of the park at Versailles. The king at first found the play delightful, but by degrees he discovered that it was always the same woman under a thousand different disguises.

It would have been necessary for Madame de Pompadour to have metamorphized herself entirely. Observing that the king was wearied with the comedy she herself had been acting for his benefit, she had a theatre built in the Cabinet of Medals, and chose the actors she thought worthy of playing with her in this theatre, which was to have for audience only the king and some well-beloved courtiers. The Duke de la Vallière was chosen manager; an abbé was selected for prompter. Here are the names of the actors: the Duke d'Orléans, the Duke d'Ayen, the Duke de Nivernais, the Duke de Duras, the Count de Maillebois, the Duke de Coigny, the Marquis d'Entraigues, the Duchess de Brancas, the Countess d'Estrade, Madame d'Angevilliers. The following is an extract from the laws: "For admission as a member, proof must be given that it is not the first time that the applicant has acted, in order to prevent any inexperienced person from entering the company.—The actresses shall alone have the privilege of choosing the pieces to be played by the company. —Only a half-hour grace for the rehearsal shall be allowed to the actresses; if they arrive later than this, they shall be fined, the fine to be fixed by themselves."

The theatre opened with *Marriage Made and Broken*, by Dufresny. When we think of the marriage of Madame de Pompadour and D'Étioles, the play seems quite appropriate. At the beginning comedy was played, but finally nothing but operas and ballets. In the song and the dance, as in the play

of the passions, Madame de Pompadour was the only actress of real talent. She was admirable in simple peasant-girls, especially in the part of Colette, in the *Devin de Village*. There was nothing so difficult as to get admission to this theatre of duchesses; the king alone disposed of the rights of admission: he proved himself more rigorous in regard to his theatre than his court; thus it was by no means a small favor for Voltaire, who for a long time had aspired to the joys of Versailles, to be allowed to see *L'Enfant Prodigue* acted at the court theatre.

Voltaire, like all men, had the weakness of wishing to govern the state; intoxicated with his literary success, he dreamed only of political honors. He hoped to become ambassador or minister, through the favor of Madame de Pompadour; with a little more tact, he might have been made an ambassador, a minister, or even a cardinal; but at the moment when he thought he had reached the aim of his desires, he made a false step in writing the famous lines:

Pompadour, thou the glory art,
Of the court, poetry, and heart.

These lines, it is well known, gave rise to a remonstrance on the part of the queen and her daughters; all was lost for Voltaire in spite of the good will of Madame de Pompadour, who, moreover, seeing that the cause was a bad one, took good care not to compromise her favor, by any imprudent attempts in behalf of the poet. Voltaire never pardoned the marchioness for her lukewarmness; as vengeance is the delight of king and poets, he also, after innumerable madrigals and flatteries, wrote as follows, without the least reserve, in his famous poem:

And such, too, was that fortunate grisette,
In whom both art and nature's gifts combine,
Formed in the harem, on the stage to shine.
Her royal bearing in her gait is shown,
With majesty she arms her roguish eyes;
Her voice assumes a more than regal tone,
Above her rank her haughty spirit flies.

At the time when the marchioness used to disguise herself

as a peasant-girl, or a gardener's wife, she had built a very romantic hermitage in the park of Versailles, on the borders of a forest on the road to St. Germain; observed from the exterior, it was a retreat, fitted in every respect for an anchorite; but as soon as the threshold was crossed, it was a little mansion worthy of an old roué of the Regency. Vanloo, Boucher, De la Tour, had been there to reproduce upon the walls and ceilings all the charming images of pagan art. There was an unheard-of luxury of naiads and hamadryads. Venus, Hebe, Diana the huntress, the three Graces, with their hair only for costume, abounded there innumerable. The garden was a masterpiece of seductive attractiveness; it was rather a wood than a garden, a wood peopled with statues, formed of verdant and odorous arcades, of charming groves, of dark, shaded retreats. In the middle of the garden, there was a farm, a real farm in all its details, with cows, goats and sheep. The marchioness presided daily over the building of this hermitage. "Where are you going?" said Louis XV. to her, seeing her go out so often.—"Sire, I am building a hermitage for my old age. . . . You know that I am somewhat devotional; I shall end my life in solitude."—"Yes, like all those who have loved greatly, or rather who have been greatly loved."

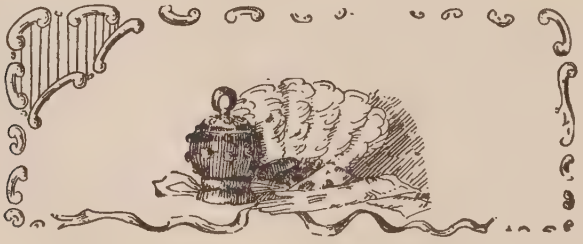
Toward the end of spring, when the woods had become green, and the trees were in blossom, when the enamelled grass carpeted the paths, Madame de Pompadour begged Louis XV. to come and breakfast at her hermitage.

The king went in the company of a single valet-de-chambre. Surprise followed upon surprise. At first, before entering, at the sight of a roof covered with thatch, he thought he was going to breakfast like an anchorite; he seriously feared that the marchioness had taken a fancy for retirement. He entered the court-yard: he went straight to the door of the hermitage. At that moment, a young peasant-girl came out to meet him; as she was fresh-looking, delicate and pretty he began to find the hermitage to his taste. She begged him to follow her to the farm, passing through the odoriferous groves. Did Louis XV. not think of stopping on the way with her who was his guide?

When he approached the farm, another peasant-girl, more delicate still, came out of a stable, and, making a thousand courtesies, presented him with a basin of fresh milk. At the sight of this charming milkmaid, wearing a little cap, coquettishly arranged upon her back hair, and dressed in a white boddice and blue petticoat, the king blushed with delight. Before taking the milk-basin in his hands, he looked at her a second time from head to foot. She cast down her eyes timidly, with that air of innocence that gives such a charm to young girls of fifteen. Her arms were of the brightness of the lily. She had upon her neck a little golden cross, which had fallen and lost itself in a superb bouquet of roses, which seemed to bloom from her bosom. But that which especially astonished the king was a pair of pretty bare feet, worthy of marble and the sculptor, in a pair of the most rustic-looking wooden shoes.

By a coquetry that was almost artless, the pretty milkmaid placed one of her feet upon the outside of one of the wooden shoes. The king recognized the marchioness, and confessed to her that for the first time in his life he had felt the desire to kiss a pretty foot. Madame de Pompadour returned with her lover to the hermitage, and this was the origin of the famous Parc-aux-Cerfs.

When Madame de Pompadour had exhausted all her metamorphoses, she peopled the Parc-aux-Cerfs with milkmaids, with shepherdesses, with abbesses, who continued the part played by herself with so much genius and grace. She wished to reign not over the heart of Louis XV., but over France; while Louis XV. was reigning in the Parc-aux-Cerfs, she was governing at Versailles.—A. HOUSSAYE.



A. THOLEY. PINX.

THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER.

BLÜCHER.

MARSHAL BLÜCHER is one of the few generals whose fame belongs entirely to their old age. He was a bold fighter rather than a master of strategy. Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher was born at Rostock, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, December 16th, 1742. His father was an officer in the service of Hesse-Cassel, and at the age of fifteen the son, against the wishes of his parents, became a cornet in a Swedish regiment of hussars. His first campaign was against the Prussians, and he was taken prisoner by the very regiment of hussars which he afterwards himself commanded. Ere long Blücher entered the army of Prussia, the country which he was destined to serve so ably. He was present in some of the battles of the Seven Years' War, and acquired a reputation as a daring and resolute soldier, though his coarse and violent temper brought him into frequent difficulties, and impeded his promotion.

At the age of twenty-eight Blücher retired from the service, in anger at a slight from the great Frederic, who had promoted another officer over him. He did not return to the army until 1786, after the death of his first wife. During this period of sixteen years he devoted himself to agriculture with

great success. When the wars of the French Revolution commenced, Blücher was colonel of a regiment of Black Hussars. He commanded the left wing of the Duke of Brunswick's army in 1793, gaining credit for skill as well as courage. He particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Leystadt, September 18th, 1794, and was, in consequence, appointed major-general of the army of observation stationed on the Lower Rhine. After his second marriage, he was made lieutenant-general, and was employed as governor of some districts of Prussia. In the second war between France and Prussia, 1806, he was commander of the Prussian cavalry. After the disasters of Jena and Auerstädt, Blücher signalized himself by the ability of his retreat, and by his desperate resistance at Lübeck before he capitulated to his pursuers.

Another period of retirement from military life lasted from 1806 to 1813, during which Blücher was deprived of command in obedience to Napoleon's requirement. The brave general watched eagerly for Prussia's opportunity of rising against her French oppressors. This came finally after Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812. Blücher was now seventy years old, but his spirit was as fiery as ever, and there was no general in the war of German Liberation who was followed with more enthusiasm, or who did more for the rescue of the Fatherland. His army, called the army of Silesia, was composed partly of Prussians and partly of Russians. From the latter he earned his well-known title of "Marshal Forward," that being his favorite word of encouragement to his troops. On August 26th, 1812, he routed and nearly destroyed the French army under Marshal Macdonald, at the Katzbach; a victory that partly redeemed the reverses of Lützen and Bautzen. Blücher was, by Napoleon's own confession, the keenest, the most indomitable, and the most formidable of the foes who now drove the French back across the Rhine. No reverses disheartened him, no difficulties appalled him; and he was only held back by the more cautious policy of other chiefs of the Allies.

In 1814, when the Allies entered France, Blücher was again the fiercest and foremost among Napoleon's assailants. He had the advantage over him at Brienne; and though he

was surprised and severely punished by the emperor at Montereau, he was soon pressing forward again upon Paris, fought desperately at Craon, was victorious at Laon, and finally joined in the attack upon Paris on the 30th of March, 1814, which caused the surrender of the French capital, and the end of the war. Blücher was now made Prince of Wahlstadt, and proceeded in June with the allied monarchs to London, where he was received by the English people with enthusiasm.

When Napoleon returned from Elba in 1815, Blücher commanded the Prussian army in Belgium, which, in conjunction with the British army under Wellington, fought the campaign of Waterloo. Blücher's army was the first the French emperor attacked; on the 16th of June the obstinate battle of Ligny took place, in which, as Blücher himself remarked, the Prussians lost the day but not their honor. Though forced to retreat in consequence of this defeat, Blücher had his army rallied and ready for action again before a day was over, a result on which Napoleon had certainly not calculated. On the 18th Blücher marched, according to promise, to aid Wellington at Waterloo. He came on the field in force towards the evening of that ever-memorable day, leading his columns on Napoleon's right flank and rear, with the intention of not only succoring the almost defeated English, but of utterly crushing the French. His success is well known. Often repulsed, and at last fiercely charged in front by Wellington's army, the French were unable to hold back Blücher on their right, and were swept from the field in irretrievable ruin. After this finally decisive battle Blücher advanced into France in conjunction with Wellington, and was present at a second surrender of Paris.

Blücher's fierce animosity against the French made him wish to storm their capital, and he expressed a purpose of shooting Napoleon himself on the very spot, in the ditch at Vincennes, where the Duc D'Enghien had been murdered. He yielded, however, though sullenly and reluctantly, to the sage advice of his English colleague. He returned to his country to enjoy well-earned repose after his toils. This brave veteran died at his estate of Keiblowitz, in Silesia, September 12th, 1819, at the age of seventy-seven.

Blücher was almost idolized by the Prussian nation, who justly looked upon him as the saviour of their country. Like Marshal Ney and some other brave generals, he knew little of strategy, but had the good sense to be aware of his own deficiency, and to follow in military plans and manœuvres the able advice of General Gneisenau, to whom he always frankly expressed his obligation.

The Campaign of Waterloo.

Stripped of superfluous ornament, and of the mass of fiction wherewith national vanity has obscured it, the story of Waterloo becomes clear and simple enough. On the one side is an army taking the offensive under the most renowned leader of the world, itself formidable by tradition, training, and devotion to its chief: compact in organization, and complete in all its parts, moving by the volition of a single will, and with the political circumstances subordinated to the military, it must be regarded as the most formidable instrument of war which the age could produce. Opposed stand two Allies, each commanding a force *nearly equal* to the French, each honored and trusted by his soldiers, but each aware that the composition of his troops was inferior to that of the foe. Faithful co-operation to the common end was their reliance to maintain the superiority promised by their numbers: meanwhile, for conveniency's sake, their armies lie scattered over a front of more than 100 miles, and that, although they knew the enemy to be threatening a decisive blow. He advances with a sudden spring across the frontier, aiming straight at the point where their cantonments meet upon his shortest road to Brussels ; his speed and earnestness show his resolve to be either to thrust his army between them, or to strike a deadly blow at him who should most quickly gather for the encounter. The Allies have provided beforehand, in their councils, for this very case, resolved to fight side by side, the one ready to support the other ; but Napoleon's prompt advance anticipates their design, and on the first day the mass of his army is upon the ground laid out for their junction, whilst Blücher can only gain its vicinity next morning with three-fourths of his force, and Wellington with a mere

fraction of the British. The second day finds the Allied commanders in personal council at Ligny, whilst Napoleon prepares to thrust the Prussians out of his way. Wellington promises them his support, being unaware that Napoleon has placed a strong left wing before the British, as though anticipating the attempt to unite on this new line.

Attacked by Ney, the British commander has full occupation for the rest of the day, and, though successful himself, can furnish no succour to Blücher, who suffers a sharp defeat. Thus far matters seem to have prospered with Napoleon, but from this night his star of destiny wanes sensibly each hour. Whilst the Allies, firm to their original resolve, fall back on the 17th on lines as nearly parallel as the circumstances permit, to seek a new point of junction at Waterloo, he overrates his own advantage, mistakes the direction of retreat taken by the Prussians, and instead of following hotly from early daylight on their track, or marching instantly with all his force on Wellington's flank, he loses half the day before his decision is made, and then takes the intermediate measure of sending a large detachment after the Prussians, and of following Wellington with the rest. From this hour his fate is sealed ; for complete and sudden victory, his one hope of safety from threatened ruin, has become henceforth impossible.

Calm in the coming certainty of success, the British general, without even calling in all troops available for the battle, turns to face his renowned adversary at the chosen post of Waterloo, where cross-roads from Blücher's rallying-point at Wavre afford the means of the union twice before prevented. Napoleon, on the morning of the 18th, remains utterly ignorant of their design, believing the army before him the only obstacle to his entry into Brussels, and the Prussians still retreating before Grouchy. If any part of their dispersed force has got to Wavre, as is reported, Grouchy can push it off with ease, and is directed that way. The momentous battle is deferred from hour to hour until the ground shall be conveniently dry, and the magnificent array of the French be displayed fully to the enemy in all its imposing proportions. This ruinous delay, which proves him so ignorant of his true danger, brings the Prussians, though

slow at first, within sight of his flank before the battle is well opened; and the terrible truth bursts upon him. With hot-headed courage, but ill-judged tactics, his lieutenants make a series of attacks, which once only, and that for a brief space, shake the firm line of Wellington: but the British leader owes to the first appearance of Blücher the advantage that the Emperor strips himself of the greater part of his formidable reserves.

Meanwhile the intended junction of the Allies draws on, and detailed arrangements of the most exact kind are made to ensure that the co-operation of the Prussians may be the most effective possible. Grouchy, following them steadily but slowly, refuses to turn aside from his line of march to the distant firing, since he knows that the Emperor had not counted on him for the battle with Wellington: and that his task is solely with the Prussians, whom he believes still to be near Wavre. Here he finds and attacks their rearguard; but Blücher, with glorious hardihood, leaves it to its fate, caring only for what is to be done in front at Waterloo. His troops once fairly on the fatal ground, the object of the campaign on the part of the Allies is at last accomplished, and a victory, complete beyond all precedent, rewards their combination.

The strategy to which Napoleon had looked to atone, as in his early glories, for inferiority of numbers, fails him utterly in face of the firm, compact, and mutual trust of Wellington and Blücher. The sword to which he loved to appeal, is stricken from his grasp for ever.—C. C. CHESNEY.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

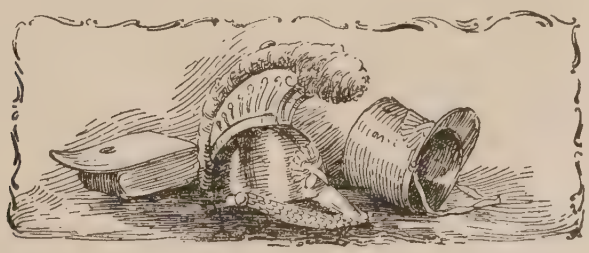
[In the battle of Katzbach, on the 26th of August, 1813, the Russians and Prussians, under Field-Marshal Blücher, defeated the French, who were led by Macdonald and Ney, and were driven pell-mell into the Katzbach. The day of the battle was rainy and the soldiers fought with clubbed muskets.]

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and wierd and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the great bass-viol an old German master famed—
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wahlstadt, Gebhardt Leberecht Blücher named.

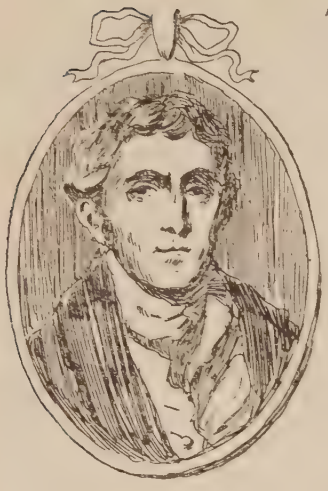
Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay, green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy northern shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness seized them all;
As when howling, mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum,
And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Alemannia's envious foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the sweep-out:* hapless Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers leads the graybeard? Ha! ha! ha! 't is dead men's skulls!
But, as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

—A. L. FOLLEN.

*The *kehraus*, or *sweep-out*, was formerly the concluding dance at balls and parties in Germany. All the company, headed by the musicians, danced up and down every staircase, and through every room in the house.



WELLINGTON.



THE solidity of Wellington's fame has been steadily enhanced as the facts of his career have been brought to the knowledge of the world and his campaigns have been studied by military critics. It has been a drawback to the just estimate of his abilities that his name and history are inseparably linked with that of the greater Napoleon. Though Wellington prevailed in the final struggle of the mighty combatants, the world has given the palm to his opponent for supreme achievement.

Arthur Wellesley was born at Dangan Castle, Ireland, May 1st, 1769. His father was Lord Mornington, a nobleman of Norman blood, being lineally descended from the standard-bearer of Henry II. in his conquest of Ireland in 1100. Young Wellesley received the chief part of his education at Eton, England, and from thence was sent to the military school of Angers, in France. He obtained his first commission in the British army in 1787 as an ensign, but in 1793 obtained by purchase a lieutenant-colonelcy. In the following May, his regiment was ordered abroad, and formed part of the British contingent which joined the allied armies in Flanders. He bore an active part in the campaign which followed, and distinguished himself in several actions with the enemy. The issue of the campaign was unfortunate, and it terminated in

a disastrous retreat through Holland in 1794. His first initiation into the duties of his profession was with the great bodies which he was afterwards destined to command, and his first insight into war was obtained in operations on a great scale, to which his own achievements were one day destined to form a bright contrast.

After the return of the troops to England, the Thirty-third regiment was not again called into active service till 1799, when it was sent to India to reinforce the troops there on the eve of the important war in which Lord Wellesley, his elder brother, then governor-general, was engaged with the forces of Tippoo Sahib. On landing, his regiment was conspicuous for its admirable discipline and the perfection to which the commissariat and all the arrangements connected with it had been brought. After the capture by assault of Seringapatam, Tippoo Sahib's capital, Wellesley was appointed governor of it, a promotion obviously made to gratify the governor-general. Ere long, however, Wellesley, who now ranked as colonel, was called to more active duties. Doondiah Waugh, a noted freebooter, having collected 5,000 horse, had renewed the war in the upper provinces, and was levying contributions in all quarters from the inhabitants. Colonel Wellesley, with 1,400 horse, partly European and partly native, pursued the Mysore chief, and after undergoing incredible fatigues succeeded in coming up with him and bringing him to battle. Wellesley charged the Mysore horse in person, at the head of the British dragoons. The result was soon settled, Doondiah was defeated and slain; and the first intelligence his partisans received of his death was by seeing his dead body brought back lashed to a galloper gun.

When the war with the Mahrattas broke out, General Wellesley (to which rank he had now been promoted) received the command of one of the armies destined to operate against them. After having stormed the strong fortress of Ahmednaghur, which lay on the road, he came up with the Mahratta force, 30,000 strong, posted at the village of Assaye. Wellesley's force at this moment did not exceed 4,500 men, of whom only 1,700 were European; and the half of his army, under Colonel Stevenson, was at a distance, advancing by a

different road, separated from his own by a ridge of intervening hills; but justly deeming the boldest course the most prudent, he instantly attacked the enemy with the small body of men under his immediate command. On the 12th of August, 1803, after a desperate struggle, in which he himself charged a Mahratta battery at the head of a regiment, their vast army, which comprised 18,000 splendid horse, was totally defeated, their 97 guns taken, and their forces entirely dispersed. This great victory broke the power of the Mahrattas and compelled them to conclude peace. General Wellesley was made a Knight of the Bath and received the thanks of Parliament.

On returning to England, in 1806, he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. About the same time he married Catherine Packenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, by whom he had two sons. His next military experience was in the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807, in which he commanded a division. He was not engaged in the siege, but a body of Danes, 12,000 strong, who had collected in the rear of the British force, in the island of Zealand, were dispersed without much difficulty by a body of 7,000 men under Sir Arthur Wellesley. After the fall of Copenhagen he returned to England, and was nominated soon after to the command of an expeditionary force of 10,000 men, which was fitted out at Cork, to cooperate with the Portuguese in rescuing their country from the tyrannic grasp of the French emperor. It was intimated to him, however, that Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Hew Dalrymple would, as soon as they arrived, supersede him in the command; and his friends urged him not to accept a subordinate command after having commanded great armies in the East. But Sir Arthur replied: "I have, as we say in India, eaten of the king's salt; and I will serve His Majesty in whatever situation he may be pleased to place me, be it supreme or inferior." Landing at Mondego Bay in Portugal, he defeated Marshal Junot at Vimiera, on the 21st of August, 1808. He was about to pursue his success, when Sir Harry Burrard, who had been appointed to the command, forbade his further advance. A third commander, in the person of

Sir Hew Dalrymple, soon after arrived from England, and the Convention of Cintra was agreed upon, by which the French were allowed to evacuate Portugal, with all their arms and warlike stores. This foolish lenience cost Sir Hew his command, and Sir John Moore took his place. After Moore fell at Corunna, Wellesley again took command.

His first operation was to move against Marshal Soult, who had advanced to Oporto, with 20,000 men, and taken the city. By a bold movement he effected the passage of the Tagus, under the guns of the enemy, and drove the French to so rapid a retreat, that he partook of the dinner prepared for Marshal Soult. Invading Spain, and having effected a junction with the Spanish general, Cuesta, their united forces, 60,000 strong, advanced towards Madrid. They were met at Talavera by Napoleon's brother, Joseph, at the head of 45,000 of the best French troops. A desperate action of two days' duration ensued, which fell almost entirely on the English and Portuguese, as the Spaniards, 38,000 in number, fled at the first shot. The French were in the end defeated, on July 28th, with the loss of 8,000 men and 17 guns. The victorious general was now raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset. The victorious general found the approaches to Madrid covered by three French armies, under Soult, Ney, and Mortier; consequently he was obliged to fall back upon the frontiers of Portugal.

In 1810 the army of France was concentrated upon that country for the purpose of driving the British to their ships; but in the battle of Busaco, Wellington repulsed Marshal Masséna with heavy loss. Then, retreating to the heights of Torres Vedras, north of Lisbon, which he had most strongly fortified, he was in a chosen position from which no efforts of the French could dislodge him. Six hundred guns were mounted on the redoubts, which were defended by 60,000 armed men. After wasting five months in front of this formidable barrier, the French general was forced to retreat, which he did, closely followed by Wellington to the Spanish frontier. There Masséna turned on his pursuer, and he re-

entered Portugal, with a view to bring away the garrison of Almeida, which was now invested; but he was met and defeated at Fuentes d'Onoro by Wellington, and forced to retire, without effecting his object, to Ciudad Rodrigo. In 1811 a desperate battle was fought at Albuera, and Soult was defeated with the loss of 7,000 men by Marshal Beresford, in an attempt to raise the siege of Badajos, which Wellington was besieging. A general concentration of the French forces in the centre and south of Spain, compelled him to desist from that enterprise. But though he then withdrew into Portugal, he soon returned to Spain.

In the depth of winter, 1811-12, Wellington secretly prepared a battering train, which he directed against Ciudad Rodrigo, when Marmont's army, charged with its defence, was dispersed in winter quarters, and after a siege of six days took it by storm on the 19th of January. No sooner was this done than he directed his forces against Badajos, which he also carried by storm, after an assault, which cost the victors 4,000 men. Directing then his footsteps to the north, he defeated Marmont with the loss of 20,000 men near Salamanca. This victory enabled Wellington to enter Madrid in triumph on the 13th of August. He then turned again to the north, and advanced to Burgos, the castle of which he attempted to carry, but in vain. He was obliged again to retire, by a general concentration of the whole French troops in Spain, 100,000 strong, against him, and regained the Portuguese frontier after having sustained very heavy losses during his retreat.

Early in May, 1813, Wellington, whose army had now been raised to 70,000 men, of whom 40,000 were native English, moved forward; and, driving everything before him, came up with the French army of equal strength, which was concentrated from all parts of Spain in the plain of Vittoria. The battle which ensued was decisive of the fate of the Peninsula. The French, who were under King Joseph, were totally defeated, with the loss of 156 cannon, their whole baggage, and an amount of spoil never before won in modern times by an army. The accumulated plunder of five years in Spain was wrenched from the French at one fell swoop.

Dollars and Napoleons strewed the ground. The French regained their frontier with only one gun, and in the deepest dejection. St. Sebastian was immediately besieged and taken after two bloody assaults; Pampeluna blockaded, and a gallant army, 35,000 strong, which Soult had collected in the South of France to raise the blockade, defeated with the loss of 12,000 men. Wellington next defeated an attempt of the French to penetrate into Spain at St. Marcial, and following up the success, crossed the Bidassoa, stormed the lines they had constructed on the mountains, which were deemed impregnable, and after repeated actions, which were most obstinately contested through the winter, drove them entirely from the neighborhood of Bayonne, and completed the investment of that fortress, while Soult retired with 40,000 men towards Toulouse.

In the spring of 1814 Wellington again defeated Soult at Orthes, in a pitched battle, after which he detached his left wing, under Lord Dalhousie, which occupied Bordeaux. The main army, under Wellington in person, followed Soult and brought him to action in a fortified position of immense strength, on the heights of Toulouse. The battle took place four days after peace had been signed, but when it was unknown to the allies; it graced the close of Wellington's peninsular career by a glorious victory. Honors and emoluments of all kinds were now showered upon the English general. He had received a field-marshal's baton from George IV., then Prince Regent, in return for Marshal Jourdan's, taken on the memorable field of Vittoria; he was made Duke of Wellington on the conclusion of the peace. He received grants at different times to the amount of £500,000 to purchase an estate and build a palace.

During the year 1814 he was chiefly at Paris, conducting the negotiations for peace; but on the return of Napoleon from Elba, in March, 1815, Wellington was appointed to the command of the united army of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, 70,000 strong, formed in the Netherlands to resist the anticipated attack of the French emperor. Napoleon was not long in making the anticipated irruption; on the 15th of June, 1815, he crossed the frontier with 130,000 men. The

memorable actions of the 16th, 17th and 18th followed; the last fought was upon the field of Waterloo, the closing scene of Napoleon's power, and of the sanguinary wars to which his ambition had given birth. The great battle has already been described in connection with the career of Napoleon, in Volume II. We may, however, refer to the conduct of Wellington, as regards his military character in general. Never did the Duke obtain a more decided victory; nor, at the same time, was he ever in greater danger of defeat, than at Waterloo. Had Napoleon been less rash, Ney more cautious, or Grouchy more active, the enemy must have triumphed over him, in spite of all that British bravery could have effected. Until the arrival of the Prussians under Blücher and Bülow, with a force of 50,000 men, the French were decidedly gaining ground; and had Grouchy, at the proper moment, been on the expected spot, the whole English army must have been destroyed, or compelled to make a precipitate retreat. Indeed, according to Marshal Ney, had Napoleon marched with his most powerful masses to support him at Quatre Bras, the British forces would have been undoubtedly destroyed between that place and Gemappes. With whatever judgment, therefore, Wellington may have acted under the circumstances in which he found himself placed, it is clear that the victory he obtained was less owing to his military skill than to the faults of his adversaries, the firmness of his own troops, and the timely co-operation of the Prussian allies. The French had all along the advantage of making the first movement; they drove back the Prussians before the British were aware of their advance; they broke the centre of the former before the latter could arrive to their assistance; and though defeated at Quatre Bras and Mont St. Jean, their attacks succeeded each other with such impetuosity and rapidity, that the British commander was allowed no time for the formation of any deliberate plan for the offensive.

"His glory is entirely negative," said Napoleon, alluding to Wellington's conduct at Waterloo; "his faults were immense; that he, commander-in-chief of Europe, charged with such great responsibility, having in front of him an enemy as prompt and as bold as I had been, should permit his troops

to be scattered, to sleep in a capital, should allow himself to be surprised!" But Wellington's reliance on his troops, on whom he was never more completely dependent than on the field of Waterloo, and his assurance that the sturdy, indomitable Blücher would arrive in time, were the grand secret of his calmness and confidence, qualities which in a less experienced general would have been justly taken for indifference and presumption. One of the duke's sayings was: "When other generals fall into errors, they are obliged to help themselves out of them; but when I get into a scrape, my soldiers always get me out of it." But it is not less true that he acted his part at Waterloo, both as a commander and a soldier, so as to justify the ascription, in a great measure, of the triumph of the day to his own efforts. "To those who look fairly at its history," says Colonel Chesney, with admirable candor, "Waterloo stands the fairly-won prize of a combination of valor, skill, and mutual support, such as the world had never witnessed before in allied armies led by independent generals."

After Waterloo, the Allies having determined to occupy the frontier fortresses with an army of 150,000 men during five years, the command of the whole was bestowed on the Duke of Wellington; thus affording the clearest proof that his was the master mind which had come to direct the European alliance. Not only did he retain the confidence of the allied sovereigns and respect of their soldiers under his command, but he interposed in so efficacious a manner to lighten the enormous burdens laid by the treaty of Paris on France, as to earn the gratitude of that country. Mainly owing to his powerful intercession the period of occupation of the fortresses was shortened from five to three years, and the amount of contributions paid for its support of course proportionately lessened. He thus terminated a career of unbroken military glory, by the yet purer lustre arising from relieving the difficulties and assuaging the sufferings of his vanquished enemies.

Wellington resigned his command, and with it his magnificent appointments, and returned to England in October, 1818, to the retirement of a comparatively private station.

In 1819 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the British army, which position he held for many years; and, by his far-seeing arrangements, contributed in an essential manner to bring the nation without effusion of blood through the period of internal distress which followed the close of foreign war. In November, 1827, he was appointed Prime Minister. He was a Tory, and his administration was highly conservative. He was compelled to retire by a hostile vote in the House of Commons, on November 30th, 1830, when the nation was agitated by the demand for parliamentary reform. In 1832 Wellington was again called on to form a ministry. But this he failed to do; the current of public feeling turned fiercely against him, and the victor of Waterloo was obliged to fortify his house against a London mob. This period terminated his life as a political leader.

Wellington was again appointed commander-in-chief some years afterwards, and held this position till his death. The vigor of his intellect and sagacity of his counsels appeared in the uniform success which, during the period, attended England's military operations in every part of the globe. The Canadian rebellion was suppressed in 1837; the Afghanistan disaster of 1841 was avenged by the forces which again entered Cabul in triumph in 1842; the Chinese war was brought to a successful issue; in India, the Sikhs and tribes of Scindia were subdued; and the formidable Caffres, of South Africa, were brought under control. At length, on the 14th of September, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-three, the "Iron Duke," or the "Hero of a hundred fights," as he was proudly called by his grateful countrymen, died at Walmer Castle. On the 15th of November his coffin was borne with warlike honors to St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The queen and all the noblest of the land were present at the last sad rites.

Wellington in instinctive genius was inferior to many commanders; in foresight and just discrimination second to none. The leading feature of his intellect was sagacity; of his moral character, a conscientious discharge of duty. He was not gifted with the power of oratory, and had considerable difficulty in expressing his opinions; but such was the solidity of his judgment and the strength of his understanding, that

what he said never failed to command attention. In private life he was simplicity itself; his habits were regular, his life abstemious; he was punctual in keeping his appointments, and assiduous in the discharge of every duty. As a general, to have conquered Ney was no ordinary achievement; but when we add Masséna, Soult, Victor, Marmont, we pause with admiration and surprise; and, when the name of Napoleon terminates the list, we are filled with wonder at the grandeur of the hero.

The Battle of Assaye.

The battle of Assaye was one of the boldest and most brilliant ever fought by Wellington. The campaign originated in the antagonism of two great powers, between which lay the contest for the possession of India—the Mahrattas, of the west, and the British, whose territories lay principally to the north and east. The Mahrattas were a powerful and warlike people, who had successfully resisted the empire of the Great Mogul. Against the British power, three of their mightiest chiefs contended—Scindiah, Holcar and the Rajah of Berar. Their force was formidable and imposing. By his experience in other campaigns, however, Wellesley knew well the conditions of an Indian war; of the country, in its every feature, he had the most intimate knowledge; and he had formed a correct idea of the power of the British soldier.

The Kaitna, a small branch of the great Godavery river, which rises in the north-west of the peninsula of Hindostan and flows south-east, runs from west to east. On its northern bank is the village of Assaye, and, some small distance to the west of the place, the village or station of Bokerdun. It was posted on the northern bank of this stream that General Wellesley, advancing from the south, descried, on the 23d of September, 1803, the combined forces of Scindiah and the Rajar of Berar, in number about 50,000, with an immense park of artillery. The British force did not number 5,000 men. The right of the enemy's position was at Bokerdun—it was occupied by cavalry; their left, consisting of infantry, extended along the banks of the stream towards Assaye. Wel-

lesley determined to attack the infantry. To accomplish this, he wheeled to the right, and marched along the southern bank of the Kaitna, until he passed their left. The enemy's cavalry came pouring from its position on their right, and was opposed by the Mahratta and Mysore horse in the British interest. His rear and flanks thus protected, Wellesley succeeded in crossing the river to the left of the enemy. He at once formed his men into three lines, of which the last was cavalry; facing towards the west, they advanced; the 78th Highlanders were kept in reserve.

The confederate Mahrattas had watched these movements with an interest which may well be conceived. They saw the British cross the stream beyond their left flank, and perceived, with an apprehension quickened by the sense of terrific danger, that their left would be taken in flank, and rolled back in utter ruin. Their position was untenable, and an instant alteration was imperative. With a swiftness and regularity to be imputed to French assistance, they effected it. They drew their infantry from the banks of the Kaitna, and flung it across the space between the stream and Assaye, with its left strongly posted on the village; it once more looked the British in the face. In this line, and in great strength about Assaye, were the enemy's guns. As the British line advanced, they received a raking and murderous fire; the guns of Wellesley were at once silenced; and the 74th and the piquets of infantry on the right, advancing against the left of the enemy, were frightfully hewn up. It must have been a spectacle of fearful but dazzling splendor. Under the fervid Indian sun, those slender lines, the faint noise of whose artillery was swallowed in the tremendous roar of that of the enemy, advanced with determined step against the turbaned ranks, a hundred cannon emptying their Cerberean throats upon them, and vast multitudes of the foe before. In their guns there was no safety and no hope. What then remained? One stern hope was left—the word was given—"Fix bayonets!" At once, along the thin red lines, through the darkening smoke, the steel gleamed out. On swept the British in the teeth of the great guns; on to victory. The eye never opened on the plains of Bengal, or

the Ghauts of Himalaya, that could bide the glitter of the cold British steel; the vast masses were shattered and dissipated, and the horsemen of Berar, that had rushed on the torn infantry of our right, were dashed back, as a cloud by a tornado, by the British cavalry. The latter then advanced upon the broken infantry, trampling it down and scattering it abroad.

The battle was won; but there still was danger. The numbers of the enemy were so great that it was impossible for the small British force to face them all at once; the Mahratta gunners, moreover, when the British bayonets advanced, had in many instances lain down as if dead, by their guns; and as soon as the British, by continuing their advance, left the ground clear, they rose and reloaded their pieces. One large body of the enemy's infantry formed again; but Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell charged with the horse, and broke their ranks; their whole army then dissipated, leaving ninety pieces of cannon in the hands of the British. One of the most brilliant victories in the annals of war was over. —P. Bayne.

Wellington in the Peninsula.

It was early in the year 1809 that Wellesley disembarked at Lisbon; he was enabled to head an army of about 25,000 men, including certain Portuguese forces under the command of Beresford. Into every part of the service fresh vigor was at once infused; the commissariat was put into efficient working condition; every necessary arrangement was made, every appointment attended to; and the British army, at length in the hand of one who could wield it, proceeded in ardor and confidence upon its career of conquest. Wellesley at once commenced his march to the north; took Oporto most brilliantly, and swiftly drove Soult out of Portugal. Turning then south-eastward, to act in Spain on the line of the Tagus, in co-operation with the Spanish General Cuesta, he fought the fierce and bloody battle of Talavera, against the combined forces of King Joseph and Marshal Victor. It was one of those battles of frequent occurrence in the Peninsula, in which, after a tremendous conflict, the enemy was beaten

back, but where, from an inferiority in numbers, or want of cavalry, the British were unable totally to dissipate them.

On the northern bank of the Tagus, in the Spanish province of New Castile, stands the town of Talavera; beyond it, to the northward, is a rugged plain, and at the distance of about two miles a hill, with a valley of some extent beyond. This plain was that chosen by Wellesley on which to post his army to oppose Victor; the hill, where his left rested, was the most important point in his position. His line looked towards the east, to face the French who advanced westward. On the right, resting on the town, and in a position so secured by natural defences as to be almost unassailable, were posted the Spaniards; no dependence whatsoever could be placed upon them; the highest hope was, that they would not run, and might charge a broken column. The rest of the line was occupied by the British, their extreme left resting on the hill we have mentioned. This hill, the key to the whole position, was of course the object of Victor's principal efforts.

On the 27th of July, 1809, the fighting commenced. It extended along the whole British line, but was severest on the left. At one moment here, on account of a temporary weakness, the flank was turned, and the French gained the summit of the ridge. But the valiant and true-hearted Hill rushed to the rescue with fresh troops, searched the ranks of the enemy with a withering volley, and then charged with the bayonet. The foe was hurled down the ridges, to return no more while the sun was above the horizon. The shadows fell over the Spanish hills, and the British lay down by their arms to wait for the morning. But Victor knew it to be of vital importance that he should win that hill. A feint attack was made on another part of the British line, and under cover of the darkness, the French advanced. Their very bravest came; but a foe as brave was awake and ready for them. Their dim lines drew nearer and nearer, until their eyes could be seen sparkling through the darkness by the silent British; then suddenly the stillness of the hills was broken by the echoing rattle of the British musketry, and the red tongues of flame, lighting up the lines of bayonets, fringed the skirts of Night with fire. Again and again did the French columns

attempt to gain and hold the level ground on the top of the ridge, but the mangling hail came ever in ceaseless volleys from the unflinching British, and at length the levelled bayonet drove them down the hill-side.

The French drew off, and both hosts snatched an hour or two of troubled repose; by five in the morning they were at the dread work again. The roar of cannon commenced at daybreak. The hill on the left was still the object of the enemy. Column after column advanced to the attack, and still with the same result. They ascended the hill with that tried and disciplined valor which had won them so many fields; the British, in their immovable lines, eyed them as they advanced with calm, savage sternness; just as the enemy reached the ridge, they poured in their fire, and advancing with the bayonet, forced them back. So it continued until half-past eight in the morning, when the heat of the sun compelled the weary combatants to desist.

Then occurred a most touching scene. There flowed a small stream towards the Tagus, along the British front, separating the armies. Thither, to draw water, the soldiers of both armies came. Ceasing for a moment to be teeth of the dragon War, they became individuals and brothers; they flung aside their warlike implements, chatted in friendly terms, lent each other what little aids could be administered, and mutually succored the wounded. In a few minutes the bugles called them to their ranks, they shook hands like friends, grasped the musket and the bayonet, and the only word between them was death.

The sternest fight of all followed. The main attack now was upon the centre; it was met, and most gallantly repulsed. But the guards, in an excess of ardor, advanced in slight disorder. The perfect discipline of the French enabled them at once to perceive and take advantage of the circumstance. They charged again; the guards were compelled to retire; the French batteries tore up their flanks as they drew back; and the German battalion, which occupied the ground to the left, was wavering. The victory seemed within the grasp of the French; but there was an eye beholding the whole from that hill on the left, an eye that seldom failed to discern the

moment of necessity, and the mode of relief, the eye of Wellesley. He instantly ordered up a regiment of infantry and a squadron of light cavalry, to charge the advancing French. With matchless valor and coolness, the difficult operation was executed; the foe was checked; the guards formed again behind, and charged with a cheer. An Irish regiment took up the huzza, and it went rolling to the right and left along the British line. The islanders must have appeared somewhat incomprehensible to the French; shattered, mown down, fearfully thinned, they yet were in spirits to cheer; to tame them might well appear a hopeless task. The enemy retreated, and Talavera was won.

Wellesley, perhaps, equalled any general of ancient or modern times in the choice of positions. In care, in accuracy, in activity, he was a Fabius or a Scipio. He could detect, with a glance as swift as thought, the error of an opponent, as at Salamanca. These faculties are displayed in every part of the Peninsula campaigns; but on no occasion were the whole attributes of his genius called into such striking operation, or displayed in such imposing colors, as in the campaign of 1810, and the retreat on Torres Vedras. It was toward the end of this year, that Lord Wellington (for such he had been since Talavera), with the slow and stately motion of one who had counted every step, commenced his retreat towards Lisbon, before the overpowering columns of Masséna. He had masked his great operation so skilfully, that the French marshal had no correct idea of the extent of the fortifications to which he was retreating, and boasted, with his nation's magniloquence, that he was to drive the English into the sea. It was proper to teach him, that the march was of quite a different nature from a flight. On the heights of Busaco, the British lion calmly faced about, refreshed himself with a deep draught of French blood, and then, proudly arising, moved, with regal tread, towards his lair. Masséna still vaunted. On he came over the muddy roads, now drenched by the rains, and through a country which had been stripped of everything by the strict command of Wellington. This clearing the country of all means of support for any army was an essential part of the idea of the campaign; its purpose is obvious,

and the object of Wellington would have been attained sooner than was the case, if the command had been duly obeyed.

At length Masséna came to a dead halt; the bulwarks of Torres Vedras were before him. He saw, to his utter astonishment, a fortified line extended from the Tagus to the ocean; mountains scarped, valleys spanned, inundations prepared; the whole bristling with cannon. He gazed and gazed, in blank amazement, for three days; he found the lines impregnable. Had he forced the first, there was a second, and even a third, to be surmounted. At length, in savage, sardonic calmness, the British lion had lain down, backed by his native ocean, and gazed grimly over the vast squadrons. His growl would now be given through the throats of six hundred cannon. "You were to drive me into the sea, I think,—Come on!"

In due time Wellington left his lines, Masséna rolling back before him. The French and their emperor now began distinctly to perceive, that once the British general had laid his iron grasp upon Portugal, there was no might of theirs which could make him relax it. The campaign of 1811 was signalized by the fierce but glorious fighting of Fuentes d'Onoro; that of 1812 was particulary rich, boasting both the celebrated sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and the tremendous blow of Salamanca; at length, in 1813, he totally dissipated the French forces at Vittoria, and encountered Soult among the Pyrenees. In 1814, after the magnificent accomplishment of the great task which had once appeared hopeless, he sheathed his sword at Toulouse. All that array of difficulties and toils had been smitten and subdued by the might of his valor and genius; those proud armies had been humbled; in no single battle had he been vanquished; and dazzled by the beams of his glory, even his factious detractors had been silent.—P. Bayne.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation.
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.
Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forever more.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits a universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishmăn is low.
Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends! our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head! which all men knew,
O voice! from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve! to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,

England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled:
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attempered frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

This is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;

And underneath another sun,
Warring on a latter day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen,
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!

Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears:
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own.—
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

—Lord Tennyson.

ANDREW HOFER.

TYROL was called by the Emperor Maximilian "the Shield of Austria," and again by the Emperor Charles V., "the Heart of Austria." Never were those honorable titles more fully proved than in the resistance offered by the Tyrolese to the domination of Napoleon, when that conqueror had already the Continent of Europe prostrate at his feet. In the mountain strongholds of Tyrol did his crushing tyranny still encounter armed resistance; and Andrew Hofer, a simple herdsman, was the soul of that resistance.

This patriot was born on the 22d of November, 1767, in the beautiful valley of Passeyr, at an inn called the Sands House, whence his popular name of "Sandswirth," keeper or host of the Sands. Following the practice of his father, he became a wine-dealer, and in his trade drove horses into Northern Italy, whence he brought back casks of wine. He was one of the representatives of Tyrol in the Diet of 1790. The French invasion of Italy caused him to enter the Austrian army, in 1796, when he commanded a company of riflemen;

C. Blaas, Pinx.

THE ARREST OF HOFER.

and in recognition of his merit he received a gold medal of honor from the emperor. In 1803 he organized the rural militia, and two years later he was a member of the body to which was committed the political direction of his country. In spite of the unwillingness of the inhabitants, Tyrol was by the Treaty of Presburg wrested from Austria and assigned to Bavaria, which had taken sides with France.

Under the tyrannical government of the renegade Prince of Bavaria the old laws were abolished, new taxes were exacted and the churches plundered. After these outrages had lasted three years, Hofer went as a member of a secret deputation to Vienna to confer with the Archduke John on their grievances. The archduke advised an insurrection in Tyrol, and Baron von Hormayr was, early in 1809, commissioned to put it in execution. Plans were skilfully laid, and in a few days the whole of Tyrol was in arms. Hofer being chosen to command a large division, surprised the Bavarians while toiling through the narrow valleys and defeated them at Sterzing. In other places 8,000 French and Bavarian troops were made prisoners. Reinforcements sent by Napoleon defeated the Tyrolese at Feuersinger and in other places; but Hofer coming to the rescue, rallied his countrymen and again repulsed the Bavarians at Innspruck. After Napoleon's great victory at Wagram in July, the Emperor of Austria consented to evacuate Tyrol, but the patriot Hofer resolved to maintain the struggle, and displayed brilliant military genius in the effort. On the 13th of August he routed with great slaughter the combined French and Bavarian forces at Bergdsel. Tyrol was thus redeemed from foreign dominion.

The internal affairs of the country were now administered by an independent government, of which Hofer was the head, or practically the dictator. He caused coins to be struck bearing on one side the Tyrolese eagle crowned with laurels, and on the other the value of the coin, with the words, "According to the Convention—1809." After the Peace of Vienna the archduke issued a proclamation directing the Tyrolese to submit to the French. Three veteran armies were now sent by Napoleon into the mountains to enforce obedience. Finding resistance impossible against this force, Hofer sent his sub-

mission in November to Eugène Beauharnais, who was then Viceroy of Italy, and also to the Bavarian commander-in-chief. Later, however, the archduke entered Tyrol, and Hofer, hearing false reports of some Tyrolese victories, again took up arms. But his efforts were in vain, and he was compelled to flee to the mountains. A price was set on his head, but the peasants refused to reveal his hiding-place. At last, one of his most trusted followers, for a reward of three hundred ducats, betrayed the secret to General Baraguay d'Hilliers. Hofer was arrested on the night of the 20th of January, 1810, and taken to Mantua. He was tried and condemned; and though the judges recommended him to mercy, Napoleon gave orders that he should be shot within twenty-four hours. On being led out for execution, on February 20th, 1810, he refused to have his eyes bound, and he himself gave the order to fire. His property was confiscated.

A patent of nobility had been granted to Hofer by the Austrian emperor in 1809, and this was confirmed by the Emperor Francis in 1819. The family name was made Von Passeyr, from the place of his home and capture, where a monument to his memory was erected. His own house was converted into an asylum for aged Tyrolese. In 1823 his remains were transferred from Mantua to Innspruck, where they were buried in the cathedral; and later a marble monument was placed over his tomb.

The Execution of Hofer.

Hofer reached Mantua, and was immediately tried by a court-martial. It was as difficult to define his crime as to procure a unanimous sentence of condemnation. There were, it seems, some men of honor and common sense amongst his judges. A telegraph from Milan decided the question—he was to die within twenty-four hours. Yet at the moment the Corsican sent the above command, his minister at Vienna had orders to express extreme regret at the hasty execution, and to declare his master would never have permitted it, could he only have been aware of it in time to have prevented it!

Hofer heard his condemnation with the same unshaken firmness that had marked his character throughout. Depend-

ing on his innocence, and the assurances voluntarily held out to him, he never anticipated a sentence of death; yet when it was pronounced, he listened to it with surprise, unmingled with dismay. For him to die was easy—he was closing a glorious life by an honorable death—honorable, because incurred by his fidelity to his country.

Submitting in dignified silence to the decree of the court, he calmly returned to his dungeon, and requested the attendance of a priest. A worthy man of this order, Manifesti, immediately hastened to him, and remained with him till the moment of his death. To this kind friend he confided his last tender and solemn adieu to his family. That trying duty performed, he engaged in the holy offices of religion, and presented before his Creator the most acceptable sacrifice—the sacrifice of a confiding and resigned spirit. During the short interval that followed, he spoke of Tyrol and her fate—prophesied her restoration to her legitimate sovereign, and entered with undecayed interest on the story of her rights and her claims.

The fatal morning dawned. The *générale* sounded; a battalion of grenadiers was drawn out in front of the prison; and before mid-day, the officers who were to attend the execution entered his dungeon. Calm and prepared, Hofer was ready for the summons. The solemn procession was formed: muffled drums beat a mournful roll; the bell of the neighboring church tolled the knell for the departing spirit; the prisoner appeared amidst his guards. He was easily distinguished: unarmed, and in the simple dress of a Tyrolese soldier, he walked calmly by the side of his holy friend. His arms were folded on his bosom, not in the attitude of defiance, but of submission; his step was firm, not daring: his eye was bent on the ground, except that occasionally it was raised to acknowledge some burst of compassion, or applause, from the surrounding crowd.

In moving past the Porta Molina, a fort in which many Tyrolese were confined, his fortitude sustained a severe trial. The mourning prisoners, collected together, were on their knees weeping aloud, and praying for their beloved Hofer. A severer trial awaited him at the citadel. Those of his

countrymen who were at large on their parole were here assembled, and pressing as near to him as possible, knelt and implored his blessing. He stopped involuntarily; his escort yielded to the general murmur and halted. Hofer profited by the brief delay to address a few words of comfort to his countrymen:

"Dear countrymen—beloved Tyrolese!

"You must be as I am—which God forbid!—to feel all I feel at this moment—my undiminished love for Tyrol, my heartfelt gratitude to you! You ask me for my blessing—I stand more in need of yours; but as approaching death sanctifies my words, be those last words a blessing on my countrymen.

"Perhaps there are among you some whom I have offended: they will, I hope, pardon whatever I have said or done amiss. And all of you, beloved Tyrolese! all will, I trust, forgive me for having been so active in a war so disastrous. The time, I foresee, is not far distant, when you will return to the blessings of your ancient government, and cry aloud, as I do now—'Long live the Emperor Francis!'"

He spoke this last sentence with a clear and steady voice, and falling back into his station, gave a signal for the procession to advance.

On a broad bastion, at a little distance from the Porta Ceresa, the commanding officer halted his men. Hofer now delivered to Manifesti all the valuables he possessed, imploring him to distribute them among his unfortunate countrymen. This wealth consisted of five hundred florins in Austrian bank-notes, his silver snuff-box, and his beautiful rosary. To his faithful attendant he gave the small silver rosary which he always carried about him.

The grenadiers formed a square, open in the rear. Twelve men and a corporal stepped forward, while Hofer remained standing alone in the centre. No one in the circle was so calm and self-possessed as he appeared at that awful moment. A soldier offered him a white handkerchief to bind his eyes, and suggested to him that on these occasions it was customary

for the sufferer to kneel. Hofer declined the handkerchief, and refused to kneel. "I have been used," said he, "to stand upright before my Creator, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to him."

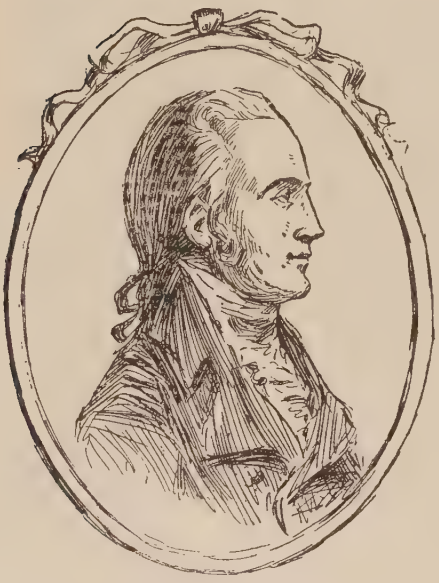
He now addressed the corporal, cautioned him to perform his duty well, and then gave him the only piece of money he had about him. As his last earthly farewell, he spoke a few words expressive of his unshaken attachment to his country. He stood a few moments in mental prayer, and then looked intently on the small band before him. The sergeant marshalled its preparing movement. The muskets are charged—presented: Hofer spoke in a firm voice—"Fire!" They fired—he sank on his knee wounded, but alive. Another volley was discharged, and he was stretched lifeless on the ground.

The spot hallowed by his fall is still, and must forever be, sacred to every true-born Tyrolese.

His body, instead of being left on the place of execution, or carried around the assembled troops, as is usually the case in military executions, was borne on a black bier, by the grenadiers, to the church of St. Michael. There it lay in state, and a guard of honor was appointed to watch it.

Thus perished Hofer in the prime of life—beloved by his friends, respected by his enemies. "Amidst the numerous crimes, that stain the name of Napoleon, there is not one of a deeper dye than the *murder* of Hofer."

AARON BURR.



AARON BURR, though he became the third Vice-President of the United States, is generally regarded with aversion by Americans, and even classed by some as a traitor. His father, Rev. Aaron Burr, was the second president of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. His mother was the granddaughter of the noted theologian of New England, Jonathan Edwards, and her father, bearing the same name, was the third president of that college. The son, who brought infamy on a name and family of such honor, was born at Newark, New Jersey, February 6, 1756. Before he was three years of age he had lost both of his parents, and was placed in charge of his uncle, Timothy Edwards, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Before he was twelve he entered Princeton College, and he graduated in 1772. His sister, Sarah, had married Judge Tapping Reeve, of Litchfield, Conn., and with him Burr commenced the study of law; but on the outbreak of the Revolution, in 1775, his desire for adventure led him to join the American army as a private, at Cambridge, Mass. With the

command under Benedict Arnold he shared the perils and disasters of the expedition against Quebec. He was sent forward to inform Montgomery of Arnold's approach, and on his arrival the former general made him his aid-de-camp, with the rank of captain. When Montgomery fell, in the desperate assault on Quebec, December 30, 1775, Burr attempted to bring off the body, and was almost the only one of the advance column who escaped. On account of his gallant conduct, he was promoted to the rank of major.

In 1776 Burr was invited to join the family of General Washington, in camp near New York; but he left headquarters soon after to join the staff of General Putnam, having, in some way, lost forever the confidence and friendship of the commander-in-chief. Burr commanded a brigade in the battle of Monmouth, on June 28th, 1778; the fatigue and exposure brought on an illness; but on recovering he did good service in guarding the lines in Westchester county, above New York city. His health again failing, he for a time took command at West Point. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and won the character of a brave and efficient officer. The year 1779, however, saw the close of his military career. His health again failing, he was obliged to throw up his commission and retire from the army.

In 1782, he commenced the practice of law in Albany, and in the same year married Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, the widow of a British officer. Soon removing to New York city, he became prominent in his profession. He also became active in political affairs, and entered into rivalry with Hamilton. In 1784 Burr was elected a member of the State assembly, and was appointed attorney-general of New York, in 1789. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he became a candidate of the Anti-Federal party, and organized a few devoted followers, who became known as "Burr's Little Band." He was a consummate master of political intrigue, but he never mingled freely with the people, preferring to act through chosen agents. In 1791 he was elected United States Senator, and was made chairman of the committee appointed to reply to the address of the President, according to the custom then introduced but afterwards abandoned when the

President's messages were transmitted in writing. The Anti-Federalists took the name Republicans when they became enthusiastic supporters of the new French Republic, and with these Burr acted on all occasions. Washington always treated Burr with distrust, and when he was urged for the mission to France, firmly refused to appoint him.

In 1797 Burr's term in the United States Senate expired, and he returned to New York somewhat discredited; but he soon perfected an organization of his party in that State which carried it to victory, and he became once more a member of the State Assembly. In 1800, when the administration of John Adams had aroused popular discontent, Burr was selected by the Republicans as the associate with Jefferson on their ticket, the intention being to have Jefferson as president and Burr as vice-president. But, according to the plan of voting then in vogue, this was not stated by the electors. Jefferson and Burr each received 73 electoral votes, and it became the duty of the House of Representatives to decide which of the now rival candidates should fill the office of President. Burr had considerable influence with the Federalists on account of his family connections, and that party favored him, so that it was only on the 36th ballot that Jefferson was chosen.

Burr now announced himself as a candidate for the governorship of New York. He was supported by most of the Federalists; but Hamilton, the true leader of that party, was enabled to secure his defeat. This brought matters to a crisis. Remarks made by Hamilton as to Burr's unfitness for the office were seized upon by the latter as a pretext for challenging his opponent to mortal combat. Friends attempted to secure an explanation and withdrawal of the offensive words; but Burr would listen to no one. Hamilton accepted the challenge, and they met on the 11th of July, 1804, at Weehawken, near New York. Hamilton fell, mortally wounded, his own pistol being discharged in the air. The sudden tragedy roused the whole community, and the prompt institution of legal measures forced the murderer from his home and society.

Burr went west and engaged in schemes for developing an independent government in the Mississippi valley. Harman Blennerhasset, an Irish refugee, had a beautiful plantation on

an island in the Ohio river, and his acquaintance with the fleeing duellist caused his ultimate ruin. They entered into schemes for mutual aggrandizement. Burr also visited Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, and endeavored to enlist them as his partizans. He purchased 400,000 acres on the Washita river with the view of establishing a colony. He enlisted men for an expedition against the Spaniards, and spoke of an empire to be established in Mexico. But his chief object seems to have been to form an independent government in the Mississippi Valley. He expressed a belief that with a few desperate and determined men he could overthrow the government at Washington. He won over to his treasonable schemes General James Wilkinson, then the senior officer of the United States army, who was in the vicinity of New Orleans. They carried on a correspondence in cipher. Boats were built and military stores collected with money advanced by Blennerhasset, whilst Burr summoned recruits to his assistance from Kentucky and Tennessee.

But, dismayed at the difficulties of the enterprise, Wilkinson lost heart, and sent a letter of Burr's to Jefferson, saying that he had not understood the designs of the conspirator until receiving this epistle. At once the president issued a proclamation warning the Western people to have nothing to do with "these unlawful enterprises." The United States officials were aroused to energetic action. The conspirators fled. Their boats and stores were seized. Blennerhasset was arrested in Kentucky and Burr in Alabama. In August, 1807, they were brought to trial in Richmond, Va., before Chief Justice Marshall, to answer the charges of treason and misdemeanor. After a long trial of three months they were acquitted, much to the annoyance of Jefferson, who especially desired the conviction of Burr in vindication of himself.

Burr afterwards, under an assumed name, visited England, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and France, endeavoring to awaken interest in his scheme for establishing an empire in Mexico; but in vain. He arrived penniless in Boston, May, 1812. Returning to New York, he practiced law to some extent, but passed the remainder of his life in obscurity and neglect. His daughter, Theodosia, was drowned at sea on a

voyage from South Carolina to the North to meet her father. He married, at the age of seventy-seven, Madame Jumel, the widow of a wealthy San Domingo planter; but they soon separated, on account of Burr endeavoring to secure the control of her property. He died neglected, on Staten Island, on the 14th of September, 1836.

Aaron Burr, left in his infancy without father or mother, never inherited their virtues. His brilliant talents, political skill, and tact in conversation and debate have rarely been equalled; but he was licentious, profligate, and entirely destitute of honor. With his wonderful abilities, he might have left a name commanding the respect and admiration of his countrymen; but, after a surprising success in more than one effort for high position, he fell like Lucifer, never to rise again.

Burr's Expedition.

Burr's attention having been drawn to the movements in Spanish America, he determined to raise an army for the subjugation of Mexico. He had frequent conversations with Jay, who assured him that the boldness of the enterprise would contribute to its success. Various favorable circumstances rendered the undertaking apparently auspicious. The difficulties with Spain; the restlessness and disaffection of many of the officers and soldiers of the regular army in the West, who had become tired of a life of inactivity and ease; a lack of harmony, not only between the civil and military authorities, but in the ranks of the military themselves; all these considerations might well have flattered Burr that the fates were favorable to the adventure. "Indeed, I fear treachery has become the order of the day," wrote General Jackson to Claiborne.

An extensive correspondence with various distinguished characters of the country assured Burr of their countenance and co-operation in the event of a war with Spain. Wilkinson, the commander-in-chief of the forces in the West, writes him, under date of October, 1805: "I fear Miranda has taken the bread out of your mouth." Wilkinson's regular force consisted only of about six hundred men, around which the followers of Burr were to form. These in fact were the only

disciplined corps relied on. It is said the commander had pledged himself to strike the blow, whenever it should be deemed expedient. All that was wanting, with him, was a pretext for the commencement of hostilities against Spain. He detailed to Burr all the information he possessed respecting Mexico, and pointed out the facilities which would probably be offered by the inhabitants in effecting a revolution: "On his suggestion Daniel Clark twice visited the country. He held conferences and effected arrangements with many of the principal military officers, who engaged to favor the revolution. The Catholic bishop, resident at New Orleans, was also consulted, and prepared to promote the enterprise. The bishop was an intelligent and social man. He had been in Mexico, and spoke with great freedom of the disaffection of the clergy in South America. So far as any decision had been formed, the landing was to have been effected at Tampico."

Daniel Clark engaged to advance, for the purposes of the expedition, fifty thousand dollars; but, being disappointed, was unable to furnish it. Murray, the British plenipotentiary resident in the United States, was consulted on the subject. He communicated to his government the project of Burr. Colonel Williamson, the brother of Lord Balgray, was dispatched to England on the business. From the manner of his reception, and the encouragement he received, it was expected that a British naval squadron would have been furnished for the enterprise. General Jackson had also been consulted, and funds for defraying the expenses of his division were placed in his hands by Burr. The disaffection of the inhabitants of the South and West was thought favorable to a separation of the trans-Allegheny territory; and this, it is said, was among the earlier schemes of Burr, although but seldom revealed, except to those who he thought would favor it.

Such were the preparations: a plan well matured, and auguring success in the event of a war with Spain. As soon, however, as intelligence had been received, that such satisfaction had been rendered, on the part of the Spanish government, as to obviate the necessity of a resort to arms, many of

the warmest advocates of the plan abandoned their former designs, and turned their attention to scenes less dazzling, but more productive of substantial enjoyment.

Burr had dreamed too long of the wealth and splendor of the halls of the Montezumas, to resign their captivating pleasures for the tamer scenes of a government in which he was becoming daily more unpopular; and which, he now conceived, viewed his actions with ungrateful suspicions. For years had he cherished the hope of investing himself with the regal power of that ancient kingdom, and transmitting its crown to his latest posterity. For the realization of this had he sacrificed the comforts of home; traversed the States to the extremes of Florida; often travelling through pathless wildernesses, sometimes without shelter and occasionally without food; alluring to his standard men of every grade, prompted by every motive of action. Confident of the aid of Wilkinson and the men under his command, he continued his exertions after every prospect of a war with Spain had ceased. Whatever motive may have influenced the subsequent conduct of that officer, there is but little doubt that he had given Burr the most indubitable assurance of his firm adherence to the undertaking.

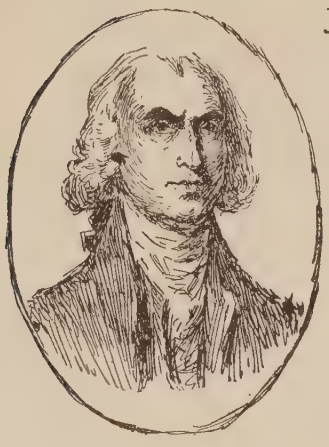
Notwithstanding the suspicions with which his movements were observed by the government, the acts of the Ohio legislature, and his arrest in Kentucky, Burr still persisted in his measures, giving confidence to his followers by his unflinching determination. Even the proclamation of the President, and of the several governors within the respective States and Territories along his route, could not deter him. But when he was informed that the measures adopted by the government for his arrest were through the advice and at the instance of Wilkinson; that *he* had not only proved treacherous by exposing the scheme and magnifying its object, but was the chosen instrument for his arrest; that courage, which had before characterized his actions, completely abandoned him; then, and not till then, did he sink under the accumulated difficulties which beset his path.

He was arrested, tried and acquitted, "but his country refused to believe him innocent." Though stout old Truxtun

had testified in his favor; though Jackson had seen nothing wrong in Burr's project, but agreed to favor it; the popular voice continued to regard him as a traitor, whom accident alone had prevented from dismembering the Union. That a man of sense and ability should entertain such a notion; relying for aid on associates who he knew would countenance no treason, is a preposterous and insane supposition. As he said on his death-bed, he might as well have attempted to seize the moon and parcel it out among his followers.

The real secret of the popular belief is to be found in the character of Burr. In him the elements which make up great and good men were strangely mixed up with those which we may suppose the spirits of evil to pride themselves. He was brave, affable, munificent, of indomitable energy, of signal perseverance. In his own person he combined two opposite natures. He was studious, but insinuating; dignified, yet seductive. Success did not intoxicate, nor reverse dismay him. Turning to the other aspect of his character, those great qualities sunk to insignificance beside the evil ones. He was profligate in morals, public and private; selfish and artful; a master in dissimulation, treacherous, cold-hearted. Subtle, intriguing, full of promise; he shot upwards in popularity with astonishing velocity; but a skeptic in honesty, a scorner of all things noble and good, he failed to secure the public confidence, and fell headlong from his dizzy eminence. Here lies the secret of his ruin. There was nothing in his character to which the great heart of the people could attach itself in love; but they shrank from him, in mistrust, as from a cold and glittering serpent. The public rarely errs in an estimate like this.—W. H. SAFFORD.

JAMES MADISON.



JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, is honored as one of the founders of the American Republic, and one of the authors of its Constitution. He was born at Port Conway, King George Co., Virginia, on the 16th of March, 1751, and was the son of a planter, bearing the same name. He entered Princeton College, New Jersey, in 1769, and graduated in 1771, after which he studied law. His first public utterance was in opposition to the religious persecution fostered by the old laws of Virginia. As a delegate to the Virginia Convention in 1776, he advocated religious liberty and opposed the union of Church and State. When he was a candidate for the Assembly, he was defeated because he would not "treat" the voters according to the prevailing custom.

The Assembly of Virginia elected Madison a delegate to the Continental Congress which met in 1780, when, as he wrote, "the public treasury was empty and the public credit exhausted." In this Congress his wisdom made him prominent as a debater and secured his appointment on important committees. As the election of the same delegate to Congress for consecutive sessions was then forbidden by the law of Virginia, he was not returned to that body in 1784, but for several years he was a member of the State Assembly.

He opposed with success a motion that all citizens should be taxed "for the support of teachers of the Christian religion." In February, 1787, he again became a member of the Continental Congress. But his apprehensions for the country were shown by his writing in the same month: "Our situation is becoming every day more and more critical. No money comes into the Federal treasury; no respect is paid to the Federal authority."

With these views Madison entered the memorable Convention which met at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787, to form the Constitution of the United States—the ablest body of statesmen, jurists and legislators that ever assembled in America. Perhaps no man had worked so hard as Madison to bring the public to a recognition of the necessity of reorganizing the government. His prominent part in the debates of the convention has secured for him the title of "The Father of the Constitution." The adoption and ratification of this instrument were urged in the series of famous essays known as the "Federalist." Of these eighty papers Madison wrote, wholly or in part, twenty-nine, but Hamilton a much greater number. The Virginia Convention in June, 1788, under Madison's leadership, ratified the Federal Constitution, although it was opposed by Patrick Henry, Randolph and Lee.

Madison was a representative in the first Federal Congress, which met in March, 1789. His proposal to raise a revenue by duties on imports and by a tonnage duty on vessels bringing goods, etc., into the United States, was adopted, and is the original basis of the present tariff system. The direction of business, seems, by common consent, to have been entrusted to Madison, "doubtless because of his familiarity with the Constitution, and of his methodical ways." Under the influence of Jefferson, he joined the Republican party, which comprised the original opponents of the Constitution. In 1790 he led this party in opposition to a national bank, which Hamilton had recommended, but was defeated. In the Second Congress, Madison continued to oppose Hamilton's financial measures, and censured the neutrality which Washington maintained in the war between Great Britain and the

French republic. He declared the proclamation of neutrality (April, 1793) "a most unfortunate error." It was probably on account of this dislike of Washington's policy that Madison declined the office of Secretary of State in the same year. He married in 1794 Dorothy Todd, a Quaker widow, whose maiden name was Payne. She was an accomplished and highly-gifted lady, and was in later years a most charming mistress of the White House. Madison continued to be a leader of the opposition in the House of Representatives until 1797.

Though Jefferson was the inspirer, Madison was generally regarded as the author of resolutions adopted by the Assembly of Virginia and known as the "Resolutions of 1798," which sought to limit the power of the Federal government by definition and reference to reserved rights of the States. Having shown himself a thorough supporter of Jefferson's ideas, he was appointed Secretary of State when that statesman became President in March, 1801. The first term of Jefferson's administration was prosperous, peaceful, and popular. During this period Madison approved the purchase of Louisiana (1803), although the Constitution does not confer such a power on the general government. In the second term, war with Great Britain became imminent. In 1808 Madison was the Democratic candidate for President and received 122 electoral votes out of 175. When he entered on his high office in March, 1809, he found the United States involved in disputes and difficulties with the British, who had given offence by aggressions on American commerce, and by searching American vessels for deserters. Napoleon also inflicted injuries on American merchants. Madison hoped to preserve peace; but the hot-headed representatives of his party in Congress clamored for war until war was declared against England in June, 1812, when the United States was entirely unprepared even for a defensive war.

In the following November, Madison was re-elected to the Presidency by 128 electoral votes, while his competitor, De Witt Clinton, received but 89. All the southern States, with Ohio, Pennsylvania and Vermont voted for Madison. A numerous portion of the American people were opposed to

the War of 1812. A few days after the declaration of war, the British ministry repealed their offensive "Orders in Council," before they heard that war was declared. Thus war was entered upon to redress a wrong which ceased to exist before a blow was struck; an offer of peace was rejected because the British still claimed the right of search. Madison was in fact more competent to be a legislator than the chief executive in a great emergency. The efforts and energies of his administration were directed chiefly to the invasion of Canada, but every attempt was a failure. Though Commodore Perry gained a naval victory on Lake Erie in September, 1813, the whole coast of the United States from Long Island to Florida was blockaded by the British. "If the war must continue," said Webster, "go to the ocean. Let it no longer be said that not one ship of force built by your hands since the war yet floats." Finally, in August, 1814, a British fleet commanded by Admiral Cockburn, with about 4,500 men, ascended the Chesapeake, captured Washington without resistance, and burned the Capitol and other public buildings. The humiliation of the administration was complete. Only at sea had the Americans displayed marked valor or obtained the fruits of victory. All parties in the United States now ardently desired a termination of the war.

J. Q. Adams, Clay and Gallatin were appointed commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace, and they met the English commissioners at Ghent, in August, 1814. The Americans were astounded at the demands of the Englishmen, one of which was that the United States should keep no naval force on the great lakes. The treaty, which was signed December 24th, 1814, was silent on all the subjects which had been the cause of the war. Before the glad tidings of peace reached the United States, Gen. Jackson gained a decisive victory over the British at New Orleans, onthe 8th of January, 1815. This burst of glory enabled the American people to accept with some self-respect the lame and impotent conclusion of the treaty.

Madison retired to private life on the 4th of March, 1817, and passed the remainder of his life on his farm, at Montpelier,

Orange County, Virginia. He was a member of the Convention which met in 1829, to revise the Constitution of Virginia. He died at Montpelier, June 28, 1836.

The Capture of Washington.

The eastern branch of the Potomac, deep enough opposite Washington to float a frigate, dwindles at Bladensburg to a shallow stream. The few houses occupy the eastern bank. Stansbury, abandoning the village and the bridge, had posted his men on an eminence on the Washington side of the river, with his right on the Washington road, in which were planted two pieces of artillery, to sweep the bridge. Pinkney's riflemen lined the bushes which skirted the river bank. The Baltimore regiment had been originally posted nearest the bridge; but, by Monroe's orders, who rode up just before the battle began, they were thrown back behind an orchard, leaving Stansbury's drafted men to stand the first brunt of attack.

As Winder reached the front, other military amateurs were busy in giving their advice, the enemy's column just then beginning to show itself on the opposite bank. Another Maryland regiment, which had marched that morning from Annapolis, but by a route which avoided the British army, appeared just at this moment on the field, and occupied a commanding eminence. The forces from Washington, as they arrived, were drawn up in the rear of the Maryland line. Barney, with his sailors, and Miller, of the Marines, arrived last, and planted four heavy guns in a position to sweep the road, with the advantage, also, of being flanked by the Annapolis regiment.

The British soldiers, by the time they reached Bladensburg, were almost ready to drop, so excessive was the heat; and so formidable was the appearance of the American army, that Ross and his officers, reconnoitering from one of the highest houses of the village, were not a little uneasy as to the result. But it was now too late to hesitate. The British column, again in motion after a momentary check, dashed across the bridge. Some discharges of Congreve rockets put the Maryland drafted militia to flight. They were followed by the riflemen, Pinkney getting a broken arm in the tumult,

and by the artillerymen, whose pieces had scarcely been twice discharged; and as the British came up, the Baltimore regiment fled also, sweeping off with them the general, the president and the cabinet officers.

Encouraged by this easy victory, the enemy pushed rapidly forward till Barney's artillery opened upon them with severe effect. After several vain efforts, during which many fell, to advance in face of this fire, advantage was taken of the shelter of a ravine to file off by the right and left. Those who emerged on the left encountered the Annapolis regiment, which fled after a single fire. Those on the right fell in with some detachments of regulars, forming an advanced portion of the second line. They retired with equal promptitude, as did the militia behind them; and the enemy having thus gained both flanks, the sailors and marines were obliged to fly, leaving their guns and their wounded commanders in the enemy's hands.

Such was the famous battle of Bladensburg, in which very few Americans had the honor to be either killed or wounded, not more than fifty in all; and yet, according to the evidence subsequently given before a Congressional committee of investigation, everybody behaved with wonderful courage and coolness, and nobody retired except by orders or for want of orders. The British loss was a good deal larger, principally in the attack on the sailors and marines. Several had dropped dead with heat and fatigue, and the whole force was so completely exhausted that it was necessary to allow them some hours' rest before advancing on Washington.

The Maryland militia, as they fled, dispersed in every direction, and soon ceased to exist as an embodied force. The District militia kept more together; the Virginians had at last obtained their flints, and Winder had still at his command some two thousand men and several pieces of artillery. Two miles from Washington a momentary stand was made; but the retreating troops soon fell back to the Capitol. Armstrong wished to occupy the two massive, detached wings of that building (the central rotunda and porticoes having not then been built), and to play the part of the British in Chew's house, at the battle of Germantown. But, if able to withstand

an assault, how long could they hold out without provisions or water?

It was finally decided to abandon Washington, and to rally on the heights of Georgetown. Simultaneously with this abandonment of their homes by an army that retired, but did not rally, fire was put at the navy-yard to a frigate on the stocks, to a sloop-of-war lately launched, and to several magazines of stores and provisions, for the destruction of which ample preparations had been made, and by the light of this fire, made lurid by a sudden thunder-gust, Ross, toward evening, advanced into Washington, then a straggling village of some eight thousand people, but for the moment almost deserted by the male part of the white inhabitants.

From Gallatin's late residence, one of the first considerable houses which the British column passed, a shot was fired which killed Ross' horse, and which was instantly revenged by putting fire to the house. After three or four British volleys at the Capitol the two detached wings were set on fire. The massive walls defied the flames, but all the interior was destroyed, with many valuable papers and the library of Congress—a piece of vandalism alleged to be in revenge for the burning of the Parliament House at York [now Toronto, Canada].

An encampment was formed on Capitol Hill; but meanwhile a detachment marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the President's house, of which the great hall had been converted into a military magazine, and before which some cannon had been placed. These cannon, however, had been carried off; and Mrs. Madison, having first stripped from its frame, and provided for the safety of a valuable portrait of Washington, which ornamented the principal room, had also fled, with her plate and valuables loaded into a cart, obtained not without difficulty.

The President's house, and the offices of the Treasury and State Departments near by, were set on fire, Ross and Cockburn, who had forced themselves as unbidden guests upon a neighboring boarding-house woman, supping by the light of the blazing buildings. By the precaution of Monroe, the most valuable papers of the State Department had been previously

removed; yet here too some important records were destroyed. The next morning the War Office was burned. The office of the *National Intelligencer* was ransacked, and the types thrown into the street, Cockburn himself presiding with gusto over this operation, thus revenging himself for the severe strictures of that journal on his proceedings in the Chesapeake.

The arsenal at Greenleaf's Point was also fired, as were some rope-walks near by. Several private houses were burned and some private warehouses broken open and plundered; but, in general, private property was respected, the plundering being less on the part of the British soldiers than of the inhabitants, black and white, who took advantage of the terror and confusion to help themselves. The only public buildings that escaped were the General Post-office and Patent Office, both under the same roof, of which the burning was delayed by the entreaties and remonstrances of the superintendents, and finally prevented by a tremendous tornado which passed over the city, and, for a while, completely dispersed the British column, the soldiers seeking refuge where they could, and several being buried in the ruins of the falling buildings.

A still more serious accident at Greenleaf's Point, where near a hundred British soldiers were killed or wounded by an accidental explosion, added to the anxiety of the British commander, otherwise ill enough at ease. He naturally imagined, though, as it happened, without any occasion for it, that an army of indignant citizen-soldiers was mustering on the heights of Georgetown. An attack was also apprehended from the south, to guard against which the Washington end of the Potomac bridge was set on fire by the British, while at the same moment a like precaution was taken at the Alexandria end to keep them from crossing.

No news came of the British ships in the Potomac, which Ross anxiously expected; and that same night, leaving his severely wounded behind, and his camp-fires burning, he silently retired, and, after a four days' uninterrupted march, arrived again at Benedict, where the troops were re-embarked, diminished, however, by a loss in killed, wounded and deserters of several hundred men. Yet while Ross, on his part, thus stealthily withdrew, so great was the terror which he left

behind him, that some sixty British invalids, left in charge of the wounded, continued in undisturbed possession of Capitol Hill for more than twenty-four hours after his departure, till at last the citizens mustered courage to disarm them.

Two days after Ross had evacuated the city, the British frigates, slowly sounding their way up the Potomac, arrived at Fort Washington. That fort, in spite of Winder's repeated warnings to Armstrong, was in a very unprovided state, and it was abandoned by the garrison after a short cannonade, during which their magazine was blown up. Boats were sent forward to sound and mark out the channel, and the same day that Ross' returning army reached Benedict, the British frigates anchored before Alexandria, which surrendered at discretion, yielding up as spoils and a ransom, twenty-one merchant vessels, sixteen thousand barrels of flour, one thousand hogsheads of tobacco, and a quantity of cotton and other merchandise.

Their object thus accomplished, the British frigates, with their captured vessels laden with the plunder of Alexandria, notwithstanding the efforts of Rodgers, Perry and Porter, now without other naval employment, to harass them by means of barges, fire-ships, and cannon planted on the bank of the river, succeeded, by the exercise of skill and courage, in reaching the Chesapeake without loss.—R. HILDRETH.

JAMES MONROE.

JAMES MONROE was the last of the Virginia statesmen who, in the early days of the Republic, seemed to have an exclusive right to the Presidency of the United States. His name is associated with the principal events in American history during a period of fifty years; and his administration is known as "the era of good feeling." He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28th, 1758, and was educated at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, which he left abruptly in 1776 at the signal of revolt against British domination. Joining the Continental army as a lieutenant in the Third Virginia regiment, he served at the battle of White Plains, and was wounded at the battle of Trenton. In subsequent campaigns he was aide-de-camp to Lord Stirling with the rank of major, and took part in the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth. General Washington commended him as having "maintained the reputation of a brave, active, and sensible officer."

Quitting the field in 1778, after having attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he studied law under Thomas Jefferson. He was elected a member of the Assembly of Virginia, in 1782, and was afterward a delegate to the Continental Congress for three years. Here he asserted the right of the citizens of the United States to the free navigation of the Mississippi river, to which Spain, then holding the mouth of

the river, objected. He was a member of the Convention of Virginia which met in 1788 and adopted the Constitution of the United States, which, however, he opposed as giving too much power to the Federal government.

Monroe was a personal and political friend of Jefferson, and assisted in forming the Republican party, which afterwards assumed the name Democratic. In 1790 he was elected a senator of the United States for four years, and was regarded as one of the most decided opponents of Washington's administration. He particularly opposed Hamilton's measures, by which the national finances were established on a sound basis and the public credit restored. In May, 1794, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the newly established French Republic, in a critical time, when there was danger that the United States would be involved in war against England or France, both of which had injured American commerce. He arrived in Paris in August, 1794, when no other civilized nation was represented there by a minister, and he made a speech in the Convention. His warm sympathy for the French Republic in its new crusade for liberty led him to express dislike for Jay's treaty with Great Britain. This conduct was not approved by his government, and he was recalled in August, 1796. Monroe was chosen Governor of Virginia in 1799, and served as such until 1802, when Jefferson, having attained the presidency, sent him as envoy-extraordinary to France, to unite with Robert R. Livingston, then the resident minister at Paris, in securing for the United States the right of navigating the Mississippi. These negotiations, however, took another turn, and resulted in the purchase of Louisiana, that is, the whole Mississippi valley, or, at least, its western side. The French negotiators were Bonaparte, then First Consul, Talleyrand, and Marbois, who ceded that vast, undefined territory for 80,000,000 francs—a very momentous transaction in real estate.

In 1803 Monroe was sent as minister-plenipotentiary to England, whose vessels had impressed American seamen and injured the commerce of the United States. With the aid of W. Pinkney he negotiated, in 1806, a treaty for the protection of maritime interests; but it was not ratified by the

United States, because it did not provide against the impressment of seamen. When Monroe returned home, he showed some aspirations for the office of president. Many Republicans in 1808 wished to nominate him; but Jefferson preferred his older friend, Madison, who was elected. Monroe, after being elected Governor of Virginia, was appointed Secretary of State by Madison, in November, 1811, and continued to hold that office until the close of Madison's administration.

Monroe was resolute for war against Great Britain, in 1812, when Madison favored peace; and was, indeed, the effective power in the declaration of war. For a time he discharged the duties of secretary of war, in addition to those of his own department; and after General Armstrong was removed in September, 1814, he was again placed in charge of the War Department. In the gloomy period which followed the capture of Washington by the British, he infused some vigor into military operations. But the war-spirit had burned itself out.

Monroe, having bided his time, was the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1816, and was elected by a large majority. During his peaceful administration the violence of party spirit abated, and the "era of good feeling" succeeded for a time, until new causes for dispute emerged. In 1819 an important treaty was negotiated and ratified, by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, which thus secured control of the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico to the Sabine river. The admission of Missouri into the Union, in 1820, caused the first great national controversy between the friends and opponents of slavery. Congress adopted a compromise by which slavery was prohibited in all public territory north of latitude 36°30′, N.

Monroe was re-elected to the presidency in November, 1820, practically without opposition. He received every electoral vote except one, and he retained in his cabinet the same heads of departments as before. The independence of the South American republics was recognized by the United States in 1821. The historical event, indissolubly associated with his name, is the announcement of the policy of the United States in respect to foreign interference in the affairs of the American Continent. In his message of December,

1823, he asserted the important principle, since commonly known as the "Monroe Doctrine," in these words: "The American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety." It has been accepted by succeeding administrations—yet, still remains the declaration of one government, rather than a principle incontestably proved by facts and acknowledged by foreign governments.

Monroe retired from office March 4, 1825, after which he divided his time between his home at Oak Hill, Loudoun county, Virginia, and the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, in the city of New York. He was elected president of the Convention which in 1829 revised the Constitution of Virginia; and in which he said, "Virginia did all that was in her power to do, to prevent the extension of slavery, and to mitigate its evils." He had grown poor in the public service, because he neglected his private interests. He died on the 4th of July, 1831, at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, in the city of New York.

Monroe was about six feet high; though he was slender, his physique was strong and symmetrical. His private character was virtuous and unimpeachable. Jefferson once said, "Monroe is a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outward without discovering a blemish to the world."

The Monroe Doctrine.

The acquisition of Louisiana had given an additional territory, fruitful in new commerce, to be exposed to dangers which remain to be overcome. Spain still possessed, beside the Island of Cuba, the Peninsula of the Floridas, and thus held the keys of the Mississippi. The real independence, the commercial and the moral independence, of the United States remained to be effected at the close of the European wars,

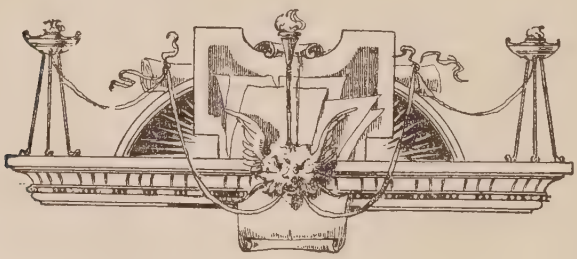
and of our own war with England. Our political independence had been confirmed, and that was all. In the administration of President Monroe, John Quincy Adams addressed himself, as Secretary of State, to the subversion of what remained of the colonial system. He commenced by an auspicious purchase of the Floridas, which gave us important maritime advantages on the Gulf of Mexico, while it continued our Atlantic sea-board unbroken from the Bay of Fundy to the Sabine.

The ever-advancing American Revolution was at the same time opening the way to complete disenthralment. The Spanish-American Provinces revolted, and seven new Republics, with constitutions not widely differing from our own —Buenos Ayres, Guatemala, Colombia, Mexico, Chili, Central America and Peru—suddenly claimed audience and admission among the nations of the earth. The people of those countries were but doubtfully prepared to maintain their contest for independence, or to support republican institutions. But on the other side Spain was enervated and declining. She applied to the Holy League of Europe for their aid, and the new Republics applied to the United States for that recognition which could not fail to impart strength. The question was momentous. The ancient colonial system was at stake. All Europe was interested in maintaining it. The Holy League held Europe fast bound to the rock of despotism, and were at liberty to engage the United States in a war for the subversion of their independence, if they should dare to extend their aid or protection to the rebellious Colonies in South America.

Such a war would be a war of the two continents—a universal war. Who could foretell its termination, or its dread results? But the emancipation of Spanish America was necessary for our own larger freedom, and our own complete security. That freedom and that security required that the nations of Europe should relax their grasp on the American Continent. The question was long and anxiously debated. The American people hesitated to hazard, for speculative advantages, the measures of independence already obtained. Monroe and Adams waited calmly and firmly. The impas-

sioned voice of Henry Clay rose from the Chamber of Representatives. It rang through the continent like the notes of the clarion, inspiring South America with new resolution, and North America with the confidence the critical occasion demanded. That noble appeal was answered. South America stood firm, and North America was ready. Then it was that John Quincy Adams, with those generous impulses which the impatient blood of his revolutionary sire always prompted, and with that enlightened sagacity which never misapprehended the interests of his country, nor mistook the time nor the means to secure them, obtained from the administration and from Congress the acknowledgment of the independence of the young American nations. To give decisive effect to this great measure, Monroe, in 1823, solemnly declared to the world, that thenceforth any attempt by any foreign power to establish the colonial system in any part of this continent, already emancipated, would be resisted as an aggression against the independence of the United States. On the accession of Adams to the administration of the Government, the vast American continental possessions of Brazil separated themselves from the crown of Portugal and became an independent State. Adams improved these propitious and sublime events by negotiating treaties of reciprocal trade with the youthful nations; and, concurring with Monroe, accepted, in behalf of the United States, their invitation to a General Congress of American States to be held at Panama, to cement relations of amity among themselves, and to consider, if it should become necessary, the proper means to repel the apprehended interference of the Holy League of Europe.

—W. H. SEWARD.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was an ideal American statesman, rather than a practical politician, though he rose to be the sixth President of the United States. In the latter part of his long public career, he was often called "the Old Man Eloquent." He was born in Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767, and was the eldest son of President John Adams and Abigail Smith. At the age of eleven he accompanied his father on his diplomatic mission to France. He thus came to attend for a short time a school in Paris, then studied Greek and Latin at Leyden, and became private secretary to Francis Dana, American minister to Russia, but finally rejoined his father, when in Paris negotiating the treaty of peace by which England acknowledged the independence of the United States.

On returning to the United States to finish his education, young Adams entered the junior class of Harvard College, in 1786, and graduated in high standing. Having studied law at Newburyport, in the office of Theophilus Parsons, he was admitted to the bar in July, 1790, and began to practice in Boston. His leisure was devoted to preparing newspaper essays in reply to Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." They were published under the signature of *Publicola*. In 1793 Adams wrote another series, arguing that the United States should observe neutrality in the war between England and France. In May, 1794, he was appointed minister resident

at the Hague, by President Washington. He then began to keep a diary, which was continued for more than fifty years. The persistence, fullness, and faithfulness with which it was kept, throughout so busy a life, are marvellous; but are, also, highly characteristic of the writer. In July, 1797, he married Louisa Catherine Johnson, of Maryland, with whom he enjoyed a long and happy union.

Jefferson, when secretary of state, commended the younger Adams to Washington, as one pre-eminently fitted for public service; and in February, 1797, Washington wrote to the elder Adams, "I give it as my decided opinion, that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad, and that he will prove himself to be the ablest of our diplomatic corps." In accordance with the advice of Washington, President Adams appointed his son minister to Berlin in that year. After having negotiated a treaty of amity and commerce with the Prussian Government, he was recalled early in 1801. He was a Federalist in his youth, but was always inclined to be independent, and he regarded every public measure as impartially as he would a proposition in Euclid. After a year's service in the Senate of his state, he was, in February, 1803, elected a Senator of the United States, by the Federalists of Massachusetts; yet he often offended the Federalists of the Senate by voting with the other party. Few, if any, American statesmen have equalled him in persistent freedom of speech and action. Thus he voted for the Non-Importation Act, in April, 1806; a measure offensive to the merchants of New England, but urged by President Jefferson. The constant aggressions of the British on the commerce of the United States, tended to separate him from the Federalists, whose sympathies were with England in the war against Napoleon. He voted for Jefferson's Embargo Act in 1807; and finally, having become avowedly a Republican, he resigned his seat in the Senate in June, 1808. A storm of obloquy from the Federal party, which still dreaded war with England and the interruption of commerce, burst upon the eloquent and able debater who had left their ranks.

President Madison appointed Adams minister to Russia, in March, 1809; and while holding this position he was one of

five commissioners who were appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, and met at Ghent, in August, 1814. "The tone of all the British notes," wrote Adams, "is arrogant, overbearing, and offensive." But, after a protracted negotiation, the treaty of peace was signed December 24, 1814, and in the following May, Adams was appointed minister to Great Britain. He returned to the United States in June, 1817, to become Secretary of State in President Monroe's cabinet. There was then no powerful opposition, and the violence of party spirit had subsided. Adams negotiated, in 1819, an advantageous treaty with Spain by which Florida was ceded to the United States, and called this event "a great epoch in our history." He defended General Jackson's conduct in previously entering Florida to punish wrong-doers, although the other cabinet ministers censured him. Adams' gift of native pride enabled him, in dealing with foreign powers, to support effectively the dignity of his own nation. In July, 1823, he told a foreign minister that "we should assume distinctly the principle that the American Continents are no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments." He was, indeed, the author of the policy commonly called the "Monroe Doctrine," from the president under whom it was promulgated. The uniform object of his diplomacy was to terminate, in every legitimate way, the power of European governments in America, and to render every part of the Western hemisphere politically independent of the Eastern.

In 1824, the former rule of succession to the Presidency came to an end. The statesmen of the Revolution had passed away. Even the earlier parties, Federal and Republican, with their reasons of difference, had passed away or had been essentially changed. Now there were four competitors for the Presidency—Adams, Clay, Crawford, and Jackson; all "Democratic Republicans, professing practically the same political principles. Adams received 84 electoral votes; Jackson 99; Crawford 41, and Clay 37. As none of them received a majority of the electoral votes, the election devolved on the House of Representatives, voting by States. By the favor of Clay, who was excluded by the same Constitutional rule, Adams received the votes of 13 States, and was elected in January, 1825. He

appointed Clay Secretary of State, and the partizans of Jackson accused Adams of obtaining success by "bargain and corruption;" but there never was a baser slander against American statesmen. Adams' administration was a period of tranquillity and prosperity. Our foreign relations were pacific, and domestic affairs were prosperous. Treaties of amity and commerce were negotiated with many foreign nations. Adams favored internal improvements and the protection of manufactures. He refused to remove men from office because they were his political opponents, or for any partizan motive. "His noble and patriotic spirit," says Seward, "arose above the shackles of party." In the latter part of his term, his political enemies, by their activity, secured a majority of both houses of Congress, and they united to support General Jackson for the office of President. In the election of 1828 Adams, who had refused to use patronage or compulsion on office-holders, received 83 votes; while the bold and partizan Jackson received 178 votes, and was elected. In the following March Adams retired to his estate at Quincy, Massachusetts.

In 1830 the ex-president was recalled to public life by being elected a member of Congress by the voters of the Plymouth district, and there was general surprise that he accepted. It was a step never before taken by an ex-president. But with a strong sense of public duty unsurpassed in history, ancient or modern, the statesman submitted to whatever task his fellow-citizens imposed upon him. In Congress he continued to represent his native district seventeen years, and increased his reputation by his long service as a legislator. He was never absent from his seat, was a model of industry and punctuality, and surpassed nearly all the members in close application.

He had a strong constitution and great power of endurance. His favorite exercise was swimming in the Potomac. He was deficient in personal magnetism and the qualities of a great orator. He had neither a graceful manner, nor a majestic presence, nor an orotund utterance. His stature was short and his voice was shrill and disagreeable, but he was a ready debater and had great power of invective. In December, 1831, he presented petitions for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and in his

speech he declared himself a determined foe of slavery. He afterwards defended the right of petition with great courage and pertinacity. The Democratic party was then controlled by slaveholders; but with unwavering firmness, "against a bitter and unscrupulous opposition—amidst a perfect tempest of vituperation and abuse, Adams persevered in presenting these petitions." At last the champion of liberty was struck with paralysis while in his seat in the Capitol, and died February 23, 1848. His last words were, "This is the last of earth. I am content." He once said, "As to my fame, I leave that to the impartial voice of after ages."

The National Parties.

It is a source of gratification and of encouragement to me, to observe that the great result of this American experiment upon the theory of human rights, has, at the close of that generation by which it was formed, been crowned with success equal to the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Union, justice, tranquillity, the common defence, the general welfare and the blessings of liberty—all have been promoted by the Government under which we have lived. Standing at this point of time, looking back to that generation which has gone by, and forward to that which is advancing, we may at once indulge in grateful exultation and in cheering hope. From the experience of the past we derive instructive lessons for the future.

Of the two great political parties which have divided the opinions and feelings of our country, the candid and the just will now admit that both have contributed splendid talents, spotless integrity, ardent patriotism and disinterested sacrifices to the formation and administration of the Government; and that both have required a liberal indulgence for a portion of human infirmity and error. The revolutionary wars of Europe, commencing precisely at the moment when the Government of the United States first went into operation under the Constitution, excited collisions of sentiments and of sympathies, which kindled all the passions and embittered the conflict of parties, till the nation was involved in war and the Union was shaken to its centre. This time of trial embraced

a period of five-and-twenty years, during which the policy of the Union in its relations with Europe constituted the principal basis of our own political divisions, and the most arduous part of the action of the Federal Government. With the catastrophe in which the wars of the French Revolution terminated, and our own subsequent peace with Great Britain, this baneful weed of party strife was uprooted.

From that time no difference of principle, connected with the theory of government, or with our intercourse with foreign nations, has existed or been called forth in force sufficient to sustain a continued combination of parties, or given more than wholesome animation to public sentiment or legislative debate. Our political creed, without a dissenting voice that can be heard, is, that the will of the people is the source, and the happiness of the people is the end of all legitimate government upon earth; that the best security for beneficence, and the best guaranty against the abuse of power, consists in the freedom, the purity, and the frequency of popular elections; that the General Government of the Union, and the separate governments of the States, are all sovereignties of legitimate powers, fellow-servants of the same masters—uncontrolled within their respective spheres, uncontrollable by encroachments on each other. If there have been those who doubted whether a confederated representative democracy was a government competent to the wise and orderly management of the common concerns of a mighty nation, those doubts have been dispelled. If there have been projects of partial confederacies to be erected upon the ruins of the Union, they have been scattered to the winds. If there have been dangerous attachments to one foreign nation, and antipathies against another, they have been extinguished. Ten years of peace at home and abroad have assuaged the animosities of political contention, and blended into harmony the most discordant elements of public opinion. There still remains one effort of magnanimity, one sacrifice of prejudice and passion, to be made by the individuals throughout the nation who have heretofore followed the standards of political party. It is that of discarding every remnant of rancor against each other, of embracing, as countrymen and friends, and of yielding to

talents and virtue alone that confidence which, in times of contention for principle, was bestowed only upon those who bore the badge of party communion.

The collisions of party spirit, which originate in speculative opinions, or in different views of administrative policy, are in their nature transitory. Those which are founded on geographical divisions, adverse interests of soil, climate, and modes of domestic life, are more permanent, and therefore, perhaps, more dangerous. It is this which gives inestimable value to the character of our government, at once federal and national. It holds out to us a perpetual admonition to preserve, alike and with equal anxiety, the rights of each individual State in its own government, and the rights of the whole nation in that of the Union. Whatever is of domestic concernment, unconnected with the other members of the Union, or with foreign lands, belongs exclusively to the administration of the State governments. Whatsoever directly involves the rights and interests of the federative fraternity, or of foreign powers, is of the resort of this General Government. The duties of both are obvious in the general principle, though sometimes perplexed with difficulties in the detail. To respect the rights of the State governments is the inviolable duty of that of the Union; the government of every State will feel its own obligation to respect and preserve the rights of the whole. The prejudices everywhere too commonly entertained against distant strangers are worn away, and the jealousies of jarring interests are allayed by the composition and functions of the great national councils, annually assembled, from all quarters of the Union at this place. Here the distinguished men, from every section of our country, while meeting to deliberate upon the great interests of those by whom they are deputed, learn to estimate the talents, and to do justice to the virtues of each other. The harmony of the nation is promoted, and the whole Union is knit together by the sentiments of mutual respect, the habits of social intercourse, and the ties of personal friendship, formed between the representatives of its several parts in the performance of their services at this metropolis.—*From* J. Q. ADAMS' *Inaugural Address.*

"I WILL PUT THE QUESTION MYSELF."

On the opening of the 26th Congress, in December, 1839, in consequence of a two-fold delegation from New Jersey, the House was unable, for some time, to complete its organization, and presented to the country and the world the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled Representatives of the people, unable to form themselves into a constitutional body. On first assembling, the House has no officers, and the Clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body, till a speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the State of New Jersey, the acting Clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the House from its embarrassment.

The fourth day of the struggle had now commenced; Mr. Hugh H. Garland, the Clerk, undertook to call the roll again. He commenced with Maine, as was usual in those days, and was proceeding toward Massachusetts. I turned, and saw that Mr. Adams was ready to get the floor at the earliest moment possible. His keen eye was riveted on the Clerk; his hands clasped the front edge of his desk, where he always placed them to assist him in rising.

"New Jersey!" ejaculated Mr. Hugh H. Garland, "and the Clerk has to repeat that——"

Mr. Adams sprang to the floor.

"I rise to interrupt the Clerk," was his first ejaculation.

"Silence, silence," resounded through the hall; "hear him, hear him! Hear what he has to say; hear John Quincy Adams!" was the unanimous ejaculation on all sides.

In an instant, the most profound silence reigned throughout the Hall, and every eye was riveted on the venerable Nestor of Massachusetts—the purest of statesmen, and the noblest of men! He paused for a moment; and, having given Mr. Garland a withering look, he proceeded to address the multitude:

"It was not my intention," said he, "to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this House would succeed in organizing itself; that a Speaker and Clerk

would be elected, and that the ordinary business of legislation would be progressed in. This is not the time, or place, to discuss the merits of the conflicting claimants for seats from New Jersey; that subject belongs to the House of Representatives, which, by the Constitution, is made the ultimate arbiter of the qualifications of its members. But what a spectacle we here present! We degrade and disgrace ourselves; we degrade and disgrace our constituents and the country. We do not, and cannot organize; and why? Because the Clerk of this House, the mere Clerk, whom we create, whom we employ, and whose existence depends upon our will, usurps the *throne*, and sets us, the Representatives, the vicegerents of the whole American people, at defiance, and holds us in contempt! And what is this clerk of yours? Is he to control the destinies of sixteen millions of freemen? Is he to suspend, by his mere negative, the functions of government, and put an end to this Congress? He refuses to call the roll! It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily. [Here he was interrupted by a member, who said that he was authorized to say that compulsion could not reach the Clerk, who had avowed that he would resign, rather than call the State of New Jersey.] Well, sir, then let him resign," continued Mr. Adams, "and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way—if this Clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trust confided to us by our constituents, then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the colonial Governor Dinwiddie ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate, and, *like men*——"

The multitude could not contain or repress their enthusiasm any longer, but saluted the eloquent and indignant speaker, and interrupted him with loud and deafening cheers.

Having, by this powerful appeal, brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, Mr. Adams submitted a motion requiring the acting Clerk to proceed in calling the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty was that the

acting Clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "How shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above the tumult, "I intend to put the question myself!" That word brought order out of chaos.

As soon as the multitude had recovered itself, and the excitement of irrepressible enthusiasm had abated, Mr. Richard Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, leaped upon one of the desks, waved his hand and exclaimed:

"I move that the Honorable John Quincy Adams take the chair of the Speaker of this House, and officiate as presiding officer, till the House be organized by the election of its constitutional officers! As many as are agreed to this will say *aye;* those——"

He had not the opportunity to complete the sentence—"those who are not agreed, will say *no,*"—for one universal, deafening, thundering *aye*, responded to the nomination.

Hereupon, it was moved and ordered that Lewis Williams, of North Carolina, and Richard Barnwell Rhett, conduct John Quincy Adams to the chair.

Well did Mr. Wise, of Virginia, say, "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence, 'I will put the question myself.'"—*From a contemporary Journal.*

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JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS.

ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON was the pioneer of the masses of the American people in their progress toward political power. The traditions of the past, sanctioned by law and custom, and the established arrangement of society, had prevented the full appreciation of the liberty guaranteed by the new constitutions of the American States. Until Jackson arose, the people had been practically treated as a sovereign in his minority, and the government was administered in its name by a regency, variously chosen; by the efforts and example of this leader from the wilderness, the legitimate sovereign was declared to be of full age and capable of conducting the government according to his own will.

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767, at Waxhaw, a Scotch-Irish settlement just on the boundary between the two Carolinas, yet he always claimed to belong by birth to South Carolina. His father, who had arrived in 1765, died a few days before Andrew's birth, leaving a widow and three sons to struggle with poverty. At the age of thirteen Andrew

with his brothers joined Sumter's partisan corps, and afterwards while a prisoner was harshly treated. His mother and brothers died of hardships of the Revolutionary War, and Andrew, who narrowly escaped, ever retained vindictive feelings against the British. In 1785 he entered a law office at Salisbury, N. C., but devoted his time chiefly to gaming and horse-racing. In 1788 he removed to the frontier settlement at Nashville, and was soon appointed public prosecutor for the Western District of North Cardina, now Tennessee.

At the age of twenty-four Jackson married Mrs. Rachel Robards, daughter of Col. John Donelson, who had gone from Virginia to Tennessee. Her former husband, Capt. Lewis Robards, madly jealous of the inoffensive attention shown her by others, had left her. Jackson, whose conduct was ever marked by a chivalrous homage toward women, took her part. Robards, removing to Kentucky, obtained permission from the Virginia legislature to sue for divorce, and Jackson, hearing a report that the divorce had been granted, married her at Natchez. No divorce, however, was obtained until late in 1793, and Jackson, as the best way out of the difficulty, was married again in January, 1794. From these circumstances his enemies at various times found material to make malignant attacks on his character, while he to vindicate his honor fought several duels. The first was with Charles Dickinson, in which Jackson had a rib broken and Dickinson was killed.

Jackson took part in framing the Constitution of Tennessee, and when that State was admitted to the Union in June, 1796, he was elected its representative in Congress. In the next year he was elected to the United States Senate, but resigned in the following April, and was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and as his military ability was recognized he was made commander of the State militia in 1801. His private affairs demanding his attention, he resigned his judicial position in 1804, moved into a log-house and was for some years an enterprising trader in Indian corn, wheat, horses and cattle.

In 1812, when war was declared against Great Britain, Jackson was forty-five years old. In December he gathered 2,500 militia at Nashville and led them to Natchez; but as

there was then no prospect of war in the Southwest, he was ordered to disband them. Before obeying the order he led them back to Tennessee, and afterwards had difficulty in getting his accounts for transportation allowed. Col. Thomas H. Benton, who effected this by his influence at Washington, was soon drawn into a quarrel with Jackson, and in an affray at Nashville the latter was so severely wounded in the left shoulder that the physicians advised amputation of the arm. The patient refused, and took the field for an Indian campaign, while still carrying his fractured arm in a sling. The Creek Indians, roused by the famous Tecumseh, and led by the half-breed, Weatherford, had surprised Fort Mimms, in Alabama, and massacred 300 men, women and children. Jackson led 2,000 volunteers through a wilderness and severely punished the Indians at Talladega, November 9, 1813. His men often mutinied for want of food, and were restrained from returning home only by their leader's imperious will. The campaign was closed by a decisive battle at the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River on March 27, 1814. This victory was even of greater importance than it seemed at the time, for it enabled the militia of the Southwest to be gathered wherever they should be needed. Jackson's unflinching endurance of hardships in this campaign won for him the sobriquet of "Old Hickory."

On May 31, 1814, Jackson was made major-general in the regular army and appointed to command the Department of the South. Pensacola, in the Spanish territory of Florida, was then freely used by the British as a base of operations against the United States. In July Jackson occupied Mobile, and asked authority from the government at Washington to march against Pensacola. No answer came for six months, and meantime the bold commander determined to take the responsibility of invading the Spanish territory. He stormed Pensacola on November 6th, and the British, after blowing up the fort in the harbor, withdrew the fleet. He next hastened to New Orleans, arriving December 2d, and when the British fleet captured five American gunboats, declared martial law on the 15th. A British force of 14,000 veterans, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, approaching through Lake Borgne, made their way to the Mississippi. On December 22d, when

nine miles from the city, they were attacked by Jackson's troops with the aid of a schooner, and suffered so much that their advance was continued very cautiously. Jackson's chief defence was at a ditch, four miles below the city, extending from the Mississippi to an impassable swamp. Here were earthworks, 1,700 yards long and mounting twelve guns. On January 8, 1815, under cover of a fog, Pakenham tried to carry these works by direct assault; but the artillery was so effectively handled that in three attacks the British loss was 2,600 men, including the chief commander, while the American loss was but eight killed and thirteen wounded. This battle was remarkable, not only for this unprecedented disparity of loss, but for the fact that it was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, December 25, 1814. In enforcing martial law at New Orleans General Jackson had arrested Judge Hall, and was afterwards fined $1,000 for contempt of court. He paid the fine without assistance from others; but nearly thirty years later Congress ordered the amount to be returned with interest.

In April, 1815, Jackson returned to Nashville, the hero of the war and idol of the populace. Florida continued to be a place of refuge for troublesome Indians and runaway negroes. In 1818 Jackson raised troops in Tennessee and Georgia, invaded Florida, captured St. Mark's and severely chastised the Seminoles. He also executed a trader, Arbuthnot, and Lieutenant Ambrister, convicted by court-martial of inciting the Indians to war. These violent acts excited great indignation in England, which was appeased by the explanation offered by J. Q. Adams, then Secretary of State, that these men were virtually outlaws. Pensacola, which had been seized, was restored to Spain. By the treaty of 1819 Florida was purchased, and Jackson was appointed its first governor in 1821, but resigned the post within a year. At the age of fifty-five he was ready to retire from public life, when a new and grander career opened before him. General dissatisfaction had arisen with the method of nominating presidential candidates by a Congressional caucus, and in 1822 the legislature of Tennessee nominated Jackson two years before the election. In 1823 he was elected to the United States Senate.

A year later four presidential candidates, all professedly of the same party, were presented. Jackson obtained the highest electoral vote, but not a majority, and the choice devolved upon the Representatives voting by States. Clay being excluded, his friends voted for Adams, who was thus elected. When Clay accepted the office of Secretary of State, Jackson's friends raised the cry of "Bargain and corruption," and their leader believed the charge. The masses of the people, now awaking to a fuller sense of their political power, were easily persuaded that Congress had cheated the popular hero, and they determined to put the result of the next election beyond dispute. Hence in 1828 Jackson had 178 electoral votes against 83 for Adams.

The most prominent person in President Jackson's cabinet was Martin Van Buren, afterwards President himself; but his most trusted advisers were a few newspaper editors, who moulded the public opinion of their States. Of this "Kitchen Cabinet" Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, was the chief, and he was the inspirer of much of Jackson's policy. One of the most striking features of this policy was the removal of postmasters and other officials and filling their places with his party friends. Within a year after his inauguration nearly two thousand changes were made, while in the previous forty years there had been only seventy-four removals.

A question having arisen as to the character and social standing of the wife of the Secretary of War, Jackson remembering the attacks on his own wife, took the part of the one now attacked, and went so far as to insist that the wives of his other cabinet officers should recognize her socially. This social ukase caused the disruption of his first cabinet. The second was composed chiefly of abler men, among them being Edward Livingston, Lewis Cass and Roger B. Taney. Martin Van Buren was nominated Minister to Great Britain; but after he had gone abroad his confirmation was defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of Calhoun, who was now openly opposed to Jackson. Calhoun was the advocate of extreme Southern views of State sovereignty, and was the trusted leader of South Carolina. The antagonism between Jackson and Calhoun had been first developed at a banquet on Jeffer-

son's birthday in 1830, when the regular toasts having shown favor to nullification, the President surprised the company by giving a volunteer toast: "The Federal Union—It must be Preserved," and Calhoun attempted to break its force by another: "Liberty—Dearer than the Union."

Congress readjusted the tariff in 1832, but carefully retained its protective features. A convention in South Carolina, therefore, on November 24th, adopted an ordinance of nullification of the tariff laws. President Jackson in December issued a proclamation which, after argument on the questions at issue, declared his firm determination to execute the laws and preserve the Union. The Governor of the State issued a counter-proclamation, but the legislature suspended the execution of nullification until Congress should take action. Under the leadership of Clay that body adopted a Compromise Tariff Act, which provided for a gradual reduction of all duties until 1842, when they should be uniformly 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. Jackson's firmness was evidently approved by the people, and the South Carolina convention in March, 1833, repealed the ordinance of nullification.

While the nullification controversy was agitating the public mind, another dispute attracted no less attention. The charter of the United States Bank would expire in 1836, and some of Jackson's partisans charged that this institution was hostile to his interests, and easily excited his prejudice against it. In 1832 he vetoed the bill to renew the charter, and Clay, Jackson's chief rival for the next Presidential nomination, made the continuance of the bank the leading issue in the campaign. The party nominations were made for the first time by the present system of national conventions, which was adopted to give the people more direct influence on the choice of a candidate. Jackson's victory was overwhelming; out of 286 electoral votes he received 218.

The President had in his first term used the veto power more freely than any of his predecessors, but the elections had given him a Congress more in accordance with his political and economical views. He therefore had reason to regard his administration as fully approved by the people, and determined to crush the bank as their enemy. Yet a Congressional

investigation of its affairs, which he had recommended, resulted in a majority report in its favor. He then resolved to remove the government deposits; but the Secretary of the treasury thought the law forbade that course. A new secretary also refused; but a third, R. B. Taney, ordered that deposits of public money should no longer be made in the United States Bank, but in selected State banks. In the next session of the Senate, Clay introduced a resolution of censure of the President for this usurpation of authority, and after prolonged debate it was passed. Col. Benton, Jackson's most resolute defender, insisted that the resolution should be expunged, and after a severe contest, which reached into several State elections, was able to win a new triumph for the veteran by having the censure expunged on January 16, 1837.

In foreign affairs Jackson's administration won renown by the enforcement of claims for the French spoliations in Napoleon's wars. In 1831 France, by treaty, agreed to pay $5,000,000 in six annual instalments. When payment was evaded, President Jackson recommended to Congress to pass a law authorizing the capture of French vessels, sufficient to make up the amount due. Though the French Government protested against the President's language, it was induced by the mediation of Great Britain to pay the claims. Spain, Naples and Portugal also paid indemnities for similar claims. As Jackson desired the currency to consist largely of specie, he caused these payments to be made in gold and silver, and this influx of money gave an immediate prosperity, which was most gratifying to the whole nation—especially when the national debt was extinguished in January, 1835.

Though his administration was a time of constant strife among statesmen and politicians, Jackson retained and even increased his favor with the people, and was able to secure the election of his favorite, Martin Van Buren, as his successor. He issued a farewell address to his countrymen, and on the 4th of March, 1837, retired from public life. Returning to the "Hermitage," as he called his mansion, near Nashville, Tennessee, he still continued to take a lively interest in public affairs. He died on the 8th of June, 1845.

The life of this popular hero has furnished a theme for

many biographers, and his public career is an essential part of the history of the United States. Judgments differ according to the party proclivities of the writers, as to the preponderance of good or ill in the various events and results; yet all accept the man himself as perhaps the most picturesque figure among American leaders, and a most important factor in directing the destinies of the nation. The first President from beyond the Alleghenies, he was a typical product of the new region and the new era—bold, fearless, independent, thoroughly honest, accustomed to decide everything by a few simple maxims, and by his strong will defying and overpowering all opposition.

The Battle of New Orleans.

At one o'clock on the morning of this memorable day (January 8th, 1815), on a couch in a room of the McCarty Mansion-house, General Jackson lay asleep, in his worn uniform. Several of his aids slept upon the floor in the same apartment, all equipped for the field, except that their sword-belts were unbuckled, and their swords and pistols laid aside. A sentinel paced the adjacent passage, sentinels moved noiselessly about the building, which loomed up large, dim, and silent in the foggy night, among the darkening trees. . . .

The suspense was soon over. Daylight struggled through the mist. About six o'clock both columns were advancing at the steady, solid, British pace to the attack; the Forty-Fourth nowhere, straggling in the rear with the fascines and ladders. The column soon came up with the American outposts, who at first retreated slowly before it, but soon quickened their pace, and ran in, bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on the alert; each commander anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him. Lieutenant Spotts, of battery number six, was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog the dim, red line of General Gibbs's advancing column, far away down the plain, close to the forest. The thunder of his great guns broke the dead stillness. Then there was silence again; for the shifting fog, or the altered position of the enemy, concealed him from view once more. The fog

lifted again, and soon revealed both divisions, which, with their detached companies, seemed to cover two-thirds of the plain, and gave the Americans a repetition of the splendid military spectacle which they had witnessed on the 28th of December. Three cheers from Carroll's men; three cheers from the Kentuckians behind them; cheers continued from the advancing column, not heard yet in the American lines.

Steadily and fast the column of General Gibbs marched toward batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment. Promptly were the gaps filled up; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines, the well-aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, "cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear," and tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far on one side. At length, still steady and unbroken, they came within the range of the small-arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharpshooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word—FIRE! At first, with a certain deliberation, afterwards in hottest haste, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapons.

The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except when the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled; the British batteries showered rockets over the scene, Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert.

The column of General Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out, "Where are the Forty-Fourth? If we get to the ditch, we have no means of crossing and scaling the lines!"—"Here come the Forty-Fourth!" shouted the general; adding in an undertone, for his own private solace, that if he lived till to-morrow, he

would hang Mullens on the highest tree in the cypress-wood. Reassured, these heroic men again pressed on, in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire. But this could not last. With half its numbers fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled except the general, its pathway strewed with dead and wounded, and the men falling ever faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled (so the American riflemen thought) like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. At about a hundred yards from the lines, the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance. There was no re-forming under such a fire. Once checked, the column could not but break and retreat in confusion. . . . .

Just as the troops began to falter, General Pakenham rode up from his post in the rear, toward the head of the column. Meeting parties of the Forty-Fourth running about distracted, some carrying fascines, others firing, others in headlong flight, their leader nowhere to be seen, Pakenham strove to restore them to order, and to urge them on the way they were to go. "For shame!" he cried bitterly; "recollect that you are British soldiers. This is the road you ought to take," pointing to the flashing and roaring scene in front. Riding on, he was soon met by General Gibbs, who said, "I am sorry to have to report to you that the troops will not obey me. They will not follow me." Taking off his hat, General Pakenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, amid a torrent of rifle-balls, cheering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment a ball shattered his right arm, and it fell powerless at his side. The next, his horse fell dead upon the field. His aid, Captain McDougal, dismounted from his black creole pony, and Pakenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to halt and re-form. A few gallant spirits ran in toward the lines, threw themselves into the ditch, plunged across it, and fell scrambling up the sides of the soft and slippery breast-work.

Once out of the reach of those terrible rifles, the column halted, and regained its self-possession. Laying aside their

heavy knapsacks, the men prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the superb Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support, with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glittering in the sun, which had then begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistible onset! At a quicker step, with General Gibbs on its right, General Pakenham on the left, the Highlanders in clear and imposing view, the column again advanced into the fire. Oh! the slaughter that then ensued! There was one moment, when that thirty-two-pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket-balls, poured its charge directly, at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally levelling it with the plain; laying low, as was afterwards computed, two hundred men. The American line, as one of the British officers remarked, looked like a row of fiery furnaces.

The heroic Pakenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him, and he turned to Sir John Tilden and said: "Order up the reserve." Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of General Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it now with his left hand, cried out: "Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" At that moment a mass of grape-shot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of the shots tore open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Captain McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him from the field, when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live-oak, which still stands; and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils.

A more painful fate was that of General Gibbs. A few moments after Pakenham fell, Gibbs received his death-wound, and was carried off the field, writhing in agony, and uttering fierce imprecations. He lingered all that day and the succeed-

ing night, dying in torment on the morrow. Nearly at the same moment General Keane was painfully wounded in the neck and thigh, and was also borne to the rear. Colonel Dale, of the Highlanders, fulfilled his prophecy, and fell at the head of his regiment. The Highlanders, under Major Creagh, wavered not, but advanced steadily, and too slowly, into the very tempest of General Carroll's fire, until they were within one hundred yards of the lines. There, for some cause unknown, they halted and stood, a huge and glittering target, until five hundred and forty-four of their number had fallen, then broke and fled, in horror and amazement, to the rear. The column of General Gibbs did not advance after the fall of their leader. Leaving heaps of slain behind them, they, too, forsook the bloody field, rushed in utter confusion out of the fire, and took refuge at the bottom of wet ditches and behind trees and bushes on the borders of the swamp. . . . .

The whole was like a dream. How long a time, does the reader think, elapsed between the fire of the first American gun and the total rout of the attacking columns? *Twenty-five minutes!* Not that the American fire ceased, or even slackened at the expiration of that period. The riflemen on the left, and the troops on the right, continued to discharge their weapons into the smoke that hung over the plain for two hours. But in the space of twenty-five minutes, the discomfiture of the enemy in the open field was complete. The battery alone still made resistance. It required two hours of a tremendous cannonade to silence its great guns, and drive its defenders to the rear.—J. PARTON.

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY is noted in American history as the author of successive compromises to save the Union. Belonging to the "Border State" of Kentucky, he was perpetually occupied in forming mutual alliances between East and West, and especially between North and South, when their various interests were tending to draw the several sections in diverse ways. And he succeeded in keeping them together—not only during his life-time, but even by the practical results which have since developed, and have emerged with tenfold greater power since the costly experiment of bloody war for disunion. Nullification, Secession, Rebellion have been tried and have failed. The Union remains the greatest fact of American history.

Henry Clay was born in a swampy district called "The Slashes," near Richmond, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father, a Baptist preacher, died a few years later, leaving a widow and seven children to struggle in poverty. Henry early became a clerk in a drug-store in Richmond, and soon in the Virginia Court of Chancery, where his neat writing won for him the favor of Chancellor George Wythe, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He studied law and being admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, he hastened to Kentucky, where he found abundant employment. Among those who secured his aid was Aaron Burr, who while visiting that region was arrested on a vague charge of treason, but was speedily acquitted. After two years' service in the

State Legislature, Clay was sent to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy in 1806, though actually under the age required by the Constitution. He warmly supported President Jefferson's suggestion to Congress that appropriations should be made for internal improvements in order to facilitate communication between the Atlantic States and the West.

In 1811 Clay was elected to the House of Representatives and was at once chosen Speaker. He was one of the most zealous advocates of the declaration of war against Great Britain and obtained his wish. New England resisted the movement, the treasury was exhausted, the expeditions to Canada failed ingloriously, but Clay still maintained the war-spirit. Finally Great Britain virtually relinquished the practice of searching American vessels for alleged deserters, and Madison improved an offer to treat for peace. Clay was one of the commissioners sent to Ghent, and took part in the negotiations which resulted in the treaty of December 24, 1814. He returned to the United States in the following September, and was soon again Speaker of the House. To assist the government through the stress of war, a national bank had been established, and henceforth this was one of the means on which Clay relied for strengthening the Union. His pleas in behalf of recognizing the South American Republics and of sympathy for the insurgents in Greece are among his most eloquent addresses.

Clay's first attempt at compromise in the struggle which developed between the slaveholding States of the South and the free-labor States of the North, was made in 1820, when he prepared the plan of admitting Missouri, but prohibiting slavery hereafter in all territory north of 36° 30′. Clay was a candidate for the presidency in 1824; but as there was no popular election the House of Representatives had to make the choice among the three highest candidates. Clay was thus excluded, and his strength was given to John Q. Adams, who was elected and made Clay his Secretary of State. This office was then looked upon as the stepping-stone to the Presidency, and General Jackson and his friends angrily charged "bargain and corruption."

When Jackson attained the object of his ambition four

years later, he at once began the removal from office of every person suspected of being a friend of Clay. The latter remained out of office until 1831, when he returned to the Senate and soon became active in organizing a new political party under the name "Whig." Its object was to promote what was called the "American System," that is, the fostering the development of the country's resources as a basis of its independence and prosperity. In the presidential campain of 1832 Clay was its candidate, but was easily defeated when Jackson entered the lists for a second term. Almost simultaneously with the election came the Nullification trouble in South Carolina; Jackson issued his proclamation, declaring his determination to enforce the law, while Clay, in equal accordance with his character, had recourse to a compromise. He proposed that the customs duties which had proved offensive to South Carolina, should be reduced gradually until they reached the rate of 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. This compromise was accepted by both Houses of Congress and went into operation.

When the panic of 1837 prepared the way for Whig triumph in 1840, Clay was disappointed that the party convention passed him by and put in nomination General William H. Harrison. Vice-president Tyler, of Virginia, succeeded to the presidency on the death of Harrison within a month after entering on his office. Tyler was really a Democrat, although on some points opposed to Jackson, and as soon as he had opportunity vetoed all those bills which were constructed to carry out the ideas of the Whig party. The members of the Cabinet, except Webster, resigned, and their places were supplied with Democrats, including Calhoun. After a long struggle against the President's influence, Clay, in 1842, resigned his seat in the Senate, and in his farewell speech reviewed his political career. In 1844 he was made the presidential candidate of his party; but the zealous opponents of slavery who had organized a "Liberty Party," drew off enough votes to secure his defeat, and leave the prize to James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

After the war with Mexico, the Whigs, in 1848, nominated for the presidency General Zachary Taylor, who was elected.

Thus again Clay's aspirations were defeated by the intervention of a military candidate. In the same year he was re-elected to the Senate, though he did not take his seat until December, 1849. Though now seventy-five years of age, he felt compelled to devote his remaining energy to effect another compromise between the opposing parties threatening the dissolution of the Union. This last effort was called the "Omnibus Bill," from the number of its provisions designed to preserve the balance between the conflicting demands of the North and South. It was reported unanimously by the committee of the Senate, obtained the support of Daniel Webster and other northern Whigs, yet it led to a fierce parliamentary contest, which was prolonged through six months. Although the bill was not passed as a whole, yet all its provisions were passed separately, and Clay had reason to rejoice in this closing triumph of his career, as averting the dissolution of the Union. Clay continued in the Senate until his strength was exhausted. He died at Washington on the 29th of June, 1852.

Henry Clay was a national American, intensely devoted to the welfare of his country. Personally he was one of the most attractive characters in our history. He had the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of others, and easily induced them to submit their judgments to his. But he also had enemies who charged him with selfish intrigue, intemperance and fondness for gambling. Whatever may have been his personal faults, he was the favorite statesman of the respectable and cultivated classes throughout the country. But he failed with the masses who were impressed with the domineering personality of Jackson.

National Glory.

We are asked, What have we gained by the war [of 1812]? I have shown that we have lost nothing, either in rights, territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of the country before the war,—the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves,—and tell me if we have gained nothing

by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad; security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and Constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars on the sea, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land, is that nothing? True, we have had our vicissitudes: there are humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret; but the great account when it comes to be balanced will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? While the Mississippi contributes to bear the tributes of the Iron mountains and the Alleghenies to her delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, Does the recollection of Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown afford no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice of the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the country's inheritance. They awe foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of

cavils and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will rise triumphant, and finally conduct this nation to that height to which nature and nature's God have destined it.—H. CLAY.

PLEA FOR THE UNION.

At a moment when the White House itself is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant. When a dreadful crevasse has occurred, which threatens inundation and destruction to all around it, we are contesting and disputing about the profits of an estate which is threatened with total submersion.

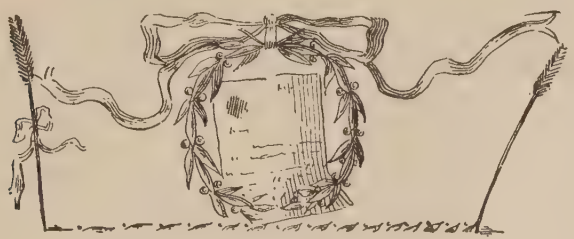
Mr. President: It is passion, passion—party, party, and intemperance—that is all I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which, unhappily, at this time divide our distracted country. Sir, at this moment we have, in the legislative bodies of this Capitol and in the States, twenty-odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat, and passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land. Two months ago all was calm in comparison to the present moment. All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of this people. Sir, I implore Senators, I entreat them, by all that they expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to them here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to look to their country, to its interests, to listen to the voice of reason.

Mr. President: I have said—what I solemnly believe—that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms. Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England and the Revolution of France—none, none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities, as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event— if that event ever happen—the dissolution of the Union.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating war would follow—not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration—until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian Knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you, sir, lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen?

I implore gentlemen—I adjure them from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties they owe to themselves—by all these considerations, I implore them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none who take it will ever return in safety.

And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the melancholy and heart-rending spectacle.—H. CLAY.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, the great statesman of South Carolina, was the exponent of nullification and those principles which led eventually to secession and civil war. Personally, a man of the highest integrity, socially a man of most winning character, he carried to their extreme logical consequences certain views of the rights of the Southern States which could not be realized without violent results. He represented the centrifugal force in the development of American political institutions.

John Caldwell Calhoun was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father, Patrick Calhoun, had been brought to America in 1733, when but six years old; and after a short sojourn in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, had been taken to Abbeville county, on the Cherokee frontier, in the northern part of South Carolina. During the Revolution he was an active Whig. His son John was born on the 18th of March, 1782. In his nineteenth year he began his preparation for college, studying with his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Waddel; and in 1802 entered Yale College, whence he graduated two years later with the highest distinction. He pursued law studies at Litchfield, Connecticut, and then returned to Abbeville to enter on the practice of his profession. In a few years he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1811 to Congress, where he joined Speaker Clay in advocating war with Great

Britain for outrages on American seamen. He served on the committee on foreign relations, and drafted its reports in support of the war, which Madison's administration had been compelled to declare. The progress of the war led to financial difficulties, and the government was compelled to resort to the establishment of a national bank, which the party founded by Jefferson had heretofore opposed. Long controversy ensued with reference to the character of the proposed institution, and its power to suspend specie payments. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury, proposed a non-specie-paying bank, while Calhoun insisted upon specie payments. Calhoun's bill was passed by Congress, but vetoed by President Madison. In 1816, when the stress of war was relieved, all parties came to an agreement, and a bank was chartered. Calhoun, at this period, advocated also the moderate protection of domestic manufactures and national appropriations for internal improvements.

In 1817 Calhoun became Secretary of War in President Monroe's cabinet, and displayed great efficiency in bringing order out of the former chaos of that department. Calhoun disapproved of General Jackson's invasion of Florida, but the President did not allow the matter to be brought to trial. Although the struggle for the succession to the Presidency in 1824 drew out four candidates, professedly of the same party, and devolved the choice on the House of Representatives, yet for the Vice-Presidency Calhoun was elected by a large majority; and in 1828, when Jackson became President, Calhoun was again chosen to the second office. A serious conflict was now commenced in regard to the tariff. Calhoun was especially opposed to the system of protection to manufactures, which had prevailed since the peace of 1815, and had risen to its greatest height in the tariff of 1828. Four successive legislatures of South Carolina declared the protective system unconstitutional, and Virginia and Georgia responded approving these views. Calhoun, who, in accordance with the views of his State, had become an upholder of free trade, found that Jackson was disposed to favor protection. Calhoun, therefore, began to call to the aid of his section the theory of the sovereignty of the States; claiming that any

State which found a national law oppressive, might prevent its execution within her own borders. This new theory of nullification was published by the legislature of South Carolina, though not formally adopted. It was expounded in the Senate of the United States by Robert Y. Hayne, and replied to by Daniel Webster in his famous oration. It had been expected that Calhoun would be nominated as Jackson's successor; but Jackson was now alienated from Calhoun, and when in 1831 Hayne resigned from the Senate to become Governor of South Carolina, Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency and was elected as Hayne's successor in the Senate.

A State convention, held in South Carolina, in 1832, proceeded to put in effect Calhoun's doctrine of nullification so far as the tariff was concerned. But President Jackson issued his proclamation calling on the people of South Carolina to revoke their action, and declaring his determination to sustain the laws of the United States by force if necessary. He also asked Congress to give him additional power for the purpose; which "Force Bill" was warmly opposed by Calhoun, while he defended the policy of nullification in an elaborate speech, on the 15th of February, 1833. Clay's compromise tariff bill, which was reluctantly accepted by Calhoun, was passed just in time to avert a collison between the State and Federal forces. On other public questions the three great senators, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster agreed in opposition to the arbitary course of President Jackson; but, while two of them assisted in forming the Whig party, Calhoun acted on a different principle. His devotion to his State had become a passion which dominated every action of his life and every thought on public affairs. He foretold the disastrous consequences of the financial policy pursued by Jackson, notwithstanding its seeming success at the time. But when Van Buren gave up the employment of State banks as fiscal agents and established the independent treasury system, Calhoun ceased to act with the Whigs. This led to serious debates with Clay and Webster in 1838, and one of these speeches Calhoun declared to be the vindication of his public life.

As the institution of slavery had come under the ban of the civilized world, various attempts for its abolition were

made. Anti-slavery societies were formed in the North, and tried to circulate their documents in the South. President Van Buren suggested, in a message to Congress, a law to prohibit the use of the mails to circulate documents tending to excite slaves to insurrection. Calhoun, as chairman of the Senate committee on this subject, took occasion again to set forth his views of the sovereignty of the States, and held that it belonged to the several States, and not to the United States, to determine what should be circulated in the mails. He also maintained slavery to be essential to the peace, prosperity, and political influence of the Southern States, and denied that Congress had power to legislate on slavery in any way whatever.

At the same time the burning question came up in a new form. Petitions were presented to Congress requesting the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and other places under the direct control of the United States. Both Houses of Congress had adopted rules that all such petitions and memorials should be laid on the table without being read or debated. Calhoun presented a series of resolutions declaring that the intermeddling of states or citizens to abolish slavery, or the passage of any act of Congress for that purpose, would be a direct and dangerous attack on the institutions of all the slaveholding States. Clay, in his usual compromising spirit, substituted resolutions which accomplished the purpose, without giving offence in words. These were passed, Calhoun voting for them, though thinking them inadequate.

Calhoun supported the administration of Van Buren, and advocated his re-election, but did not enter the Democratic caucus until after the election of Harrison. When President Tyler vetoed the bill chartering a United States Bank, Calhoun defended the veto power against Clay. Webster had remained in Tyler's cabinet chiefly to complete the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain, and Calhoun gave effective aid in securing its ratification by the Senate. When Calhoun's term in the Senate came to an end in 1843, he declined a re-election. At this time his two great rivals, Clay and Webster, were also out of the Senate. Upshur, who had

succeeded Webster as Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet, was accidentally killed in March, 1844, and the President then invited Calhoun to take that office. The chief object was to accomplish the annexation of Texas, which Upshur had been negotiating; and this Calhoun effected, although it almost inevitably involved war with Mexico. He therefore expected to remain as Secretary of State when James K. Polk became President, in 1845, but was disappointed. He refused to go as minister to England, saying that his country was in danger, and his place was at home. One of the senators from South Carolina resigned in order that Calhoun might be returned in his place. War with Great Britain over the Oregon boundary had been threatened by Polk's party during the campaign of election; Calhoun exerted himself to effect a compromise, which was accepted. He also opposed the war with Mexico, as unnecessary and unjust, although he himself had effected the annexation of Texas. Calhoun, however, would have been content with the river Nueces as a boundary, which Mexico would have allowed.

A new controversy arose as to the prohibition of slavery in territory acquired from Mexico. The Wilmot proviso, which was designed to effect this, had been approved by both political parties in several of the free States; but Calhoun, as champion of the slaveholding interest, asserted that the new territory became "the common property of all the States." Yet he also claimed that the United States Constitution, being extended over the territories acquired from Mexico, operated to repeal the Mexican laws abolishing slavery. In view of the increasing anti-slavery sentiment in the North, Calhoun urged a convention of the Southern States to protect their interests, and he suggested retaliation by denying Northern vessels access to Southern ports. He procured the formation of a union of congressmen from several Southern States, who issued an address, chiefly prepared by Calhoun, and advocating such measures. His health was now failing, and in March, 1850, an elaborate written speech on Clay's compromise was read for him by Senator Mason. It called for an amendment of the Constitution to restore the equilibrium between the free and the slaveholding States. On March 13th Calhoun

spoke for the last time in the Senate. He died at Washington on March 31st, 1850. Clay and Webster delivered tributes to his memory in the Senate.

His character was, perhaps, best described by Webster: "He had the basis, the indisputable basis of all high character, unspotted integrity and honor unimpeached. If he had aspirations, they were high, honorable and noble; nothing grovelling, low, or meanly selfish came near his head or his heart. . . . . He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interviews in which he so much delighted. . . . . One great power of his character in general, was his conversational talent; and, along with confidence in his integrity and reverence for his talents, it largely contributed to make him so endeared an object as he was to the people of his State."

Nullification and Secession.

I hold it perfectly clear that, so long as a State retains its federal relations; so long, in a word, as it continues a member of the Union, the contest between it and the General Government must be before the courts and juries; and every attempt, in whatever form, whether by land or water, to substitute force as the arbiter in their place, must fail. The unconstitutionality of the attempt would be so open and palpable that it would be impossible to sustain it.

There is, indeed, one view, and only one, of the contest in which force could be employed; but that view, as between the parties, would supersede the Constitution itself: that nullification is secession, and would, consequently, place the State, as to the others, in the relation of a foreign State. Such, clearly, would be the effect of secession; but it is equally clear that it would place the State beyond the pale of all her federal relations, and, thereby, all control on the part of the other States over her. She would stand to them simply in the relation of a foreign State, divested of all federal con-

nection, and having none other between them but those belonging to the laws of nations. Standing thus towards one another, force might, indeed, be employed against a State, but it must be belligerent force, preceded by a declaration of war, and carried on with all its formalities. Such would be the certain effect of secession ; and if nullification be secession—if it be but a different name for the same thing—such, too, must be its effect ; which presents the highly important question, Are they, in fact, the same? on the decision of which depends the question whether it be a peaceable and constitutional remedy, that may be exercised without terminating the federal relations of the State or not.

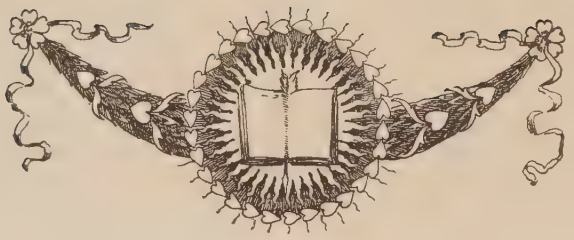
But they are wholly dissimilar in their nature. One has reference to the parties themselves, and the other to their agents. Secession is a withdrawal from the Union : a separation from partners, and, as far as depends on the member withdrawing, a dissolution of the partnership. It presupposes an association : a union of several States or individuals for a common object. Wherever these exist, secession may ; and where they do not, it cannot. Nullification, on the contrary, presupposes the relation of principal and agent : the one granting a power to be executed, the other, appointed by him with authority to execute it ; and is simply a declaration on the part of the principal, made in due form, that an act of the agent transcending his power is null and void. It is a right belonging exclusively to the relation between principal and agent, to be found wherever it exists, and in all its forms, between several, or an association of principals, and their joint agents, as well as between a single principal and his agent.

The difference in their object is no less striking than in their nature. The object of secession is to free the withdrawing member from the obligation of the association or union, and is applicable to cases where the object of the association or union has failed, either by an abuse of power on the part of its members, or other causes. Its direct and immediate object, as it concerns the withdrawing member, is the dissolution of the association or union, as far as it is concerned. On the contrary, the object of nullification is to con-

fine the agent within the limits of his powers, by arresting his acts transcending them, not with the view of destroying the delegated or trust power, but to preserve it, by compelling the agent to fulfill the object for which the agency or trust was created ; and is applicable only to cases where the trust or delegated powers are transcended on the part of the agent. Without the power of secession, an association or union, formed for the common good of all the members, might prove ruinous to some, by the abuse of power on the part of the others ; and without nullification the agent might, under color of construction, assume a power never intended to be delegated, or to convert those delegated to objects never intended to be comprehended in the trust, to the ruin of the principal, or, in case of a joint agency, to the ruin of some of the principals. Each has, thus, its appropriate object, but objects in their nature very dissimilar ; so much so, that, in case of an association or union, where the powers are delegated to be executed by an agent, the abuse of power, on the part of the agent, to the injury of one or more of the members, would not justify secession on their part. The rightful remedy in that case would be nullification. There would be neither right nor pretext to secede ; not right, because secession is applicable only to the acts of the members of the association or union, and not to the act of the agent ; nor pretext, because there is another and equally efficient remedy, short of the dissolution of the association or union, which can only be justified by necessity. Nullification may, indeed, be succeeded by secession. In the case stated, should the other members undertake to grant the power nullified, and should the nature of the power be such as to defeat the object of the association or union, at least as far as the member nullifying is concerned, it would then become an abuse of power on the part of the principals, and thus present a case where secession would apply ; but in no other could it be justified, except it be for a failure of the association or union to effect the object for which it was created, independent of any abuse of power.

Nullification leaves the members of the association or union in the condition it found them—subject to all its bur-

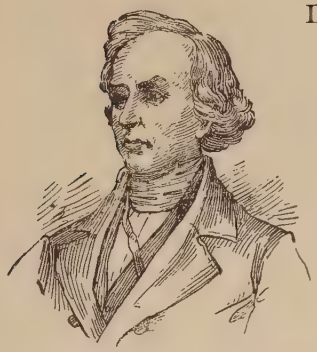
dens, and entitled to all its advantages, comprehending the member nullifying as well as the others—its object being, not to destroy, but to preserve, as has been stated. It simply arrests the act of the agent, as far as the principal is concerned, leaving in every other respect the operation of the joint concern as before ; secession, on the contrary, destroys, as far as the withdrawing member is concerned, the association or union, and restores him to the relation he occupied towards the other members before the existence of the association or union. He loses the benefit, but is released from the burden and control, and can no longer be dealt with, by his former associates. as one of its members.—J. C. CALHOUN.



J. L. G. FERRIS, PINX.

WEBSTER, CLAY, AND CALHOUN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.



DANIEL WEBSTER, the greatest of American orators, won his fame as the expounder and defender of the Constitution, and as the champion of the unity and integrity of the Republic. His intellect and physique were so majestic and noble that he was often called "the godlike Daniel." His orations are more frequently quoted as masterpieces of American eloquence than those of any other man in our history.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a sturdy, laborious farmer of the northern border settlements, and served as captain in the French war of 1760 and afterward in the Revolutionary war. Daniel's constitution in childhood was delicate. In his autobiography he says, "In those boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, reading and playing—passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over." At the age of thirteen he entered Exeter Academy, where he rose rapidly in the classes, but was still so diffident that he could not be persuaded to declaim verses before the school. Having read half of Virgil's Æneid and a few of Cicero's orations, he entered Dartmouth College in August, 1797. He was not well prepared, but he read diligently, and having a retentive memory came to be recognized as the foremost man in his class and the best public speaker in the college. Though having an exceptional power of rapid acquisition, there is said to have been

discernred in him a streak of constitutional indolence. His manner was dignified, but he was a genial and affable companion, generally liked and admired by his fellow-students. The faculty of the college recognized that he was the most remarkable man that had ever come among them. He was five feet ten inches high, and well-proportioned; he had black hair, large, dark, lustrous eyes, and a noble presence.

After graduating in August, 1801, he began to study law at Salisbury, but passed much of his time in hunting and fishing, of which he was passionately fond. His parents with great sacrifices and privations had sent Ezekiel, Daniel's elder brother, to college. Daniel taught school at Fryeburg, Maine, for about eight months and gave the money which he earned to his needy brother. He returned to Salisbury in the autumn of 1802, and then first took part in politics as a Federalist. Removing to Boston in 1804 to complete his legal education, he was received as a clerk in the office of Christopher Gore, a lawyer of high reputation, who was afterward a senator of the United States. Webster was admitted to the bar in March, 1805, and after two years' practice at the village of Boscawen, he removed to Portsmouth in the autumn of 1807. He had for his chief opponent Jeremiah Mason, then the head of his profession in New Hampshire, and from contact with his powerful intellect learned much.

In 1812 Webster was elected by the Federalists to the National House of Representatives, and with his party associates opposed the war against Great Britain, advocated an increase of the navy and demanded the repeal of the Embargo. He was placed on the committee on foreign relations, which in time of war was the most important committee of the House. His speeches against Madison's administration soon placed him in the first rank of the Federalist debaters. He excelled in the faculty of lucid statement of facts and principles and in the use of deliberate and stately sarcasm. When the necessities of the Government occasioned a new charter for a national bank, Webster argued that the bank must not have power to suspend specie payments; he opposed irredeemable paper money. In April, 1816, he offered a resolution requiring all Government dues to be paid in coin or its equivalents and

supported the same in a powerful speech. He gained a signal victory by the adoption of his resolution. For words spoken in debate, John Randolph challenged Webster to a duel; but he refused to fight.

After two terms of valuable service, Webster declined a re-election to Congress, and resolved to devote his time to his profession. He had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in June, 1816, he removed from Portsmouth to Boston, where he secured at once a much larger practice. In the first year after his removal his income is said to have been $20,000; yet his fees were always small as compared with those now customary. Webster had already a national reputation owing to his service in Congress; but by his argument in the Dartmouth College case before the Supreme Court of the United States in March, 1818, he was raised to the highest rank as a constitutional lawyer. He spoke five hours, and the decision given his clients established the law respecting charters of colleges and other public institutions, bringing them under the ægis of the National Constitution. After this event he was retained in nearly all important cases which were argued before the Federal Supreme Court. Yet he was not always successful, as when he argued against the will of Stephen Girard, on the ground of its hostility to the Christian religion. Of his argument in this case, Judge Story said, "It seems to me an address to the prejudices of the clergy."

In the Convention which met in November, 1820, to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, Webster was a leader of the conservative party. After the Convention adjourned Judge Story wrote, "Our friend Webster has gained a noble reputation. He has secured the title of an eminent and enlightened statesman." In December, 1820, he achieved a wider renown by his oration on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. "This," says Everett, "was the first of a series of performances, aside from the efforts of the Senate and the bar, by which Mr. Webster placed himself at the head of American Orators."

It was felt to be a necessity to place such a man in the national council, and in 1822 he was chosen to represent Bos-

ton in Congress and took his seat in December, 1823. He was still classed as a Federalist, although the Federal party scarcely existed as an organization. In January he took an opportunity to denounce the Holy Alliance, that union of European sovereigns to repress the rising tide of republicanism throughout the world, and expressed sympathy for the Greeks in a powerful speech, which was translated into all the languages of Europe. Webster was not merely an orator, but also a jurist, and as chairman of the judiciary committee he revised and digested the criminal law of the United States. Having voted for John Quincy Adams when the duty of electing the President devolved upon the House of Representatives, Webster became leader of the administration party in that body. In June, 1825, he delivered an admirable oration on the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument. His next great performance was his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson pronounced in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in August, 1826. This contains the famous "supposed speech of John Adams." George Ticknor, who heard this eulogy, said, "His bearing, as he stood before that vast multitude, was that of absolute dignity and power."

In June, 1827, Webster was deservedly advanced to the Senate of the United States. While he was a member of Congress he steadily pursued the practice of the law, and his skill as a criminal lawyer was unsurpassed. The effect of his arguments was increased by his deep-toned sonorous voice, and by his majestic presence and personal qualities. His genius was a plant of slow growth, but had now reached maturity. In the Senate Webster voted for the tariff of 1828, having ceased to favor free trade, which he had formerly considered as the ideal towards which the Government should aim. But he now supported the policy of protection as the long-established practice of the Government, which the citizens who had vested capital in manufactures had a right to see maintained. In the course of the resulting controversy, in January, 1830, he made his memorable and inimitable speech in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, who had affirmed and explained the right of a state to nullify the acts of Congress, and had provoked Webster by a virulent

attack on Massachusetts, and offensive personalities. This speech, which is his masterpiece, was an argument in defence of the Constitution and the integrity of the Union. It occupied four hours and was practically extemporaneus. Webster supported President Jackson in his contest with the nullifiers of South Carolina. He, however, assisted Clay in the leadership of the newly-organized Whig party.

In 1839 Webster visited England and France, where he attracted much admiration. Carlyle described him in characteristic style:—"He is a magnificent specimen. As a logic-fencer or parliamentary Hercules one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world." He was again elected a Senator in 1839, and in the campaign of 1840 he made many speeches for General Harrison, the Whig candidate, who on his accession to the Presidency called him to be Secretary of State. After Harrison died, he was retained in that office by Tyler, and he negotiated with the English Lord Ashburton in 1842 the treaty which settled a dispute about the northeastern boundary of the United States. His party leaders, who had been deeply offended at Tyler's course, reproached Webster also for his adherence. In May, 1843, he resigned his office and returned to private life, residing at Marshfield, in Massachusetts. He advocated the election of Clay to the Presidency in 1844 and was re-elected to the Senate in 1845. In December of that year he spoke against the admission of Texas as a slave State. The extension of slavery was now the leading issue in public affairs. Several years earlier Webster had said, "I regard slavery as a great moral, social and political evil." But the zeal and persistent activity of its promoters enabled them to prevail over half-hearted opposition, hampered by scruples about the Constitution and its guarantees. Webster was deeply hurt by the nomination of General Taylor for President in 1848, but he voted for him in preference to General Cass.

In Congress in 1850 came the crisis of the struggle for slavery extension, the question being the admission of California into the Union, and the organization of the Territories acquired by conquest from Mexico. Clay, the author of previous compromises, now presented another, and on the 7th of

March, 1850, Webster made a memorable speech in support of that bill, and advocated the Fugitive Slave Law. This yielding to the demands of the South gave great offence, not only to the opponents of slavery, but to the general sentiment of the people of Massachusetts. General Taylor died in July, 1850, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, who appointed Webster Secretary of State in the same month. His dignity and wisdom rendered him admirably qualified for this office, but he had lost popular favor. He still cherished a hope of being nominated for the Presidency by the Whigs in 1852, but he received only 32 votes in their National Convention. Deeply disappointed, he retired to Marshfield, where he died October 24, 1852. His last words, "I still live," have assumed a symbolical importance.

Emerson said, in 1848, "Hitherto Daniel Webster has been to me the most commanding and majestic form of humanity." He was thoroughly national, and once said truly, "There are no Alleghenies in my politics." "On the broad altar of my country my earliest and my latest vows have been paid." In some respects he seemed little allied to the stock whence he sprang. The Puritan virtues of self-control and self-denial were never his. He claimed and exercised the privileges of genius; his look, his bearing and his peculiarities have become part of American history. Yet his views of politics and religion were really imbibed and inherited, only he held them more tolerantly than his ancestors. His masterly gift of expression came to him early and grew with his manhood. His firm belief in and respect for established institutions kept him steady, and made him the great popular expounder of the Constitution.

Webster's Reply to Hayne.

It was Tuesday, January the 26th, 1830,—a day to be hereafter for ever memorable in Senatorial annals,—that the Senate resumed the consideration of Foote's Resolution. There was never before, in the city, an occasion of so much excitement. To witness this great intellectual contest, multitudes of strangers had for two or three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as

nine o'clock of this morning, crowds poured into the Capitol, in hot haste; at twelve o'clock, the hour of meeting, the Senate chamber,—its galleries, floor, and even lobbies,—was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Webster rose and addressed the Senate. His exordium is known by heart everywhere. "Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least, be able to form some conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution."

There wanted no more to enchain the attention. There was a spontaneous, though silent, expression of eager approbation, as the orator concluded these opening remarks. And while the clerk read the resolution, many attempted the impossibility of getting nearer the speaker. Every head was inclined closer towards him, every ear turned in the direction of his voice—and that deep, sudden, mysterious silence followed, which always attends fullness of emotion. From the sea of upturned faces before him, the orator beheld his thoughts reflected as from a mirror. The varying countenance, the suffused eye, the earnest smile, and ever-attentive look, assured him of his audience's entire sympathy. Ah! who can ever forget, that was present to hear, the tremendous, the awful burst of eloquence with which the orator spoke of Massachusetts, or the tones of deep pathos in which the words were pronounced:—

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will

lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

There was scarcely a dry eye in the Senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges and men grown old in dignified life, turned aside their heads, to conceal the evidences of their emotion.

A great portion of the speech is strictly argumentative; an exposition of constitutional law. But grave as such portion necessarily is, severely logical, abounding in no fancy or episode, it engrossed throughout the undivided attention of every intelligent hearer. Abstractions, under the glowing genius of the orator, acquired a beauty, a vitality, a power to thrill the blood and enkindle the affections, awakening into earnest activity many a dormant faculty. His ponderous syllables had an energy, a vehemence of meaning in them that fascinated, while they startled. His thoughts in their statuesque beauty merely would have gained all critical judgment; but he realized the antique fable, and warmed the marble into life.

The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance, like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face seemed touched, as with celestial fire. The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience, in deep and melodious cadence, as waves upon the shore of the far-resounding sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought, and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, pene-

trated every recess or corner of the Senate—penetrated even the ante-rooms and stairways, as he pronounced in deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance:—

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as: *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, *Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.*"

The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions. The agitated countenance, the heaving breast, the suffused eye, attested the continued influence of the spell upon them. Hands that in the excitement of the moment had sought each other, still remained closed in an unconscious grasp. Eye still turned to eye, to receive and repay mutual sympathy;—and everywhere around seemed forgetfulness of all but the orator's presence and words.—C. W. MARCH.

WEBSTER'S PLEA FOR DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

The Supreme Court of the United States held its session that winter in a mean apartment of moderate size—the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on (March, 1818), was small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the *élite* of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the

calm tone of easy and dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term; it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder note, as he uttered some emphatic thought; but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech.

The argument ended. Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, Marshall, he proceeded thus:

"This, sir, is my case! It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout the country,—of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit?

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution;—it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land! It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it ——."

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks

trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and privations through which he had made his way in life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure, bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and his eyes suffused with tears. Mr. Justice Washington at his side—with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being—leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas,—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst,—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the *pathetic* depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience,—

"Sir, I know not how others feel (glancing at the opponents of the college before him); but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate-house,

by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for my right hand, have her turn to me, and say, *Et tu quoque, mi fili! And thou, too, my son!*"

He sat down. There was a deathlike stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.—C. A. GOODRICH.

GREAT BATTLES.

Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity and happiness of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought, of all the fields fertilized with carnage, of the banners which have been bathed in blood, of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world goes on in its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But if this be frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, which sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent interest, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness.

When the traveler pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which most strongly agitate his breast? What is that glorious recollection, which thrills through his frame and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was here saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her governments and free institutions point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or the Greek banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment, he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts, his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles, as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.—D. WEBSTER.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Fellow-citizens: the hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of

the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas. We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.—D. WEBSTER.